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THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT,

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

COMPOSED BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

DEDICATED TO

THE DUKE DE BÉJAR,

MARQUIS DE GIBRALEON, CONDE DE BENALCAZAR AND BANARES,
VIZCONDE DE LA PUEBLA DE ALCOZER,
SEÑOR DE LAS VILLAS DE CAPILLA, CURIEL, AND BURGUILLOS.

A NEW TRANSLATION FROM THE ORIGINALS OF 1605 AND 1608, BY ALEXANDER JAMES DUFFIELD, WITH SOME OF THE NOTES OF THE REVEREND JOHN BOWLE, A.M., S.S.A.L., JUAN ANTONIO PELLICER, DON DIEGO CLEMENCIN, AND OTHER COMMENTATORS.

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"POST TENEBRAS SPERO LUCEM."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT,

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE NOVEL AND AGREEABLE ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO THE PRIEST AND BARBER IN THE SIERRA MORENA.

MOST fair and fortunate were the times in which the most daring knight Don Quixote de la Mancha was launched upon the world, since through his having taken upon himself so honourable a resolve as the seeking to revive and renew to it the order of knight-errantry, already lost, and well-nigh defunct, we may now enjoy in these our times—so niggard and scant of joyous entertainment[1]—not only the delight of his truthful history, but that of the tales and episodes thereof, which are scarcely less delectable, ingenious, and true than the history itself, which, pursuing its carded, twisted, and reeled thread, relates that just as the priest began to administer comfort to Cardenio, there interrupted him a voice which reached his ears, saying, in mournful accents—

"Ah, God! is it possible that I have at last found

a place that may serve as a secret tomb for the weary body which so unwillingly I bear? Yes, it may be, if the solitude which these hills do promise prove not false. Ah, wretched one that I am! how much more pleasant a companionship in my design will these rocks and thickets prove, which give me opportunity, with my complaints, to confide my misery to Heaven, than that of any mortal man, since there is no one upon earth from whom I may hope for counsel in my doubts, comfort in my griefs, or relief in my troubles!"

These words were overheard distinctly by the priest and those who were with him; and conjecturing that he who thus bewailed was near them, as was the case, they arose to seek him, and had not gone twenty paces when they espied, seated behind a rock, at the foot of an ash, a youth dressed as a peasant, whose face they could not then see, it being held down, as he was washing his feet in the brook which ran thereby. They approached him so softly that he did not perceive them, nor was he intent on aught but the washing of his feet, which were such as that they seemed like two pieces of pure crystal born among the other pebbles of the brook. The whiteness and beauty of the feet amazed them, seeming to them not to be made for treading clods, nor following after the plough and oxen, as the dress of their owner denoted. Seeing that they were not yet observed, the priest, who went foremost, made signs to the other two that they should keep close, and hide behind some pieces of rock which were thereabout. This they all did, watching intently the youth's movements.

He was clad in a short grey doublet, of two folds, girt tightly to his body with a white linen cloth; he wore also gaiters and hose of grey cloth, and on his head a grey cap. He had his hose raised halfway up the leg, which verily seemed to be of white alabaster. After having washed the beautiful feet, he wiped them with a kerchief which he took from his cap. On doing this, he raised his face, and those who were watching had opportunity of beholding a beauty incomparable—such that Cardenio said to the priest, in a low voice, "This, since it is not Lucinda, is not a human person, but a divine."[2]

The youth took off his cap, and as he shook his head from one side to another, he disclosed and unloosed some tresses such as Phœbus himself might envy. Thereby they knew that he who seemed to be a peasant boy was a woman, and a delicate one; yea, the most beautiful which, till then, the eyes of those two had beheld, and even Cardenio's—if they had not looked upon and known Lucinda—for afterwards he affirmed that the beauty of Lucinda alone could contend with hers. Her long and golden locks not only covered the shoulders, but hid all below them round about, so that no other part of her body, save her feet, was visible, so thick and ample were they. Then she used her hands for a comb; and if her feet in the water had appeared like pieces of crystal, her hands among her tresses seemed like wondrous strange snow. All this possessed the three who were gazing upon her with greater admiration and an increased desire to know who she was. So they resolved to show

themselves. At the stir they made in getting to foot, the lovely damsel raised her head, and, with her two hands, putting away her hair from before her eyes, looked to see what caused that noise; and scarcely had she perceived them, when she started to her feet, and, without stopping to put on her shoes or bind up her hair, she hurriedly snatched up a bundle—seemingly of clothes—which she had near her, and, full of confusion and alarm, betook herself to flight. But she had not gone six paces, when, the delicate feet not being able to bear the cruel sharpness of the stones, she fell to the ground. At this sight the three came out to her, and the priest was the first who spoke.

"Stay, lady, whoever you may be, for those whom you see here have not other desire than to serve you; there is no cause for you to take to this vain flight, which neither your feet can endure, nor we permit."

To all this, she, surprised and confounded, answered not a word. Then they went to her, and the priest, taking her by the hand, proceeded to say—

"That which your attire, lady, denies us, your hair betrays; clear sign that the causes were of no small moment, which have disguised your beauty in a dress so unworthy, and brought you to a wilderness like this, in which it has been our good fortune to find you, if not to provide a remedy for your woes, at least to give you counsel. Since life be not ended, no evil can afflict so much, or reach to such extremity, as that any should refuse wholly to listen to counsel when given in good will to those who suffer. So that, dear

lady, or dear sir, or whatever you may please to be, dismiss the fear which the sight of us has caused you, and recount to us your good or evil fortune, so that in us, jointly or singly, you may find one to sympathize with you in your distress."

Whilst the priest was saying these words, the disguised damsel stood like one stupefied, gazing at all of them, without moving her lips or speaking a word, much like some rustic clown to whom are suddenly shown things rare and never before seen. But the priest having repeated other words of the same purport, she gave a deep sigh, and broke silence, and said—

"Since the solitude of these mountains has not served to hide me, and the unloosening of my disordered hair permits not my tongue to be a liar, it were idle for me now to feign that which, if you believed it, would be rather through courtesy than for any other cause. This conceded, let me say, gentlemen, that I thank you for the offer you have made, which binds me to satisfy you in all that you demand, albeit I fear that the story which I shall tell you of my misfortunes will cause you as much pain as compassion; for you will find no medicine to cure, nor counsel to beguile them. Yet, withal, that my honour may not be deemed uncertain in your esteem, you having discovered me to be a woman, and seeing me young, alone, and in these clothes—circumstances which, together or singly, could destroy any honest reputation—I will tell you that which I would rather keep silent if I could."

All this she, who appeared so comely a woman, spoke without hesitation, with so ready a tongue, and a voice so soft, that her grace of manner surprised them no less than her beauty ; and, on their pressing her anew with offers of service and solicitations to do what she had promised, she, without waiting for further entreaty—having put on her shoes and stockings in all modesty, and gathered up her hair—took her seat upon a stone, and, the three placing themselves around her, making an effort to restrain the tears which started to her eyes, in a clear and gentle voice began the story of her life in this manner :—

" In this Andalucia there is a village from which a duke takes his title, which makes him one of those they call grandees of Spain. He has two sons—the elder, heir to his dignity, and, to all seeming, of his good qualities; and the younger heir to I know not what, unless it be the treachery of Vellido and the villainy of Galalon.[3] My parents are vassals of this nobleman—humble of birth, but so rich that, if their gifts of nature had equalled those of fortune, they would have had nothing more to desire, nor would I have been afraid of finding myself in the distress I am; for perchance my ill fortune springs from theirs in not being nobly born. True it is that they are not so base as that they should be ashamed of their condition, nor so high as to forbid me to imagine that from their lowliness came my disaster. In sooth, they are farmers, simple people, without any mixture of ill blood, and, as they are wont to call themselves, old, rank Christians,[4] but so rich that their wealth and

handsome way of living are gaining for them, by degrees, a title of gentlefolk, and even of nobility; albeit what they prized as the greatest treasure and nobleness was their having me as a daughter. And since they had no other child to be their heir, and were the most affectionate of parents, I was of all daughters the most indulged of any that parents ever spoiled. I was the mirror wherein they saw themselves, the staff of their old age, and the object towards which all their hopes tended, sharing them with heaven, from which—for that they were so pure—mine did not swerve; and, in the same manner, as I was mistress of their affections, so was I of their riches.

"By me the servants were engaged or dismissed; the record of all that was sown or reaped passed through my hands. Of the oil-mills, the wine-presses, the tale of cattle and sheep, and of the bee-hives—in fine, all that a rich farmer like my father could and did possess, I kept the reckoning. I was the stewardess and mistress, with so much care on my side, and such pleasure on theirs, as that I may not easily overstate them. The spare hours of the day that remained to me, after having given out what was necessary to the overseers, herdsmen, and day labourers, I passed in those exercises which are as lawful as needful to maidens, such as are afforded by the needle, and the lace cushion, and ofttimes the distaff. If ever I left off these employments to recreate my mind, I had recourse to the reading of some godly book, or playing on the harp;

for experience showed me that music composes the weary spirit, and soothes the troubles natural to the soul.

"This, then, was the life which I led in my parents' home, the recounting of which so minutely has not been through ostentation, nor to give you to understand that I am wealthy, but that you may judge how, without any fault of mine, I have fallen from that happy state I have described, to the wretched one in which I now find me. Let it be further noted that though I passed my life amidst these many duties, and in such seclusion as might be compared with that of a nunnery, unseen, as I deemed, by any one save the servants of the house—for when I went to Mass it was ever early in the morning, and always in my mother's keeping and the company of our maids, I myself being so veiled and guarded that my eyes hardly saw more of the ground than that on which I put my feet—yet, for all that, the eyes of love discovered me, or rather, I should say, the eyes of idleness—sharper than those of any lynx—set in the importunity of Don Fernando; for that is the name of the duke's younger son of whom I have told you."

Scarce had she who was telling the story mentioned the name of Don Fernando, when Cardenio's face changed colour, and he began to sweat with such hot passion, that the priest and the barber, casting their eyes upon him, feared there was coming over him that fit of madness which, they heard say, possessed him at times. But Cardenio did nothing

else than tremble, and remained silent, fixing his eyes intently on the peasant girl, divining who she was; who, without noticing Cardenio's agitation, pursued her story, saying—

"And scarce had those eyes discovered me, when, as he afterwards declared, he was taken captive by my love, as his actions speedily showed. But—briefly to end the account, which is past all reckoning, of my misfortunes—I would pass over in silence the devices which Don Fernando used to make known to me his love. He suborned all the people of my home; he offered and bestowed gifts upon my kindred. Every day was a festival and a holiday in our street; at night, none could sleep for sounds of music. Infinite were the letters which came—I know not how—to my hand, full of declarations and offers of love, containing fewer syllables than they did promises and vows. And this not only did not soften, but rather hardened me, as though he were my mortal enemy; and all that he did to reduce me to his will had the contrary effect. Not that the gallantry of Don Fernando seemed ill in my eyes, or that I held his importunities to be rudeness, for it gave me I know not what gladness to see myself so beloved and esteemed by so noble a gentleman; nor did it offend me to read my praises in his letters; for as to this, we women, however ugly we may be, methinks always love to hear men call us beautiful. To all his pleadings, however, were opposed my modesty, and the continual admonitions of my parents, who by this time very plainly perceived Don Fernando's intention; for now he cared not though

all the world should know of it. My parents said to me that in my virtue and goodness alone they placed their honour and reputation, bidding me consider the inequality between me and Don Fernando, and that from this I should perceive that his intentions—whatever he might say to the contrary—were directed rather to his pleasure than my profit; and that if I would consent to place any impediment, in any manner, in the way of his injurious pursuit, that they would presently marry me to any one I most liked, either among the best in our town or of the neighbourhood, as they might well expect to do with their great wealth and my good repute. With these sure promises, and being convinced of the truth of what they told me, I fortified my resolution, and would never consent to answer Don Fernando a word which, however distantly, might give him hope of achieving his purpose. All these precautions of mine, which he must have taken for disdain, only served to inflame the more his lustful appetite; for such must I call the passion that he affected for me, which had it been what it ought, you would not have known, for then there would have been no reason for telling of it. At last Don Fernando came to know that my parents sought to marry me to deprive him of the hope of possessing me, or, at least, that I might have better security for my protection, and this news or suspicion was the cause of his doing that of which you now shall hear.

"One night, as I sat in my chamber, attended only by a young damsel who served me, having the doors

well fastened, for fear lest, through whatever negligence, mine honour might incur any peril—in the midst of these cares and precautions, and in the solitude and silence of my retreat, without knowing or imagining how, he stood before me. I was so troubled that I lost the sight of my eyes, and my tongue became mute, and I was unable to cry out, nor do I think he would have let me do so; for he ran to me so quickly, and, catching me in his arms (for, as I have said, I was so confused that I had no strength to defend myself), began to use such arguments with me as that I know not how falsehood could frame them to look like truth. The traitor so contrived as that his tears gave credit to his words, and his sighs to his intent. I, poor simpleton, alone among my people, ill practised in such matters, began (I know not in what way) to regard all his perjuries as truths, but not in such sort that his tears and sighs moved me to anything but an honest compassion. And so, my first fright and surprise passing away, I recovered somewhat of my lost spirits, and with more courage than I thought I could command, said to him—

"'My lord, if, as I am in your arms, I were in those of a raving lion, and my liberty were assured by my doing or saying aught to the tainting of mine honour, it would be no more possible to do or to say it, than for that which has been to cease to be. Even as you hold my body clasped in your arms, I hold my soul bound by good resolves, which are very different from your resolves, as you shall find if, by using force upon me, you carry them any farther. I am your

vassal, but not your slave; the nobility of your blood has not, nor ought to have, the privilege of dishonouring or insulting the lowliness of mine; and I, though a country girl and a farmer's daughter, esteem myself as much as you, a lord and gentleman. With me, your violence shall not be of any avail, nor have your riches any value, nor your words power to deceive me, nor your sighs and tears to soften. If I should find in him whom my parents give me for husband any one of all the properties I have named, I shall conform my will to his, nor ever swerve from it. In like manner, provided I did it with honour, albeit I did it without pleasure, willingly would I bestow on you, my lord, that which you now seek to gain with so much violence. All this have I said, for that it is not to be thought that any can obtain aught of me who is not my lawful husband.'

"'If that be all that lets thee, loveliest Dorothea' (for such is the name of this unhappy creature), exclaimed the disloyal gentleman, 'behold, here I give thee my hand to be thine; and the heavens, from which nothing is hid, and this image of Our Lady, which thou hast there, bear witness that this is true!'"

When Cardenio heard her say that her name was Dorothea, his agitation began afresh, and he was confirmed in the truth of his first opinion; but, not wishing to interrupt the story, in order to hear how that which he already almost divined might conclude, he only said, "What, lady, is thy name Dorothea? I have heard speak of another of the same name, whose misfortunes, perhaps, may run a parallel to thine.

Proceed; for the time will come when I may tell thee things that shall startle thee in the same degree as they shall move thy pity."

Dorothea took note of Cardenio's words and his strange apparel, and besought him that if he knew aught of her affairs, he should tell her at once; for if fortune had left her any good thing, it was courage to bear whatever disaster might befal her, being sure that, to her seeming, nothing could happen that could increase one whit what she then suffered.

"I would not omit to tell thee, lady," answered Cardenio, "what I am thinking, if what I imagine were true; but thus far there has been no occasion, nor does it concern thee to know it."

"Be it what it may," replied Dorothea, "to go on with my story: Don Fernando, seizing an image which stood in the chamber, placed it for a witness of our espousals. In the most forcible words, and with most solemn vows, he pledged himself to be my husband; although, before he uttered them, I urged him to look well to what he was doing—to reflect on the anger which his father would feel in finding him married to a peasant girl, a vassal of his own; that my beauty, such as it was, should not blind him, for there was not therein sufficient excuse for his error; and that if he meant to do me any good for the love he bore me, he should let my fortune run even with my birth—for such unequal marriages are never happy, nor endure long in that same delight wherein they first begin.

"All these reasons which I have rehearsed to you

I gave to him, and many others which I do not recollect, but they were of no avail in keeping him from his intent; being much like one who, not intending to pay, stops not to haggle about the price in striking a bargain. I then took brief commune with myself, and said, 'Indeed, I shall not be the first who, by the path of matrimony, hath ascended from a lowly to a great station; nor will Don Fernando be the first whom beauty, or blind affection—which is the more likely—hath impelled to take a mate unequal to his greatness. Then, since by this I make neither a new world nor a new custom, it were well to embrace this honour which fortune offers me; for even though the passion which he shows for me should last no longer than the accomplishment of his desire, yet, for all that, before God I shall be his wife. And if I were disdainfully to reject him, I perceive by his behaviour that—regardless of his duty—he would use violence, and I shall come to be dishonoured, and without excuse for the fault which will be laid upon me by those who know not how faultlessly I have been brought into this strait; for what excuses will suffice to persuade my parents and others that this gentleman entered my chamber without my consent?'

"All these questionings and answers did I, in an instant, revolve in my mind, and above all I began to be impelled and moved to what—without my suspecting it—was my perdition, by the vows of Don Fernando, the witnesses he invoked, the tears which he shed, and, finally, by his sweet disposition and good looks, which, accompanied by so many signs of true

love, might conquer any other heart, more free and wary than mine. I called to me my servant, that she should be a joint witness on earth with those of heaven. Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his vows, invoked new saints for witnesses, and called on himself a thousand future curses if he did not fulfil what he promised. Again his eyes waxed moist, and his sighs increased, and he pressed me closer in his arms, from which he had never loosed me. Thereupon, and on the departure of my maid out of the room, I ceased to be one: and he—he became a traitor, and a liar.

"The day which followed the night of my undoing came not so fast as I think Don Fernando desired; for, after having satisfied that which the appetite covets, the highest gratification is to fly from the place where it was enjoyed. This I say, because Don Fernando made haste to part from me; and, by the connivance of my maid, who was the same that had brought him there, he found himself in the street before daybreak. On taking leave of me he told me—although not with so much fervour and vehemence as when he came—to rest assured of his good faith, and that his vows were firm and true; and for greater confirmation of his word, he took off a rich ring from his finger, and put it on mine. In fine, he went away, and I remained, I know not whether sad or joyful; this I can truly say, that I was troubled and anxious, and almost beside myself at this strange event; and yet either I had not the heart or I forgot to chide my maid for the treachery she committed in hiding Don Fernando in my private chamber—for I had not yet resolved if that

which had befallen me were good or evil. I told Don Fernando, on parting, that he could come to see me on other nights by the same way, for now I was his own, until he should be pleased to make public what he had done.

"Except on the following night, he came no more, nor was I able to see him, in the street or at church, for more than a month, during which I wearied myself in vain looking for him; although I knew that he was in town, and that most days he went hunting, an exercise of which he was very fond. Those days and those hours, full well I know how sad and bitter they were for me; full well I know in them I began to doubt, and even to disbelieve, the honour of Don Fernando. I know also that my maid then heard those words in rebuke of her presumption, unheard before; and I know that I had to do violence to myself, to watch over my tears and to compose my face, lest I gave occasion to my parents to question me as to the cause of my unhappiness, and I be obliged to tell them falsehoods. But all this ended in an instant when that happened, which bore down all considerations and restraints of honour and caution, and which caused me to lose patience, and brought to light all my secrets, namely, that, in a few days thence, there went a rumour through the town that Don Fernando had married, in a neighbouring city, a damsel of surpassing beauty, and of very noble parentage, although not so rich as that by her dowry she could aspire to so great a match. They said that her name was Lucinda, and spoke of suspicious things which had happened at the wedding."

Cardenio, hearing the name of Lucinda, did nothing but bend his shoulders, bite his lips, knit his brows, and after a while let fall from his eyes two floods of tears. Still Dorothea paused not in her story, but continued, saying—

"This doleful news reached my ears; and my heart, instead of freezing thereat, was so inflamed by the rage and fury that burnt in it, that I well-nigh ran into the streets, calling out and proclaiming the perfidy and the treason which had been done me. But this fury was assuaged for a time by the resolve to do that which I executed that same night; which was to clothe myself in this dress, which was given me by a shepherd boy from one of the farms, who was a servant of my father's, to whom I disclosed all my misery, beseeching him to attend me as far as the city where I understood my enemy was to be found. He, after remonstrating with me on my boldness, and condemning my determination, seeing by my looks that I was resolute, offered to keep me company, as he told me, to the end of the world. I immediately packed up in a linen pillow-case a woman's dress, and some jewels and money, to serve me on occasion; and in the stillness of the night, without saying anything to my treacherous maid, I left my home, attended by my man-servant and many troubled fancies, and took the road to the city on foot, borne on the wings of desire to go, if not to frustrate what had been done, at least to demand of Don Fernando to tell me with what conscience he had done it.

"In two days and a half I arrived where I wished,

and on entering the city inquired for the house of Lucinda's parents; and the first to whom I addressed the question gave me for answer more than I desired to hear. He showed me the house, and told me all that had happened at the wedding of the daughter—a thing so public in the city that everywhere people assembled together to speak of it.

"He told me that on the night when Don Fernando was espoused to Lucinda, after she had given the *Yes* to be his wife, she was taken with a violent fainting fit, and the bridegroom coming to unclasp her bosom to give her air, they found on her a letter written in Lucinda's own hand; in which she declared and affirmed that she could not be the wife of Don Fernando, because she was already Cardenio's, who, as that person told me, was a noble gentleman of that same city; and that if she had given her consent to Don Fernando, it was only that she might not disobey her parents. In conclusion, he told me that the letter contained such words as gave it to be understood that she intended to kill herself at the end of the ceremony, and set forth new reasons for taking her life; all of which, they say, was confirmed by a dagger which they found in a part of her dress. Don Fernando, seeing all this, believed that Lucinda had deluded, [illegible] ghted him; rushed at her before she [illegible] her swoon, and with the same dagger [illegible] nd, he wished to stab her, and would [illegible] f her parents and they who were present had [illegible] vered him. They said, moreover, that Don Fernando flew immediately, and that Lucinda

did not recover of her trance until the next day, when she told her parents how that she was the true wife of that Cardenio of whom I have spoken. I learned besides that this Cardenio, according to them, was present at the wedding, and that seeing her married —a thing he would never have credited—he left the city, first leaving behind him a letter, wherein he intimated the wrong which Lucinda had done him, and how he would go where men should never see him. All this was public and notorious through the whole city, all were talking of it; and they talked the more when they knew that Lucinda was missing from her father's house, and from the city—for she could not be found in it; on account of which her parents almost lost their reason, and knew not what means to take to recover her. These tidings somewhat dashed my hopes, and I held it better not to find Fernando than to find him married. Yet did it seem to me that the gate was not altogether shut against my relief; flattering myself that it might be Heaven had laid that impediment on the second marriage to bring him to a sense of what he owed to the first, and to make him reflect that he was a Christian, and that he was under a greater obligation to his conscience than to human considerations. All these things did I revolve in my fantasy,[5] and consoled myself without finding solace, dreaming some distant and illusive hopes to sustain the life which now I abhor.

"While I was in the city, without knowing what to do, since I could not find Don Fernando, there reached my ears a proclamation by the public crier,

wherein was promised a large reward for whoever should find me, describing my age and the very dress I wore; and I heard it bruited about that the lad who came with me had carried me off from my parents' house—a thing which touched me to my soul, to see how low my credit had fallen; since it was not enough that I had lost it with my flight, but it must be added with whom I had fled, a person so base and so unworthy of my honest thought. On the instant I heard the cries, I departed out of the city with my servant, who already began to give signs of faltering in the fidelity he had promised to me, and on that night, through fear of being discovered, we entered the thickest part of these mountains.

"But, as they say, one evil invites another, and the end of one misfortune is wont to be the beginning of a greater,[6] so it befel me; for my good servant, till then faithful and trusty, when he saw me in this solitary spot, incited by his own villainy, rather than by my beauty, thought to profit by the opportunity which to his seeming this wilderness offered, and, with little shame, less fear of God, and no respect for me, solicited my love; and seeing that I answered his shameless proposals with severe and just reproaches, he laid aside his entreaties, whereby he first thought to have his will, and began to use force. But just Heaven, that seldom or never refuses to regard and favour good intentions, did so favour mine, that with my feeble strength, and little trouble, I pushed him down a precipice, where I left him, I know not if dead or alive; and presently,

more swiftly than my fright and weariness seemed to permit, I entered among these mountains, without any other thought or design than to hide myself in them, and fly from my father and those who were seeking me on his behalf.

"I know not how many months I had been here with this intent, when I found a grazier, who took me for his servant to a village which is in the heart of these ranges, whom I have served as a shepherd all this time, trying always to be out in the fields, to conceal this hair of mine, which now so unexpectedly has betrayed me. But all my diligence and all my care were and have been of no avail, since my master came to know that I was not a man, and the same wicked thought was engendered in him as in my servant; and as fortune seldom sends remedies with her troubles, I found no precipice or steep whence to throw down and finish the master, as I had found for the man, and therefore I found it more convenient to leave him, and hide myself once again amidst these solitudes, than to try him with my strength or my arguments. So I returned to bury me in these deserts, and to seek a spot where, without any let, I might, by sighs and tears, implore Heaven to have pity on my misery, and give me grace and strength to escape therefrom, or else to lay down my life in this wilderness, without leaving any memory of this wretched one, who so innocently has given occasion that men should speak evil of her, in her own and in other lands."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXVIII.

Note 1, *page* 3.

Our times—so niggard and scant of joyous entertainment. A smile must have passed across the face of Cervantes as he wrote these words, and the meaning of the smile may not be hard to understand. The time was rich in poetry and prose. The Archpriest of Hita and the *Cancioneros* were everywhere read, and these overflow with merriment; the farces of Lope de Rueda and Lope de Vega were not considered dull; the *Guzman de Alfarache* lives to this day, and is a fund of amusement in itself, mixed with much that is beautiful; *Lazarillo de Tormes* has not lost his power, nor the *Picara Justina* hers. We may add to this list, as belonging to the same period, the *Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillana;* to say nothing of the books which formed the library of the Don himself, together with the multitude of authors whose works still live in Spanish literature, and others whose names receive honourable mention, or come in for some sunny satire in *El Viage del Parnaso.—Vide* Clemencin, ii. 388.

Note 2, *page* 5.

Not a human person, but a divine. It would be endless to notice all the remarks of the Spanish critics on the style of Cervantes, but it is interesting and useful to point to a few. Of this passage they say, "Its exaggerations are excessive;" while to represent crystal feet, alabaster legs, and hands of wondrous strange snow as belonging to a divine person, is not only in bad taste—it is also offensive to their creed.

Note 3, *page* 8.

The treachery of Vellido and the villainy of Galalon. The discourse of the beautiful Dorothea meets with scant courtesy at the hands of the academicians of Argamasilla, who say it is affected, and in other ways unnatural. These wits forget that the reading of books of chivalry was a favourite pastime

of the youth of Spain; and that Dorothea was indebted to this habit, not only for her romantic turn of mind, but also for her fancies, her language, and her troubles. She was also well read in the ballads of the Cid, one of which it will be well to translate to explain the allusion in the text.

VELLIDO DOLFOS.

From the *Cancionero de Romances* (Medina del Campo, A.D. 1570), and Escobar, No. XXIX.

Forth from Zamora Dolfos runs, with breathless haste he runs,
To escape the wrath of Arias, and eke his doughty sons;
He hies him to the royal tent, and lowly doth he bow:
"May God preserve thee, noble king!" "Vellido, welcome thou!"

"My liege, I am thy vassal true, and of thy royal band,
I come to claim thine aid against Gonzalo's ruthless hand;
I prayed and urged on him to give Zamora back to thee,
For this alone he seeks my life, and I am forced to flee.

"I come this day to humbly pay my duty to my lord,
And, like a true-born gentleman, to serve thee with my sword;
Zamora I will render thee, though Arias may frown,
For well I know a secret gate that leads into the town."

Upon the walls stands Arias, a loyal man is he,
And from the ramparts forth he calls, with ringing voice and free:
"Beware, beware, King Sancho! hear now what I've to tell,
And say not henceforth I have failed this day to warn thee well!

"A traitor vile hath left this town, Vellido is his name,
If he should act the traitor's part, let us not bear the blame!"
Vellido seized the royal hand, and trembling thus began:
"Believe it not, my noble king, that I am such a man!

"Gonzalo lies, that he may save Zamora from its fate,
For well he knows that I alone have found the secret gate."
"Vellido, I believe thee, my servant good and true,
So let us forth unto the walls this secret gate to view."

"Let us go forth at once, my lord, but let us go alone,
For should thy guards go with thee, our plan will soon be known."
They sally from the royal camp to reach Zamora's wall,
The good king turns aside to do what must be done by all;

Into Vellido's hands he gives his short and gilded spear,
Soon as the traitor sees the king without or guard or fear,
He rises on his stirrups to launch the fatal dart;
It strikes the shoulders of the king, and pierces to his heart.

Down falls the monarch, in his breast a deep and mortal scar,
'Tis Don Rodrigo sees him fall, Rodrigo of Bivar;
He leaps upon his charger, and gallops like the wind,
But in the hurry of the hour he leaves his spurs behind.

He flees, he flees, the traitor flees, Rodrigo on his track,
And if he quickly left the town, more quickly speeds he back;
He clears the gate, and he is safe, Rodrigo comes too late;
Great Layn Calvo's heir is wroth, and curses loud his fate:

" O cursèd be the knight who rides, as I have ridden, in vain;
For had I buckled on my spurs, that traitor I had slain!"
They all come round to see the king as there in death he lay,
They all are full of flattering words, but none the truth will say;

Save only Count de Cabra, an old knight of Castile:
" Thou art my king and lawful liege, and I thy vassal leal;
Look to thyself, my noble king, I tell the truth, the whole:
'Tis time to let the body go, and look unto thy soul.

" This fatal day it is thy last—commend thyself to Heaven!"
"Thou'rt welcome, Count, and welcome, too, the counsel thou hast given!"
These trembling words upon his lips, his soul to God he gave;
So died the king, whose fate it was to trust a traitor knave.

Of the villainy of Galalon it is unnecessary to say much. He was as fiercely hated among romantic people as Judas, and it was a favourite conceit of Don Quixote that he might one day have the pleasure of kicking him: if he could have procured that pleasure by bartering his housekeeper, and his niece into the bargain, he would have done it. Galalon—or Ganelon, as he is sometimes called—was Count of Mayence, and one of the Twelve Peers of France; amongst many other villainies recorded in chronicle and song, he betrayed his Christian countrymen, at the battle of Roncesvalles, into the hand of the Moorman, and that for the gold of the false

prophet. But he had his reward. According to Archbishop Turpin, Galalon was torn to pieces alive, by four horses, at the command of Charlemagne.

Note 4, *page* 8.

Old, rank Christians. In the original, *cristianos viejos rancios*—a favourite boast of all thorough Spaniards, to distinguish their stock from that of converted Jews or converted Moors. No matter what else they might be—*venteros, putas, ó ladrones*—they were *cristianos rancios*, consumers of the best pork and wine in the world, friends of the human race, and ready to burn alive any Jew, Turk, or Lutheran that dare open his lips, refuse to eat ham, or drink *val de peñas.*

Note 5, *page* 21.

All these things did I revolve in my fantasy. Clemencin (ii. 414) tells us that "fantasia" comes from the Greek through the Italian. It is certainly a very old Spanish word. It is found in the *Siete Partidas;* is used by Gonzales de Berceo (twelfth century) in his most sweet poem of the *Miracles of the Virgin,*" and by the Archpriest of Talavera in his *Corbacho*, part i. cap. 31.

Note 6, *page* 22.

One evil invites another, etc. Lord Bacon has said that "things alter for the worse spontaneously if they be not altered for the better designedly," and this might have been the thought then uppermost in Dorothea's mind. It is painful to find, however, that the Spanish commentators consider this incident degrading and debasing to the character of the lady who relates it.—See Clemencin, vol. ii. p. 417.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHICH TREATS OF THE GRACIOUS ARTIFICE AND METHOD DEVISED TO FREE OUR ENAMOURED KNIGHT FROM THE VERY ROUGH PENANCE WHICH HE HAD IMPOSED UPON HIMSELF.

"THIS, sirs, is the true history of my tragedy; behold, now, and judge if the sighs to which you have listened, the words you have heard, and the tears which have fallen from my eyes, have had occasion to show themselves in greater abundance; and, considering the quality of my misfortune, you shall perceive how vain is all counsel, seeing that remedy is impossible. Only I pray you (what with ease you can and ought to grant) to advise me where I may live, without the fear and dread of being found by those who seek me. For although I know that the great love my parents have for me assures me that I should be well received by them, yet, so great is the shame I bear—if only in the thought that not such as they expect have I to appear in their presence—that I would rather banish myself for ever from their sight, than behold their faces under the suspicion that they would look on mine estranged from that honesty which at home my behaviour promised."

Here she ended, and her face was covered with a colour which clearly showed the grief and shame of her soul. In the souls of those who listened was there excited as much pity as wonder for her adversity; and although the priest at once thought to comfort and counsel her, yet Cardenio was first to take her hand saying—

"In conclusion, then, lady, thou art the beautiful Dorothea, the only daughter of the wealthy Clenardo?"

Much astonished was Dorothea when she heard mentioned her father's name, and beheld the miserable appearance of him who pronounced it (for it has already been noticed how ill Cardenio was dressed); and she said to him—

"Who art thou, brother, who thus knowest the name of my father? because until now, if I recollect aright, not in the whole course of the story of my unhappiness did I mention it."

"I," responded Cardenio, "am that luckless man whom, according to thee, Lucinda said was her husband. I am the wretched Cardenio, who by his wicked deeds hath brought thee to the pass in which thou art, and me to that in which thou seest me; ragged, naked, lacking all human comfort, and, what is worse than all, void of reason, save when Heaven is pleased to give it me for a brief space. I, Dorothea, am he who was present at the evil doings of Don Fernando, and he who waited to hear the *Yes* which pronounced Lucinda to be his wife. I am he who had not courage to wait the issue of her swoon, nor what came of the paper which was found in her breast; for my soul had not fortitude to look upon so many

misfortunes together; therefore I fled from the house, and abandoned patience, and left a letter with mine host, whom I begged to deliver it into Lucinda's hand, and came to these solitudes with intent to end in them the life which, from that moment, I abhorred as my mortal enemy. But it has not pleased fate to deprive me of it, contenting itself with denuding me of reason, keeping me, perhaps, for the good hap I have had in finding thee.

"For, that being true, as I believe it is—which thou hast now rehearsed—it might even be that Heaven hath reserved for us both a happier issue out of our troubles than we expect. Because, it being granted that Lucinda cannot marry Don Fernando, for that she is mine, as she has so openly declared, nor Don Fernando with her, because he is thine—well may we hope that Heaven will restore to us that which is our own, seeing that it still exists, and is neither estranged nor destroyed. Since we hold this consolation — born not of very remote hope, nor founded in frail imaginings—I pray thee, lady, take another resolution into thy fair thoughts (for so think I to take into mine), suiting thyself with hope of better fortune. For I vow to thee, by the faith of a gentleman and a Christian, not to forsake thee until I behold thee in Don Fernando's keeping; and if I cannot, by arguments, bring him to acknowledge what he is indebted to thee, then I will use my liberty as a gentleman, and with just title challenge him in my right for the wrong he has done thee, without recalling my own injuries, whose avenging I will leave to Heaven, that I may redress thine upon earth."

Dorothea was much amazed at what Cardenio said, and, not knowing what thanks to return for so great offers, would have taken his feet and kissed them; but Cardenio would not permit it. And the priest answered for both, and approved of Cardenio's good discourse; above all, he entreated, counselled, and persuaded them, that they would go with him to his village, where they might fit themselves with things which they lacked, and there concert how to discover Don Fernando, or conduct Dorothea to her parents, or do what they deemed convenient. Cardenio and Dorothea gave him their thanks, and accepted the favours which he offered them. The barber also, who had been all silent and wondering, said also his good word, and offered, with no less good will than the priest, all that was in his power to do them service. He recounted to them briefly, at the same time, the occasion of their being there, together with the strange madness of Don Quixote, and that they were waiting for his squire, who had gone in search of him.

Then came to Cardenio's memory, as if in a dream, the conflict which he had had with Don Quixote, and he recounted it to the rest, but could not call to mind how it arose.

Here they heard a voice calling, and knowing it to be Sancho Panza who, because he found them not in the place where he had left them, called aloud, they went to meet him; and asking for Don Quixote, he answered that he found him naked, in his shirt, languid, sallow, dead of hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and, although he told him that it was her command

he should leave that spot and betake him to Toboso, where she awaited him, yet he answered that he was determined not to appear before her beauteousness, until he had done feats which should make him worthy of her grace; and, if he went on in that humour, he feared that his lord ran in danger of never becoming emperor, as he was in honour bound, nor even archbishop, which was the least he could do. On that account they should see to it how best to get him out of that place.

The priest, answering, bade him give himself no trouble, for they would convey him thence in spite of his teeth. He then related to Cardenio and Dorothea what they had considered as a remedy for Don Quixote, or, at least, for bringing him home. To which Dorothea responded that she could do the distressed damsel better than the barber, for she had with her dresses by which to perform it to the life; and they might leave it to her charge to represent all that was necessary to further their design, for she had read many books of chivalry, and knew well the style of anxious maidens when they begged their boons of knights-errant.

"Then," said the priest, "nothing more is needed, but at once to begin; for, without doubt, good fortune shows itself on my side, seeing that to you, gentle people, so unexpectedly a door is opened for your relief, and to us has been made easy that of which we stood in need."

Dorothea then took from her pillow-case a dress of a certain fine wool, and a beautiful green mantle,

and from out a small box a necklace and other treasures, with which, in an instant, she adorned herself in such fashion that she appeared to be a rich and grand lady. All that, and more, she said, she had brought from home, in case of what might happen; but, until then, no occasion had offered for their use. All were pleased in the extreme with her much grace, elegance, and beauty, and concluded Don Fernando to be a man of little perception, who could reject so much comeliness. But he who most admired was Sancho Panza; for it seemed to him (as was the truth) that never, in all the days of his life, had he seen so lovely a creature. So, with great eagerness, he asked the priest to tell him who was that beautiful lady, and what it was she sought in those regions.

"This beautiful lady, brother Sancho," responded the priest, "is, to say the least of her, the heiress, in direct male line, of the great kingdom of Micomicon, who comes in quest of your master to crave a boon, which is that he will undo a wrong, or mischief, which some evil giant has done to her; and as the fame that your master hath of being a good knight is spread abroad throughout Guinea, the princess has come from thence in search of him."

"Happy quest and happy finding!" exclaimed Sancho Panza; "and more if my master be so lucky as to put this wrong right, and redress that mischief, killing this whoreson giant that your worship names. And kill him he will if he meets with him, and if he be not a phantom—for against phantoms my lord has no power whatever. But one thing I would supplicate,

master licentiate, among others, and that is that you counsel my master that he takes not into his head to become archbishop—that is my dread; that your worship would advise him to wed with this princess, and thus be made incapable to receive archbishop's orders; and he will come with ease to his kingdom, and I to the end of my desires. I have looked well into it, and find, according to my account, that it will not suit me for my master to be archbishop, because I am useless for the Church. Why, I am married! and to go about to get dispensations to hold Church livings, having, as I have, wife and children, would have no end to it. So that, you see, sir, all hangs on my master marrying at once with this lady, whose title at present I do not know, and therefore have not called her by her name."

"Her name," responded the priest, "is the Princess Micomicona, because her kingdom is called Micomicon. So it is clear that is the way she must be called."

"There is no doubt about that," replied Sancho, "for I have seen many take their title and surname from the town where they were born, calling themselves Pedro de Alcalá, Juan de Ubeda, and Diego de Valladolid; and thus ought they to do in Guinea, queens taking the names of their kingdom."

"That is so," said the priest; "and in regard to your master marrying, I will do in it all that is in my power."

With which Sancho remained as happy as the priest was amazed at the squire's simplicity, on seeing how deeply rooted in his fantasy were the same extrava-

gances as those of his master, who without any doubt, he believed, would come to be emperor.

By this time Dorothea was mounted on the priest's mule, the barber had fixed to his face the ox's tail; and they told Sancho that he should guide them to where Don Quixote was, reminding him that he was not to say that he knew the licentiate or the barber, for in his not knowing them lay the touchstone to his master becoming emperor. Nor would the priest or Cardenio go with them, so that Don Quixote might not recollect the scuffle he had had with Cardenio, and the priest went not because his presence was not then needed. So the others were left to proceed, and they went gently following on foot. The priest ceased not to advise Dorothea on what she had to do; who told him to have no fear that she would do her part without fail, in all points, as those who beg boons are painted in books of chivalry.

They had gone three-quarters of a league, when they discovered Don Quixote amidst a chaos of rocks, now dressed, but not in armour. And so, when Dorothea saw him, and was told by Sancho that there was Don Quixote, she gave her whip to the palfrey, and was followed by the well-bearded barber. In coming close to him, the barber threw himself from his mule, and went to take Dorothea in his arms; who, alighting right sprightly, went and threw herself on her knees before Don Quixote, to whom, although he strove to raise her, she, without rising, spake after this manner:

"I will not arise, O valorous and approved knight, until, of your bounty and courtesy, you have granted

me a boon, the which shall redound to your honour, the glory of your person, and to the profit of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel whom the sun has seen. If it be that the valour of your invincible arm corresponds to the voice of your immortal fame, you are bound to succour the hapless one who comes from far-off lands, led by the perfume of your famous name, seeking you as the remedy of her misfortunes."

"I will not reply to you one word, beauteous lady," responded Don Quixote, "nor will I more give ear to your estate, until you rise from the earth."

"I will not arise," replied the afflicted maiden, "until you, of your courtesy, vouchsafe me the boon which I beg."

"To you I vouchsafe and concede it," responded Don Quixote, "so that it be not in damage or derogation of my king, of my country, and of her who of my heart and liberty holds the key."

"It will not be in damage or derogation of those of whom you make mention, my good lord," replied the dolorous maiden.

Whilst they were in the midst of this, Sancho Panza approached to his master's ear, and said to him very softly, "Your worship can easily grant the boon she asks, for it is a mere nothing. It is only to kill a monstrous giant; and she who asks it is the high Princess Micomicona, queen of the grand kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia."

"Be she who she may," responded Don Quixote, "I will do that for which I am bound, what my conscience shall dictate, and in conformity with what I have

professed." And, turning to the maiden, he said, "Let your great beauteousness arise; I vouchsafe the boon for which it has pleased you to beg."

"What then I ask," said the damsel, "is that your magnanimous person come straightway with me whither I will convey it, and that you promise me not to undertake in another adventure or demand whatsoever, until you have wrought me vengeance on a traitor who, against all right, divine and human, has usurped my kingdom."

"I say that so I will grant you," answered Don Quixote; "and therefore, lady, you may from to-day onward cast aside the melancholy which oppresses you, and so do that you recover you anew of your strength, and fortify your fainting hope; for, with the help of God and my arm, you shall behold yourself restored to your kingdom, and seated in the chair of your ancient and grand estate, in spite and defiance of the miscreants who gainsay it, be they who they may. And, O hands, to the work; for in delay, as they say, there oft lurks danger."

The afflicted maiden strove much to kiss his hands, but Don Quixote, who in all things was a gallant and courteous gentleman, would by no means consent thereto; but rather, making her rise, he embraced her with much courtesy and kindness, and ordered Sancho to look to the girths of Rozinante, and to arm him at once.

Sancho took down the armour, which hung on a tree like a trophy, and, examining the girths of Rozinante, in a moment armed his lord, who, seeing himself accoutred, said—

"Come, let us hence, in the name of God, to the succour of this great lady."

The barber was still on his knees, having great difficulty to hide his laughter, or to keep on his beard, which if it had fallen off, they would all have, perhaps, failed to carry out their good purpose. Seeing the boon was granted, and that Don Quixote enlisted himself with diligence to accomplish it, the barber arose, took his lady by the other hand, and, between the two, she mounted the mule. Then Don Quixote mounted Rozinante, and the barber got upon his beast.

Sancho remained on foot, when he was reminded afresh of the loss of his Dapple by the pain which it then gave him; but he bore it with pleasure, for it appeared that now his master was in the way and on the point of becoming emperor; for, without any doubt, he thought he would marry that princess, and at least become King of Micomicon. But it caused him great heaviness to think that that kingdom was in the land of negroes, and the people they would give him for subjects would be all blackamoors; but for this his imagination presently procured him a good remedy, and he said to himself, "What matters it to me that my subjects be blacks? There's nothing to be done but to freight them and bring them to Spain, where I will sell them, and where they will pay me in ready money; with which money I will buy me some title, or some place, by which I can live at rest all the days of my life. Thou canst but snore; thou hast no wit nor mastery to dispose of things! Oh no! and yet be able to sell thirty or ten thousand slaves in

the twinkling of a buttercup! Afore God! but I will make them fly, the little with the big, just as I can; and be they black, I will quickly turn them into whites and yellows. Come, come, take me for a fool if you like."

Thus on he went, so busy, so happy, that he forgot the heaviness of having to go on foot.

All this Cardenio and the priest saw from between some brakes, and knew not what to do to join them. But the priest, who was an arch plotter, presently devised how they should attain their desire; and with some scissors which he carried in a case, he cut off in a trice Cardenio's beard, dressed him in a grey jerkin that he had, gave him a black cloak, and himself remained in doublet and hose. Cardenio appeared so different to what he was before, that he would not have known himself in a looking-glass.

This done, the others having gone on before while they disguised themselves, they easily reached the highway before them; for the vile roads, and bad passes of those parts, would not allow those who were on horseback to go as fast as those on foot. In effect, they reached the plain at the outlet from the gorges, and as Don Quixote and his company came forth, the priest set himself to regard him deliberately, giving tokens as if he knew him; and after looking at him for a good space, he ran to him, with open arms, saying aloud—

"Welcome to the mirror of chivalry, my worthy countryman Don Quixote de la Mancha, flower and cream of gentleness, shield and help of the distressed, the quintessence of knights-errant!"

So saying, he embraced the knee of the left leg of

Don Quixote, who, startled by what he saw and heard that man say and do, beheld him attentively; and at last he knew him, and was so frightened to see him, that he made a great effort to alight. But the priest would not suffer him; upon which Don Quixote said—

"Allow me, your worship, master licentiate; for it is not right that I remain on horseback, while so reverend a person as your worship goes on foot."

"To this I will not in any manner consent," answered the priest. "Your greatness must remain on horseback, for, being on horseback, you achieve the greatest exploits and adventures which have been seen in our age. For me, who am but an unworthy priest, it shall suffice to mount on the haunches of one of the mules of these nobles who journey with your worship, if it will give no offence; and I will reckon that I bestride the steed Pegasus, or the zebra, or the charger on which rode the famous Moor Muzaraque, who even to this day lies enchanted in the great mount Zulema, which is little distant from the grand Complutum."[1]

"Truly I thought not of that, dear master licentiate," responded Don Quixote; "and sure am I that my lady the princess will be pleased, for my love, to command her squire to yield to your worship the saddle of the mule, while he will mount on its haunches, if the creature will bear it."

"Yes," said the princess, "she can bear it; and I am sure that it is not necessary to command the gentleman who is my squire, for he is too courteous and too courtly to allow a clerkly person to go on foot when he can ride."

"That is true," replied the barber; and, so saying, he alighted, and invited the priest to take the saddle.

And he took it without much praying. But the mischief was, that as the barber would mount the haunches of the mule—which in effect was a hired one, and suffices to say that it was vicious—she raised a little the hinder quarters, and gave two kicks in the air, which had they reached the breast of Master Nicholas, or his head, he would have consigned his quest of Don Quixote to the devil. But they frightened him so much that he fell to the ground, with so little care for his beard, that it also fell off; and, perceiving himself without it, he had no other remedy than to cover his face with both hands, and to cry aloud that his grinders were knocked out.

Don Quixote, who beheld that bundle of a beard, without cheeks and without blood, afar off from the face of the fallen squire, exclaimed, "God love us! What great miracle is this? The beard is uprooted and levelled off the face as clean as if it had been done by a barber."

The priest, who perceived the danger of his contrivance being discovered, ran at once for the beard, and with it went to where Master Nicholas lay, who was still crying out. And all at once, forcing down his head on to his breast, the priest replaced it, muttering over him some words which, he said, were a certain charm for fixing on beards, as they would see; and when it was stuck on, and he had left him, the squire remained as well bearded and as sound as before. At which Don Quixote wondered above measure, and

prayed the priest that when he had opportunity, he should teach him that charm, for he supposed that its virtue extended farther than the sticking on of beards; for it was clear that from where the beard had been torn, the flesh must remain wounded and in evil plight, and, all being cured, it must serve for more than beards.

"So it does," said the priest, and promised to teach it him on the first occasion.

Then they agreed that the priest should mount, and the three ride by turns, and for short stages, until they came to the inn, which would be some two leagues from thence. The three being mounted (that is to say, Don Quixote, the princess, and the priest), and the three proceeding on foot (Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho), Don Quixote said to the maiden—

"Let your magnificence lead the way which most pleases you."

And before she made reply, the priest said: "Towards what kingdom will your excellency conduct us? Is it, perchance, towards Micomicon? So it should be, or I know little of kingdoms."

She, being perfect in all, understood that she had to reply that so it was; and thus she said, "Yes, sir, towards that kingdom lies my road."

"That being so," remarked the priest, "we must needs pass through the middle of my village; and from thence your worship will take course for Carthagena, where you may, with good fortune, embark. And if there be a prosperous wind, a tranquil sea, and without storm, in little less than nine years you may come in sight of the great lake of Meona—I mean

Meotis[2]—which is a little more than a hundred days' journey on this side of your magnificence's kingdom."

"Your worship is deceived, my dear sir," she said, "for it is not yet two years since I parted from it, and, in sooth, we never had fine weather; but with all that, I have arrived to see what I so much desired after, namely, Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose renown came to my ears as soon as I set foot in Spain; and this moved me to search for him, and procure how to commend me to his courtesy, and to commit my right to the valour of his invincible arm."

"No more; cease my praises," said then Don Quixote, "for I am an enemy to all kind of flattery; and although this be not such, yet are my chaste ears offended by such speeches. What I may say to you, my lady, is that whether I have valour or not, that which I have, or have not, hath to be used in your service, even unto the loss of life itself. Therefore, leaving this for its time, I pray the master licentiate to tell me the cause which has brought him to these parts, alone, without servants, so airily and lightly attired, that I hold me astonished."

"To that I will make brief answer," responded the priest. "Your worship shall know, Sir Don Quixote, that I and Maese Nicholas, our friend and our barber, went to Seville to recover certain moneys which a kinsman of mine, who many years ago went to the Indies, had sent to me. And it is no small sum; not less than sixty thousand minted dollars—a worthy matter. And passing yesterday by these parts, there set upon us four highwaymen, and they stripped us even to

our beards; and after such sort did they strip us, that the barber had to put on a false one. And even this youth" (pointing out Cardenio), "they have changed anew. The cream of the joke is that it is notorious in all these regions that those who surprised us were certain galley-slaves, who they say were liberated, almost in this very spot, by a man so valiant, that, in spite of the commissary and the guards, he loosed them all. And, without any doubt, he must be mad, or else as great a rascal as any of them, or he may be some wretch without soul or without conscience; for the same would let loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the chickens, the wasp into the honey; he would defraud justice, rebel against his king and natural lord—for he set himself against his righteous mandates; he would, I say, rob the galleys of their feet,[3] set the Holy Brotherhood in uproar, which for these many years hath been asleep; finally, he would do a deed by which he shall lose his soul, and not save his body."

Sancho had rehearsed before the priest and the barber the adventure with the galley-slaves which his master had achieved with so much glory; and therefore did the priest eagerly pursue the matter, referring to it in order to see what Don Quixote would do or say, who changed colour at every word. Nor did he dare to say that he had been the liberator of those fine gentry.

"These, then," said the priest, "were those which robbed us; and God, of his mercy, forgive him who hindered their being carried to the punishment which was their due!"

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIX.

Note 1, *page* 40.

The grand Complutum. So called (quasi *confluvium*) from the junction of rivers; the modern Alcala de Henares, the birthplace of Cervantes, which was raised to an university city by Cardinel Ximenez or Cisneros, as he is generally called by Spaniards. It once had *nineteen* colleges and *thirty-eight* churches, and was so amply provided that Erasmus perpetrated a pun on *Complutum* by calling it Παντλουτον, from the abundance of its wealth and its *cumplimiento* of all learning. —See Richard Ford, *Handbook*, i. 497 (fourth edition).

Note 2, *page* 43.

In little less than nine years you may come in sight of the great lake of Meona—I mean Meotis. Clemencin, *in loco*, says it is mentioned by Fernandez de Santaella, in his introduction to the *Travels of Marco Polo*, which he translated into Spanish at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and is situated in the gulf of the Black Sea. The whole passage, observes the commentator, is a delightful piece of banter at the expense of Don Quixote and Sancho.

Note 3, *page* 44.

Rob the galleys of their feet. A poetical expression for the effect produced at first sight of the oars by which the galley is moved at sea. For a graphic description of one of these slave ships, see Smollett's *Travels through France and Italy*, vol. i. pp 204–209.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHICH TREATS OF THE DISCRETION OF THE BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA, WITH OTHER THINGS OF GREAT RELISH AND PASTIME.

No sooner had the priest ended than Sancho said, "By my troth, master licentiate, but he who did that deed was my master; and not because I did not tell him beforehand, and avise him to look to what he did, and that it was a sin to give them liberty, for that all those who went there were the very greatest scoundrels."

"Dolt," cried then Don Quixote, "it belongeth not to knights-errant, nor is it for them, to ascertain if the afflicted, the fettered, and the oppressed, whom they encounter upon the road, go after that manner, or if they be in misery for their vices or for their virtues. To us only doth it belong to help them in their distresses, turning our eyes on their pains, and not on their rogueries. I came against a rosary or a string of people miserable and unhappy, and I did by them that which my religion demands, and which may be avenged above; and whosoever takes it ill—

saving the holy dignity of master licentiate and his honoured person—I say that he knows little of the secret of chivalry—that he lies like a whoreson dog; and this will I make him to know with my sword there, where it is more holily and at greater length comprised." This he said, settling himself in his stirrups and closing his beaver; for he carried the barber's basin (which, according to him, was the helmet of Mambrino) hung at the pommel of the saddle, until he should dress it up after the evil treatment which it had received from the galley-slaves.

Dorothea, who was discreet and of great pleasantry, having perceived the foolish humour of Don Quixote, and that all made a jest of him, save Sancho Panza, and not wishing to be an exception, seeing him so angry, said to him, "Sir knight, remember the boon which your worship has promised to me, and that, conforming to it, you cannot intermingle in another adventure, however urgent it may be. Assuage your wrath, your worship, for if the master licentiate had known that by your invincible arm those galley-slaves had been freed, he would have sewn up his mouth, or even thrice have bitten his tongue, or ever have said a word which could redound to the despite of your worship."

"That do I swear," said the priest; "and I would even have torn me off a moustache." [1]

"I will say no more, dear lady," said Don Quixote, "and will curb the righteous choler which hath been engendered in my breast, and go in peace a d quiet, until I execute the boon which I have promised.

But, in requital of this good purpose, I pray you, tell me, if it be not displeasing to you, what is your affliction; who, and what, and how many are the persons on whom I have to take due, sufficient, and entire revenge?"

"This will I do with pleasure," responded Dorothea, "if it vex you not to listen to grief and misfortunes."

"It will not vex me, dear lady," answered Don Quixote.

To which Dorothea responded, "That being so, let your worships give me your attention."

Scarcely had she said so, when Cardenio and the barber came to her side, being desirous to hear how the discreet Dorothea would feign her story. The same did Sancho Panza, who was as much deceived by her as was his master. She, after having well seated herself in the saddle, and preparing herself with a cough, and using other gestures, began to speak with much grace after this manner—

"First of all, I would have your worships, gentle sirs, know that my name is——" Here she stopped awhile, for she had forgotten the name which the priest had given her.

But he came with a remedy, and knew how to apply it. So he said, "It is no marvel, lady mine, that your greatness should be troubled and confused in recounting your misfortunes, for they are often of a nature to deprive of memory those who are evil entreated, in such wise as they forget their own names, as it is with your exalted ladyship, who have forgotten that they call you the Princess Micomicona,

the lawful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon; and with this advertence your greatness will easily be able to reduce to your offended memory all that you may be pleased to rehearse."

"That is true," responded the maiden; "and henceforth I believe it will not be necessary to prompt me in anything, but that I shall make a desired port with my truthful history; which is that the king, my father, who was called Tinacrio the Wise, was very learned in what they call art magic, and by his science he knew for some time that my mother, whose name was Queen Xaramilla, would die first before him, and that, a little while after, he also should pass from this life, and I be left orphaned of father and mother. But he was wont to say that the pain this gave him was not so great as the shame of knowing for certain that a monstrous giant, the lord of a great island which almost bordered on our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Frowning Brow (for it is a thing well attested, that although his eyes are in their right places and straight, yet he ever looks askance, as if he squinted; and this he does of malignity, and to strike fear into those he looks at)—I say that he knew that this giant, on hearing of my orphanage, would come with great power upon my kingdom, and take it all from me, without leaving me one little village where I might find shelter; but I might hinder all this ruin and disgrace, if I would marry with him. But, as he divined, it would never enter my mind or come within my will so to do; and in that he hit the pure truth, for it never passed into my thoughts to marry me with

that giant, nor with any other, however great and huge he might be. My father also said that after his death, when I found that Pandafilando began to overrun my kingdom, I should in no wise stay to stand upon my defence—for that would prove my destruction—but freely to leave him the kingdom without embarrassment, if I would avoid death and the total destruction of my good and loyal subjects; for it would not be possible to defend myself against the devilish force of the giant: contrariwise, I was at once to put myself on the way with some of my own people to the Spains, where I should find the remedy for my injuries in finding a knight-errant whose fame by that time would have extended throughout this kingdom, and his name should be, if my memory serve me, Don Azote or Don Gigote."

"Don Quixote, you mean, lady," here exclaimed Sancho Panza; "or, by another name, the Knight of the Rueful Visage."

"That is true," said Dorothea. "He said also that he should be tall of stature, of rueful visage, and on the right side, a little below the left shoulder, or close by there, he should have a grey mole, with certain hairs like bristles."

Don Quixote, on hearing this, said to his squire, "Come hither, Sancho, boy, help me to strip; for I would see whether I be the knight which that wise king foretold."

"Why should your worship wish to strip?" demanded Dorothea.

"In order to see whether I have this mole

of which your father spake," responded Don Quixote.

"There is no need to strip," said Sancho, "for I know that your worship has a mole with those same tokens in the middle of your back, which is the sign of your being a strong man."

"That is enough," said Dorothea: "for, among friends, we are not to hold trifles in regard, and whether it be on the shoulder, or on the spine, matters little. Enough that there is a mole, be it where it may, seeing all is one and the same flesh; and, without doubt, my father hit the mark in all, and I have done right in commending myself to Sir Don Quixote; for he it is of whom my father spoke, seeing the signs of his face agree with those of the great renown which this knight has, not only in Spain, but in the whole of La Mancha. For no sooner had I disembarked in Osuna, when I heard tell of so many of his exploits, that at once it came to my mind that this was the man of whom I had come in search."

"How came your worship to disembark in Osuna, lady mine," inquired Don Quixote, "seeing it is not a seaport?"

But before Dorothea could reply, the priest, anticipating, said, "The lady princess meant to have said that, after she had disembarked in Malaga, the first place where she heard tidings of your worship was at Osuna."

"Such was my meaning," said Dorothea.

"It is quite clear," said the priest. "Will your majesty please continue?"

"There is nothing to continue," responded Dorothea, "but that, finally, it has been my good fortune to discover Sir Don Quixote, as now I hold and account myself queen and lady of all my kingdom, seeing that he, of his courtesy and magnificence, has vouchsafed to me the boon of going with me wherever I shall carry him; which shall be to no other place than to set him before Pandafilando of the Frowning Brow, that he may slay him, and restore me to that which he, against all right, has usurped. For all this must come to pass as we would have it, seeing that so it was prophesied by Tinacrio the Wise, who also left said and written in Chaldean letters, or Greek—for I know not how to read them—that if this knight of the prophecy, after having beheaded the giant, wished to marry with me, I should in no sort refuse him, but take him for my rightful spouse, and give him possession of my kingdom, together with my person."

"How seems this to thee, friend Sancho?" here exclaimed Don Quixote. "Dost hear what passes? Did I not tell thee? See now, if we have not a kingdom to rule, and a queen with whom to marry."

"That I swear," quoth Sancho; "and a plague on the whoreson dog who will not marry on the cutting of Mister Pandahilado's windpipe. O the lovely lady-queen! would that all the fleas in my bed were like her!" And, so saying, he cut two capers in the air, with signs of the greatest joy, and straightway went and laid hold of the reins of Dorothea's mule, and stopping it, threw himself on his knees before

Dorothea, and besought her to give him her hands to kiss, in sign that he took her for his queen and lady.

Who, of those who stood by, could help laughing at the master's madness, or the servant's simplicity? In effect, Dorothea gave him her hand, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom, when, by the help of Heaven, she should recover it and hold it in possession.

Sancho returned her thanks in such words as made them laugh anew.

"This, gentlemen," proceeded Dorothea, "is my history. Only does it remain to tell you that, of all the people whom I brought from my kingdom, none remain to me, save this well-bearded squire; for they perished in a great storm which overtook us in sight of port, and he and I escaped to land on two planks, as if by miracle; and so is all miracle and mystery the course of my life, as you will have noticed. If in anything I have wandered too much, or not been so mindful as I ought, cast the blame on that which master licentiate said at the beginning of my story—the continuous and extraordinary toils which deprive of memory those who have to suffer them."

"They shall not deprive me, O high and valorous lady," said Don Quixote, "however great and unheard of those may be through which I have to pass in serving you; and thus afresh do I affirm the boon which I have vouchsafed, and do swear to go with you to the end of the world, until I encounter him, your fierce enemy, whose proud head, by the help of God and of my arm, I intend to cut off with the edge

of this—I care not to say good—sword ; thanks to Gines de Passamonte, who carried away mine." This he said in a whisper, and proceeded, saying, " And after I have cut it off, and placed you in peaceful possession of your estate, it shall be left to your own will to do with your person as you shall think best ; for as long as my memory is held, and my will captivated, and my understanding be in subjection to her—— I say no more ; it is not possible that I can dispose myself, not even in thought, to marry me, although it were with the bird Phœnix."

That which his master last said, touching his wish not to marry, appeared so ill to Sancho, that much angered, and raising his voice, he said, " I vow and I swear that your worship, Sir Don Quixote, are not in your right mind. Why, how—— Is it possible that your worship can have any doubt in marrying with so high a princess as this ? Do you think that fortune is to favour you at every throw with like luck as she offers now ? Is my lady Dulcinea, by chance, more handsome ? No, for certain, nor half as much, and I am even for saying that she will not come up to the sole of the shoe of her who is here before you. After this fashion, in an evil hour, shall I get the earldom I hope for, if your worship goes fishing for mushrooms in the sea. Get married, get married outright, and Satan take you for me, an you take this kingdom, which comes into your hands, *vobis, vobis ;* and when you are king, make me a marquis or a governor, and then let the devil take the rest if he likes."

Don Quixote, who heard so great blasphemies said against his lady Dulcinea, could not suffer it; and, raising his lance, without a word to Sancho, but keeping profound silence, he gave him two such blows as laid him flat on the earth; and had it not been for Dorothea, who besought him not to give him more, he would have taken his life on the spot.

"Thinkest thou," he said, after a while, "mean peasant, that for me there must ever be a folding of the hands, and that all has to be offence on thy part and forgiveness on mine? Do not think it, excommunicated rascal, which without doubt thou art, seeing thou hast spoken ill of the peerless Dulcinea! Dost thou not know, drudge, slave, cullion, that were it not for the valour she infuseth into mine arm, I should not have wherewith to kill a flea? Say, reprobate of the viper's tongue, who, thinkest thou, hath gained this kingdom, cut off the head of this giant, and made thee marquis (for all this I give as done, and for a thing passed in a case determined), if it be not the courage of Dulcinea, using my arm as the instrument of her great deed? She fights in me, and overcomes in me; and I live and breathe in her, and of her have my being. O whoreson rascal, and ingrate, who seest thyself raised from the dust of the earth to be a lord of titles, and dost repay so good a work with speaking evil of those who wrought it!"

Sancho was not so sore hurt that he could not hear all his master said to him; and, rising with a little haste, he went to put himself behind Dorothea's palfrey, and from thence he said to his master, "Tell

me, sir, if your worship be determined not to marry you with this great princess, it is clear that the kingdom will not be yours; and, if it be not, what favours can you do for me? This is what I complain of. Wed your worship, right away, with this queen, now that we have her here, just as if she were rained from heaven; and after that you can return to my lady Dulcinea; for, sure, there have been kings in the world afore now who have lived in concubinage. As to beauty, I will not intermeddle; though, in truth, if I must say it, both are very fair, though I never saw the lady Dulcinea in my life."

"How! Thou hast not seen her, blasphemous traitor?" exclaimed Don Quixote. "Hast thou not but just now brought me a message from her?"

"I say," quoth Sancho, "that I did not see her long enough to note much of her beauty and her good parts, point by point; but in bulk they liked me well."

"Now do I excuse thee," said Don Quixote; "and pardon me the injury I did thee, for their first motions are not in men's hands."[2]

"I see that now," answered Sancho; "and so in me the desire to talk is always the first motion, and I cannot keep my tongue from saying at once what comes to me."

"With all that," said Don Quixote, "take care, Sancho, what thou speakest, for many times the pitcher goeth to the well—— I say no more to thee."

"Very well," said Sancho. "God is in heaven, who sees these snares, and he shall judge who does

the most evil—me in not speaking well, or your worship in not doing well."

"No more of this," said Dorothea. "Run, Sancho, and kiss the hand of your master, then ask him forgiveness; and from henceforth take more heed with your praises and your censures, and speak no evil of that lady Toboso, whom I know not but as her lowly servant. And have thou trust in God, who will not fail us of a state wherein thou mayest live like a prince."

Sancho went with his head hanging down, and begged his master's hand, and he gave it him with a peaceful mien; and after he had kissed it, his master gave him his blessing, and told Sancho that he should go forward a little, for he had something to ask him, and would commune with him on things of much importance. Sancho did so; and the two separating themselves somewhat from the rest, Don Quixote said to him—

"After thy coming there has been no space or leisure for me to demand of thee many things in particular of the ambassage which thou carriedst, and the answer which thou hast brought back; and now, seeing that fortune hath given us time and place, do not deny me the happiness which thou canst give me by thy good tidings."

"Ask of me what your worship will," replied Sancho; "all shall have as good an outcome as it had entrance; but I pray your worship, master mine, be not so wrathful in time to come."

"Why sayest thou so, Sancho?" inquired Don Quixote.

"I say it," he replied, "because those blows just now were given more for the quarrel which the devil stirred up between us two the other night, than for anything I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence as a relique, although she be not one—only as a thing for your worship."

"Fall not again to these discourses, Sancho, on thy life," said Don Quixote, "for they give me pain. I forgave thee then; and well thou knowest, as they say, 'for a new sin, a new penance.'"

While this was passing, they saw coming along the road on which they travelled, a gentleman riding upon an ass; and when he came near, he seemed to be a gipsy. But Sancho Panza—who, wherever he saw asses, went after them with all his eyes and soul—scarcely had he seen the man, than he knew it was Gines de Passamonte, and by the thread of the gipsy he found the bobbin of his ass, as in truth it was; for it was on Dapple that Passamonte came riding, who, to the end he might not be known, and that he might sell the ass, had put on the dress of a gipsy,[3] whose language, as well as many others, he could speak as if they were his native tongues.

Sancho saw him and knew him, and scarcely had he seen and known, when, in a loud voice, he cried, "Ah! thief, Ginesillo! leave me my jewel! let go my life! despoil me not of my rest! leave me my ass! leave me my joy! Fly, whoreson dog! take yourself off, and drop what is none of yours!"

There was no need for so many words nor reproaches, for at the first Gines leapt off, and at a trot,

which seemed to be a race, in a moment he was away, and far from them all.

Sancho came to his ass, and, embracing him, said, "How hast thou been, my darling Dapple of mine eyes, my companion?" And with that he kissed him and stroked him, as if he had been a human being.

The ass spoke not, and allowed himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering a word.

They all drew nigh, and gave him joy on the finding of Dapple; especially Don Quixote, who told him that not for that would he annul the order for the three foals. Sancho was grateful to him.

As the two went on their way in these discourses, the priest said to Dorothea that she had behaved very discreetly in her story, as much in its brevity, as in the imitation it had of the books of chivalry.

She answered that many times she had been entertained in reading them, but she knew not where lay the provinces or the seaports; and she had said at a venture that she had landed at Osuna.

"So I understood," said the priest; "and for that I went at once to say what I did, with which all was managed. But is it not a strange thing, to see with what ease this unhappy nobleman believes all these inventions and lies, solely because they bear the style and manner of the follies of his books?"

"It is," said Cardenio; "and so rare and strange that I know not if one, wishing to invent the like, and to weave such lying wonders, whether even the sharpest wit could devise the like."

"There is another notable thing in it," said the priest, "that, apart from the simplicities which this good gentleman says, regarding his frenzy, if you commune with him on other things, he discourses with excellent reason, and shows that he has an understanding clear and gentle withal, in such wise that, not touching on his chivalries, there is no one that will judge him save as possessing a most admirable judgment."

As these proceeded in their discourse, Don Quixote prosecuted his, and said to Sancho, "Let us, Panza, drop all small hairs into the sea[4] on this matter of our quarrels, and tell me now, without taking account of any anger or rancour, where, how, and when didst find Dulcinea? What did she? What said she to thee? What didst thou reply? What countenance showed she when she read my letter? Who wrote it out for thee? Tell me that thou seest that in this matter is worthy to know, to question and answer, without additions or lies, to give me pleasure, nor yet abbreviating it, lest thou defraud me of delight."

"Sir," responded Sancho, "if I am to tell the truth, no one copied the letter for me, for I carried no letter whatever."

"Thou sayest true," said Don Quixote; "for the pocket-book in which I wrote it, I found in my possession two days after thy departure, which caused in me the very greatest pain, because I knew not what thou wouldst do when thou shouldst find thyself without the letter, and I certainly thought that thou

wouldst return from the place where thou shouldst first miss it."

"So I should," answered Sancho, "if I had not borne it away in my memory, when your worship read it to me, and in such sort did I say it to a sacristan, who copied it for me from my mind, point for point, that he said how in all the days of his life, although he must have read many letters of excommunication, he had never read so pretty a letter as that."

"And dost hold it still in thy memory, Sancho?" inquired Don Quixote.

"No, sir," replied Sancho; "for after I gave it up, as I saw that it served not for other purpose, I forgot it. If I do remember anything, it is that about *sloven* — I mean *superhuman lady*, and the last, *Yours until death, the Knight of the Rueful Visage;* and between those two things I put more than three hundred souls and lives, and my eyes."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXX.

Note 1, *page* 47.

Torn me off a moustache. The priests of those days were very proud of their beards; now they all shave. It is well worth while to compare the priests of Melchor Cano in the galleries of Seville, with those of the present day who serve the altars of its cathedral.

Note 2, *page* 56.

Their first motions are not in men's hands. "When men bee hot in deeds of arms, often they hurt their friends as well as their foes."—*La Mort d'Arthur*, ii. 150.

Note 3, *page* 58.

The dress of a gipsy. Much might be said of the gipsies in Spain, but this is not the place to say it. One word only: they were ordered by Charles V. to be expelled the country in 1539; and, by Philip II., all women were to be whipped who dressed like gipsies. It was the opinion of many astute men of those and later days that there never were real gipsies in Spain, but that the name was assumed by certain idle fellows, who were atheists, and those who followed new religions in order to save them from grave consequences; and some have gone the length of believing that the work of the Reformation was prosecuted, in some parts of Spain, by means of these ass-stealers, barn-pickers, fortune-tellers, and kettle-menders.

Note 4, *page* 60.

Drop all small hairs into the sea (Echemos pelillos à la mar). A proverbial expression equivalent to our "let bygones be bygones," or "forget and forgive."

CHAPTER XXXI.

OF THE DELECTABLE DISCOURSE WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA, HIS SQUIRE, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS.

"ALL this displeaseth me not," said Don Quixote; "go on. Thou didst arrive, and what was that queen of beauty doing? Assuredly thou didst find her stringing of pearls, or broidering some device with threads of gold, for this her captive knight."

"No, that I did not," quoth Sancho; "but winnowing two or three bushels of wheat in a back yard of her house."

"Why, then, thou mayest reckon that the grains of that wheat were seed-pearls touched by her hand. And didst thou note, friend, the wheat? Was it of the white or brown sort?"

"It was neither, but red," answered Sancho.

"I assure thee, however," said Don Quixote, "that winnowed by her hands, it made the very finest, whitest bread. But hie thee on. When thou gavest her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it upon her head?[1] Used she any ceremony worthy of such an epistle? Or what did she?"

"When I went up to give it to her," answered

Sancho, "she was in the bustle of a job with a good lot of wheat, which she had in her sieve. And said she to me, 'Put the letter, friend, upon yon sack, for I cannot read it till I have done sifting all that I have here.'"

"Discreet lady!" cried Don Quixote; "that she must have done in order to read it, and refresh herself with it at leisure. Proceed, Sancho. And while she was at her task, what discourse held she with thee? What did she demand of thee concerning me? And thou—what didst thou reply? Make an end; relate it all to me; leave not a syllable omitted."

"She asked me nothing," quoth Sancho; "but I told her of the manner your worship remained yonder doing penance for her service, naked from the waist upwards, shut up among these rocks like a savage, sleeping on the ground, eating bread without a table-cloth, and not combing your beard, and cursing your fate."

"In saying that 'I cursed my fate,' thou saidst amiss," observed Don Quixote; "for I do rather bless it, and will bless it, all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to deserve the loving so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso."

"So high she is," answered Sancho, "that she overtops me by more than a palm."

"How then, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "Hast measured with her?"

"I measured in this way," responded Sancho, "that going up to help her to lay a sack of wheat on an ass, we came so close together that I could not

help seeing that she was taller than me by a good span."

"But is it not true," replied Don Quixote, "that she accompanies and adorns her greatness of body with a thousand million graces of the soul? One thing thou wilt not deny me, Sancho: when thou didst approach her, didst not perceive a Sabæan odour, an aromatic fragrance, something, I know not what, so sweet that I cannot hit upon a name to give it—I mean an essence, or an exhalation, such as if thou wert in some delicate glover's shop?"

"All I can say," answered Sancho, "is that I got a sniff of something frouzy from between her shoulders, and it must have been because she was moist with much work and running of sweat."

"It should not be that," replied Don Quixote, "but that thou must have been troubled with the rheum, or smelt thine own self; for full well I know what odour doth that rose among thorns distil, that lily of the fields, that liquid amber."

"That may all be," answered Sancho, "for many times there goes off from me that smell which methought came from her grace the lady Dulcinea; but there is nothing to wonder at in that, for one devil is as black as another."

"Well," continued Don Quixote, "see you, she hath done cleaning her corn and sending it to the mill; what did she when she had read the letter?"

"The letter?" quoth Sancho. "She did not read it, for she said that she could neither read nor write; on the contrary, she tore it up into little pieces, saying

she did not wish to give it to any one to read, for that they might not know her secrets in the village, and how it was enough what I told her by word of mouth concerning the love which your worship bore her, and the strange penance you were doing for her sake; and, lastly, she told me that I was to say to your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she remained with more desire to see you than to write to you. And so she prayed and commanded that, on sight of these presents, you should quit those bramble groves and leave off doing your mad pranks, and set out at once on the road to Toboso, if nothing of greater importance happened to you, for she had a huge longing to see your worship. She laughed a good deal when I told her that they called your worship the *Knight of the Rueful Visage.* Then I asked her if the Biscayan of the other day had been there. She said yes, and that he was a very good fellow. I also asked about the galley-slaves, but she told me that up to that time she had seen none of them."

"Thus far all goes well," quoth Don Quixote; "but tell me, what jewel was it she gave thee on thy leave-taking, for the tidings which thou broughtest her of me? For it is a familiar and ancient usage among knights and dames errant, to give to their squires, damsels, and dwarfs, who carry tidings to the one of their ladies, to the latter of their knights, some rich jewel as largess,[2] in acknowledgment of their errand."

"That may well be so, and I hold it for a good usage. But that must have been in the times gone

by, for nowadays it should only be the custom to give a morsel of bread and cheese; for that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me over the yard palings, when I took leave of her, and more by token it was cheese of ewe's milk."

"She is bountiful in the extreme," said Don Quixote; "and if she gave thee not a jewel of gold, without doubt it must have been because she had not one at hand to give to thee. But sleeves are good after Easter;[3] I will see her, and all shall be rectified. Knowest thou, Sancho, at what I am astonished? It is that methinks thou hast gone and come through the air; for thou hast tarried little more than three days in going and coming between here and Toboso, though it is more than thirty leagues there to here. On which account I am persuaded that the sage necromancer who takes charge of my affairs, and is my friend (for of necessity there is and must be one, or I should be no good knight-errant)—I say that such a one must have helped thee to travel, without thy being aware of it; for there is a sage among them that will take up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and without knowing how or in what manner, he awakes the next day more than a thousand leagues from where he passed the night; and were it not for this, knights-errant would not be able to succour one another in their perils, as now they do at every step. For it happens that one is fighting in the midst of Armenia, with some dragon, or with some fierce serpent, or some other knight, where he has the worst of the battle, and is already at the point of death, and,

when he least expects it, there looms from somewhere, on top of a cloud or upon a chariot of fire, another knight, a friend of his, who a little before was found in England, who helps him, and delivers him from death; and in the night he is found in his own lodging, eating his supper with a very good appetite; and it is wont to be two or three thousand miles from the one place to the other. And all this is effected by the craft and wisdom of those sage enchanters, who take care of the said valorous knights. So that, friend Sancho, it is not hard for me to believe that in so short a space thou hast come and gone between this place and Toboso, since, as I have said, some friendly sage must have carried thee flying through the air, without thy being aware of it."

"So it may be," quoth Sancho; "for, i' faith, Rozinante went as if he had been a gipsy's ass with quicksilver in his ears."

"And what if he had quicksilver," said Don Quixote, "and a legion of devils besides? For they are gentry who travel and make others travel, without being tired, as much as they list. But, leaving this apart, how seemeth to thee that I should now act concerning what my lady commands me about going to see her? For, although I perceive that I am bound to obey her behests, I find myself also disabled from doing so by the boon which I have promised to the princess who comes with me; and the law of chivalry compels me to satisfy my pledge, rather than my pleasure. On one hand, the desire of seeing my lady harasses and perplexes me; on the other, I am incited

and summoned by my plighted troth, and the glory I have to reap in this enterprise. What I propose doing is to travel with all speed, and get quickly to where that giant is. On my arrival I will cut off his head, instal the princess peaceably in her kingdom, and on the instant return to behold the light which illumines my senses, to whom I shall make such excuses for my absence that she shall come to approve my delay; for she will see how all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have achieved, do achieve, and shall achieve, by arms in this life, proceeds wholly of the favour she bestows on me, and from my belonging to her."

"Alas!" quoth Sancho, "how is your worship damaged in that head-piece! Tell me, sir, does your worship intend to go this journey for nothing, and to let slip and lose so rich and noble a match as this, where they give you a kingdom for dowry, which is in good sooth, as I have heard say, more than twenty thousand leagues round about, and most plentifully stored with all things needful for the support of human life, and bigger than Portugal and Castile put together? Peace, for God's love, and be ashamed for what you have said; take my advice, and give me pardon, marry off-hand at the first village where there is a priest, and, if not, here is our licentiate, who will do it finely; and mind, that I am of age to give counsel, and this which I offer you is pat to the purpose, for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a vulture in the air; and he who has good and chooses ill, gets it not back, grieve as he will."

"Look you, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "if the counsel thou givest me to marry is to the end that I may forthwith be king, upon slaying the giant, and have the means of doing thee favours and giving thee what I have promised, I would have thee to know that, without marrying, I shall be able to satisfy thy desire very easily; for I will make it a condition, before I engage in the combat, that upon my coming off thence a conqueror, albeit I marry not the princess, they shall give me a portion of the kingdom, that I may be able to bestow it upon whomsoever I please. And on their giving it to me, on whom wouldst thou that I should bestow it, if not on thee?"

"That is plain enough," responded Sancho; "but look, your worship, that you choose it nigh the seashore, so that if the living shall not please me, I can ship off my black subjects, and do with them as I have said before. And trouble not yourself to go just now to see my lady Dulcinea, but go away and kill the giant first, and let us finish off this business; for, afore God, I verily trow that it will prove of great honour and much profit."

"I aver to thee, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that thou art in the right, and that I must take thy advice in respect of going first with the princess, instead of visiting Dulcinea; and I warn thee that thou sayest not a word to any one, not even to those who accompany us, of what we have here discussed and concerted; for, since Dulcinea is so reserved that she will not that her thoughts be known, it would not be seemly that I, or any one through me, should disclose them."

"But if that be so," said Sancho, "how is it that your worship makes all those whom you conquer by your arm go and present themselves before my lady Dulcinea; this being to put your name to it that you love her much, and are her sweetheart? And since you force those who go to fall down on their knees before her presence, and to say that they come, on the part of your worship, to pay her obeisance, how can the secret of you both be hidden?"

"Oh, what a dolt and simpleton art thou!" Don Quixote exclaimed. "Seest thou not, Sancho, that all this redounds to her greater exaltation? For thou hast to know that, in this our state of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many knights-errant in her service, without their extending their thoughts any further than to serve her solely for what she is, not expecting other reward for their manifold and noble desires, than that she should be content to accept of them for her knights."

"With that manner of love," said Sancho, "I have heard them preach that we should love our Lord for himself alone, without our being moved to it by hope of glory or the fear of pain; but, for my own part, I would love and serve him for what he is able to do for me."

"The devil take thee for a clown!" cried Don Quixote, "how shrewdly thou speakest at times! One would fain believe thou hast been to college."

"Now, by mine honesty," answered Sancho, "I do not know my letters."

At this moment Master Nicholas called out to

them to stop a little, for they wished to stay and drink at a small spring which was thereby. Don Quixote came to a halt, to the no little delight of Sancho, who by this time was tired of telling so many lies, and feared that his master might entrap him in his own words; for, although he knew that Dulcinea was a peasant lass of Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life.

By this time Cardenio had dressed himself in the clothes that Dorothea wore when they found her, which, although not very good, had much the advantage of those he had cast off. They all dismounted at the spring, and, with what the priest had provided when at the inn, they appeased, although scantily, the great hunger which they all felt. While thus occupied, there chanced to pass by a lad, who was going along the road, who, stopping to look very intently at those who were by the spring, after a moment ran up to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, set himself to weep in good earnest, crying—

"Ah, my master! does not your worship know me? Look at me well. I am that boy Andres, whom you released from the oak to which I was tied."

Don Quixote recognized him, and, taking him by the hand, turned to those who were there, and said, "That your worships may perceive of how much importance it is to have knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries which are committed in it by insolent and wicked men who dwell therein, know that a few days ago, passing by a wood, I heard some cries and very piteous lamentations, as

of a person afflicted and in distress. I hastened instantly, impelled by my obligation, towards the place whence it seemed to me the voice of sorrow proceeded, and there I found, tied to an oak, this youth who is now before you, at which my soul rejoices, for he shall be a witness that will not let me lie in anything. I say that he was tied to an oak, naked from the middle upwards, and a clownish fellow, whom I afterwards knew to be his master, was scourging him with lashes from a horse's bridle. As soon as I saw him, I demanded of him the cause of so atrocious a flogging. The boor replied that he was flogging him because he was his servant, and for certain negligences of his, which sprang rather from knavery than simplicity. At which this child said, 'Sir, he flogs me only because I ask him for my wages.' The master answered with I know not what speeches and excuses, which, although they were heard by me, were not regarded. In fine, I made him untie the boy, and swore the clown to an oath to take him home with him, and pay him down real upon real—ay, and perfumed too. Is not all this true, son Andres? Didst not note with what authority I commanded him, and with how much humility he promised to do all that I imposed upon him, notified, and willed? Answer; trouble not thyself, nor hesitate in anything; tell what passed to these gentlemen, that they may behold and consider how useful it is, as I say, to have knights-errant upon the roads."

"All that your worship has said is true," answered the lad, "but the end of the business was

very much to the contrary of what your worship imagines."

"How contrary?" demanded Don Quixote. "Did not the clown pay thee, then?"

"He not only did not pay me," replied the boy, "but as soon as your worship had got outside the wood, and we were alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me afresh so many lashes, that he left me flayed like St. Bartholomew; and at every lash he gave me, he uttered some jest or scoff, to make a mock of your worship; and if I had not felt so much pain, I would have laughed at what he said. In fact, he treated me so as that I have been ever since curing myself in an hospital of the damage which that evil villain did me. For all this your worship is to blame, because if you had gone away straight on your road, and had not come where they did not call you, nor meddled with other people's business, my master would have been content to give me one or two dozen lashes, and afterwards he would have released me and paid me what he owed. But as your worship insulted him so wantonly, and called him so many bad names that his anger was kindled, and as he could not avenge himself on you, when he found himself alone he let fly the tempest on me, in such sort that methinks I shall never be a man again in all my life."

"The mischief was," quoth Don Quixote, "in my departure, for I should not have gone until after I had seen thee paid; for I ought to have known, by long experience, that no churl keeps the word he

gave, if he finds it does not suit him to keep it. But thou wilt remember, Andres, that I vowed if he did not pay thee, I would go in search of him, and that I would find him, even though he should hide himself in the whale's belly." [4]

"That is true," said Andres; "but it was to no purpose."

"Now shalt thou see whether it be to any purpose or no," exclaimed Don Quixote; and, saying this, he rose up hastily, and commanded Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was browsing whilst they were eating.

Dorothea asked him what it was he meant to do.

He answered her that he meant to go in quest of yon churl, and chastise him for such base conduct, and make him pay Andres to the last farthing, in spite and in the teeth of all the churls in the world.

To which she replied by reminding him that he could not, in conformity with his promised boon, engage in any enterprise until hers was achieved; and since he knew this better than any one else, he should assuage his wrath until his return from her kingdom.

"That is the truth," responded Don Quixote, "and it is necessary that Andres should have patience until my return, as you say, lady; for I again vow and promise anew not to desist until I have him avenged and paid."

"I do not believe in these vows," said Andres. "I would rather have, just now, something to carry me on to Seville, than all the revenges in the world. Give me, if you have it here, something to eat and

to take with me; and may God be with your worship and all knights-errant, and may they be as errant to themselves as they have been to me!"

Sancho took a piece of bread out of his store, and another of cheese, and, giving it to the lad, said, "Take it, brother Andres, for each of us has a share in thy misfortune."

"Pray, what share have you in it?" asked Andres.

"This share of bread and cheese which I give thee," answered Sancho; "God only knows whether I shall have to want it or not. For I would have thee know, friend, that we squires of knights-errant are subject to great hunger and ill luck; ay, and to other things, which are better felt than told."

Andres laid hold of his bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody gave him anything else, he made his bow, and took to his heels, as they say. True it is that before he went, he said to Don Quixote—

"For the love of God, sir knight-errant, if you meet me again, and you should see me being cut to pieces, do not succour me, nor help me, but leave me to my woe; for, be it ever so great, it cannot be greater than will come to me from the help of your worship, whom, with all the knights-errant ever born into the world, may God confound!"

Don Quixote started up to chastise him, but he set off running so fast that no one ventured to follow him.

Don Quixote stood very much abashed by the story of Andres, and it was necessary for the rest to take great care that they did not laugh outright, lest they should put him to utter confusion.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXI.

Note 1, *page* 63.

Did she put it upon her head? A form of respect paid to popes' bulls and kings' letters.

Note 2, *page* 66.

Some rich jewel as largess. Albricias in the original, a word at one time known to our own stage.

Give me my
Albricias, sir. I bring you the rarest news.
Old play, *Adventures of Five Hours.*

Note 3, *page* 67.

Sleeves are good after Easter (Buenas son mangas despues de pascua). Or, as one may say, "A warm coat is no ill gift in summer." The proverb is given in this sense in *La Celestina.*

Note 4, *page* 75.

Though he should hide himself in the whale's belly. The Spanish commentators say that this is an obnoxious allusion to the Prophet Jonah, and they think it in bad taste, not reflecting on the purpose which Cervantes had set himself to achieve.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE'S WHOLE CREW AT THE INN.

THAT good dinner[1] being finished, they straightway saddled, and without anything worthy of note befalling them, arrived the next day at the inn[2]—dread and horror of Sancho Panza, who, though he would fain not have entered there, yet could not help it. The hostess, the host, their daughter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho approach, went out to receive them with tokens of much gladness. The knight received them with solemn mien and pause, and bade them prepare him a better bed than they gave him the time before; to which the landlady replied that if he paid better than the last time, she would give him one fit for a prince. Don Quixote said that he would; so they prepared him a reasonably good one in the same loft where he had lain formerly, and he went to bed at once, for he arrived much shattered and broken in body and mind. He had scarcely locked himself in, when the hostess ran at the barber, and seizing him by the beard, cried—

"By my benison, but my tail shall be no longer used for a beard. Give me my tail again; for my husband's comb is tossed about the floor, which is a shame —I mean the comb which I used to hang in my beautiful tail."

The barber would not give it to her, although she tugged the more, till the priest told him to do so, for that disguise was now no longer needed, but that he should discover himself, and appear in his own shape, and tell Don Quixote that after the galley thieves had robbed him, he had fled for refuge to that inn; and that if the knight should ask after the princess's squire, that they would tell him that she had sent him on in advance, to give notice to those of her kingdom how that she was on her way, and was bringing with her the deliverer of them all. With this, the barber willingly gave up the tail to the landlady, and likewise all the articles which had been borrowed for Don Quixote's deliverance.

All they of the inn were amazed at the beauty of Dorothea, and also at the comeliness of the shepherd swain Cardenio. The priest made them get dinner ready of whatever the inn could yield, and the landlord, in hope of better payment, prepared for them with despatch a pretty fair meal. All this while Don Quixote slept, and they agreed not to wake him, for it would do him more good then to sleep, than to eat. They discoursed at table—the landlord, his wife, his daughter, and Maritornes being present, as well as all the travellers—of the strange madness of Don Quixote, and of the state in which he had been found.

The hostess related what had happened between him and the muleteer, glancing round to see if perchance Sancho were present. Not seeing him, she recounted all about his tossing in the bed-quilt, from which they got no little delight. Upon the priest's saying that the books of chivalry which Don Quixote read had turned his brain, the landlord cried—

"I know not well how that can be, for in truth, according to my seeming, there is no finer reading in the world; and I have here two or three of them, with other writings, which verily have put life into me; nor only into me, but into many others. For when it is harvest time, many of the reapers assemble here in the mid-day heats, and there is always some one who can read, who takes one of these books in hand; and some thirty of us, or more, get round him, and we sit listening to him with so much delight, that it keeps off a thousand grey hairs—at least, I can speak for myself; I know when I hear them tell of those furious and terrible blows which the knights deal out, that the desire seizes me to be doing as much myself, and I could in my heart be hearing of them day and night."

"And I, too, am of that mind," quoth the landlady. "For I never have a good time at home but when you are listening to the reading; for you are so befooled that, for once in a while, you forget to scold me."

"That is true," said Maritornes; "and, in good sooth, I also take much delight in hearing of those things, which are very pretty; and the more when they tell how such a lady lies under the orange trees,

clipped in the arms of her knight, and how they have a duenna keeping watch for them, dying with envy, and struck dumb with wonder. -I say all this is as sweet as honey."

"And you, my young miss," said the priest, "what think you of it?"—speaking to the landlady's daughter.

"On my soul, sir, I know not," answered she. "I also listen to it, and in truth, though I do not understand, I take pleasure in hearing it; but I like not the blows which please my father—only the plaints which the knights make when they are absent from their ladies, for, in truth, they sometimes make me cry for the pity I feel for them."

"Then would you console them, fair maiden," said Dorothea, "if they wept for you?"

"I know not what I would do," replied the girl; "only I know that there are some of those ladies so cruel, that their knights call them tigers, and lions, and a thousand other abominable things. And, Jesu! what kind of people can they be, who are so heartless, and without conscience, that rather than bestow a look on an honourable man, they would let him die or turn mad? Nor do I know to what purpose they are all so coy. If they do it for honesty, let them marry them, seeing the knights desire nothing else."

"Hold your tongue, child," quoth the landlady. "It seems you know much of these things, but let me tell you it is not well for maidens to know or talk so much."

"Since this gentleman asked me," replied she, "I could not help answering him."

"Now, then," said the priest, "bring me hither these books, master landlord, for I would see them."

"With pleasure," he replied; and going into his chamber, he brought out thence a little old valise, fastened with a small chain, and, opening it, discovered therein three large books, and some manuscripts written in a very good hand.

The first book he opened he saw was *Don Cirongilio de Tracia*, and the other *Felixmarte de Hyrcania*, and the third *The History of the Great Captain Gonzalo Hernandes de Cordova*, together with *The Life of Diego Garcia de Paredes*.

No sooner did the priest read the titles of the two first, than he turned round to the barber, and said, "We want here now my friend's housekeeper and niece."

"There is no need of them," answered the barber. "I too can carry them to the yard, or to the fireplace; and, in truth, there is a very good fire in it."

"Does your worship, then, want to burn my books?"[3] inquired the landlord.

"No more of them," said the priest, "than these two, this *Don Cirongilio* and this *Felixmarte*."

"Then, perchance," said the landlord, "are my books heretics or phlegmatics, that you wish to burn them?

"Schismatics, you should say, friend, and not 'phlegmatics,'" interposed the barber.

"Even so," replied the host. "But if you have a mind to burn any, let it be this of *The Great Captain*

and that *Diego Garcia*; for I would rather let my son be burnt than suffer one of those others to burn."

"Good friend," said the priest, "these two books are lying books, and are full of frenzies and follies; and that of *The Great Captain* is true history, and contains the acts of Gonzalo Hernandes of Cordova, who, for his many and mighty exploits, deserved to be called by all the world *the Great Captain*—an appellation renowned and glorious, merited by him alone; and that other, Don Diego Garcia de Paredes, was a noble knight, born in the city of Truxillo, in Estremadura—a most valiant soldier, and of such great strength by nature, that with one finger he stopped a mill-wheel in full motion, and standing with a double-handled sword at the passage of a bridge, he arrested an entire army, so that it could not pass over; and he performed other like deeds, as he relates and describes with the modesty of a knight and of one who is his own chronicler, which if another had written them freely and dispassionately, would have cast into oblivion those of the Hectors, the Achilleses, and Orlandos."

"Tell that to my grandfather," said the innkeeper. "You wonder at stopping a mill-wheel! 'Fore God, your worship should read now what I have read about Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with a single back-stroke, cut in two five giants at the waist, as if they had been made out of beans, like the little friars[4] which children make; and another time he fell upon a mighty and powerful army, where they counted one million six hundred thousand soldiers, all armoured from head to foot, and routed the whole of them, as if they had

been flocks of sheep. Then what shall we say of the good Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so valiant and courageous, as will be seen in the book, wherein it is told that, as he was sailing on a river, there came up from the midst of the water a fiery serpent: the moment he saw him, he leaped upon him, and got astride on top of his scaly shoulders, squeezing the throat of him with both hands; so that the serpent, perceiving that he was going to be strangled, had no other resource but to let himself drop to the bottom of the river, carrying the knight, who never would let go his hold. When they arrived there below, he found himself in a palace and gardens so beautiful that it was a marvel; then the serpent changed himself into an old grey-beard, who told him so many things that the like was never heard. Go to, sir, for with only listening to this you would turn mad with delight. Two figs for the great captain, and for this Diego Garcia as well, of whom you speak!"

Dorothea, hearing this, said in a whisper to Cardenio, "Our host lacks little to play the part of a second Don Quixote."

"So it seems to me," replied Cardenio; "for, if we may judge by his words, he holds it for certain that all which these books relate has passed just as it is written, and the barefooted friars could not make him believe otherwise."

"Mind thee, friend," returned the priest, "that there never was in the world a Felixmarte de Hyrcania nor a Don Cirongilio de Thrace, as the books of chivalry tell of? All is uncertain fiction of the idle wits who

composed them to the end thou speakest of, to beguile the time, as thy readers used to do in reading them; for I positively swear to thee that never were such knights in the world, nor have such feats and follies been performed in it."

"To another dog with that bone!" answered the host. "As though I knew not how many made five, or where my shoe pinches me! Let not your worship think to feed me with pap, for, afore God, I am no mooncalf. This is rich, indeed, that your worship should wish to persuade me that all which those five books say are but follies and lies, they being printed with the licence of the gentlemen of the king's council. As if they were people who would allow such a pack of lies to be printed together, and so many battles, and so many enchantments, as take away one's wits!"

"I have already told thee, friend," replied the priest, "that this is done for the recreation of our idle thoughts; and as it is permitted, in all well-regulated commonwealths, that there be games of chess, tennis, and billiards, for the entertainment of some who will not, or may not, or cannot work, even so are there, and do they allow to be printed, these books, believing, as they might verily do, that there can be none so ignorant as to take any of them for true history; and if I were permitted now, and my hearers desired it, I would say things touching what the books of chivalry should contain, in order to be good, which perhaps might make them of service, and even of delight, to some people; but I hope the time will come when I may be able to communicate my ideas to those who

can give them effect. In the mean time, good mine host, believe what I have said to thee, and take thy books and settle it in thy conscience about their truth or lies, and much good may they do you; and please God you limp not on the same foot on which your guest Don Quixote is lame."

"Not so," quoth the innkeeper. "I shall not be such a fool as to turn knight-errant, for I see well enough that they use not now to do as they used in that time when it is said those famous knights wandered about the world."

As Sancho had come in at the middle of this dialogue, and remained much confused and full of thought at what he heard them say, that now knights-errant were in no use, and that all the books of chivalry were fooleries and lies, he purposed in his heart to await the issue of that voyage of his master's; and if it succeeded not so happily as he expected, he resolved to leave him, and to return to his wife and children, and to his wonted labour.

The innkeeper was taking away his valise and books, but the priest said to him, "Stay; for I would see what are those papers written in so fair a character."

The host took them out, and giving them to the priest to read, the latter found about eight sheets in handwriting, and at the beginning was the title in large as follows:—

THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT PRY.

The priest read some three or four lines to himself,

and said, "Truly the title of this novel mislikes me not, and I am disposed to read it through."

To this the host replied, "Your reverence may very well read it, for let me tell you that to some of my guests who have read it here, it has given great pleasure, and they have begged it of me very earnestly; but I have had no wish to give it to them, intending to return it to him who left this valise here, forgotten, with these books and papers. For it may be that their owner will return by here some time or other, and, although I know I shall have great want of the books, on my faith I must return them; for, although an innkeeper, yet am I a Christian."

"You are right, friend," quoth the priest; "but for all that, if the novel pleases me, you must let me get it copied."

"With all my heart," answered the host.

Whilst the two were thus talking, Cardenio had taken up the novel, and had begun to read it, and, forming the same opinion of it as the priest had done, prayed him to read it out, so that all might hear.

"Yea, I will read it," said the priest, "if it were not better to waste the time in sleeping than in reading."

"It will be sufficient repose for me," cried Dorothea, "to pass away the time in listening to some story; for truly I have not my spirits so composed as to be able to sleep then, when nature exacteth it."

"Well, in that case I will read it, if it were only out of curiosity; perhaps it will contain something pleasant."

Master Nicholas entreated him to do the same, and Sancho also; when the priest, seeing and understanding that it would give pleasure to all, and to himself there would be no lack, said—

"Then, since it is so, be all attentive; the novel begins in this manner.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXII.

Note 1, *page* 78.

That good dinner. Thus it is, observe the Spanish commentators on this passage, in all the editions; but Cervantes probably meant to say *breva comida*, in place of *buena*—or short commons, as we say in common parlance—for it had only just before been mentioned that they appeased, although scantily, the great hunger which they felt. Such a dinner, the critics insist, could not be good, but short; and this, no doubt, is just and right, on the ground that some jokes, called good, are not good, but very vile. Shelton omits the adjective altogether; Mr. Jarvis calls it "a notable repast." I have deemed it better to follow the author faithfully and without fear, as far as I am able.

Note 2, *page* 78.

At the inn. "These *ventas* or inns have often been built on a large scale by the noblemen or convent brethren to whom the village or adjoining territory belonged. Some have at a distance quite the air of a gentleman's mansion. Their white walls, towers, and often elegant elevations glitter in the sun, gay and promising, while all within is dark, dirty, and dilapidated. The ground floor is a sort of common room for men and beasts. The portion appropriated to the stables is often arched over, and generally imperfectly lighted, so that even by day the eye has some difficulty at first in making out the details. The range of mangers is fixed round the walls, and the harness of the different animals suspended on the pillars which support the arches. A huge door, always open to the road, leads into this great stable or common hall; a small space in the interior is always left unencumbered, into which the traveller enters on foot or on horseback. No one greets him; no obsequious landlord, bustling waiter, or simpering chambermaid takes any notice

of his arrival. He proceeds unaided to unload or unsaddle his beast, and having taken him to a manger, applies to the *ventero* for the *pienso*, fodder for his beasts; *ganado*, that is *paja y cebada*, straw and barley: this is the ancient Oriental forage; barley also and straw for the horses (1 Kings iv. 28)." —Ford's *Handbook of Spain*, cancelled edition, p. 29 (in the British Museum).

Note 3, *page* 82.

Does your worship, then, want to burn my books? "*More* books," observes Bowle, followed by Clemencin; the emendation "*my*" being made by the London edition of 1738. This is to defraud the Brussels edition of 1607, where it first occurs. I have adopted it because it was improbable that the landlord could have heard of the burning of those of Don Quixote.

Note 4, *page* 83.

Like the little friars. Clemencin finds it necessary to explain to his countrymen what this may mean, and observes that it would be some plaything of the time of Cervantes, similar to the making of rabbits out of olives in our own, or of old men's faces with a fist, or out of two beads of a rosary, or madcaps out of a hollowed cocoa-nut and candle inside.—Vol. ii. p. 516.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH IS GIVEN THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT PRY.[1]

"In Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province they call Tuscany, there lived Anselmo and Lothario, two wealthy and noble gentlemen, of friendship so close, that they were called by all who knew them, by way of distinction and eminence, *The Two Friends*. They were bachelors, young, of the same age, and of the same tastes, all of which was cause sufficient why the two should be united in a reciprocal affection. True it is that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to amorous pastime than Lothario, who was fond of the pleasures of the chase; but, upon occasion, Anselmo would give up his amusements to follow those of Lothario, and Lothario would renounce his to pursue those of Anselmo; and thus their inclinations went so perfectly in unison, that no accordant clocks could keep better time. Anselmo fell deeply in love with a beautiful and noble maiden of the same city, the daughter of such excellent parents, and of such excellence herself, that he resolved, with the

approval of his friend Lothario—without which he did nothing—to demand her of her parents for wife, which resolve he put in execution. He that bore the mission was Lothario, who concluded the matter so much to his friend's liking, that in a short time Anselmo found himself possessed of his desire, and Camilla so contented to have obtained Anselmo for a husband, that she ceased not to give thanks to Heaven and to Lothario, by whose means this good had come to her.

"The first days, as all marriage days are wont to be merry, Lothario continued to frequent, as was his custom, the house of his friend Anselmo, striving to honour, cheer, and entertain him, as far as was in his power. But when the marriage days were over, and the concourse of visitors and the congratulations had slackened, Lothario began intentionally to relax his visits to the house of Anselmo, it seeming to him—as it is reasonable it should seem to all who are discreet—that men should not frequent and haunt the houses of their married friends in the same manner as when they were bachelors. For although good and true friendship neither can, nor should be, suspicious in anything, yet, withal, a married man's honour is so delicate a thing, it seems it may be hurt even by his own brothers—how much more, then, by his friends?

"Anselmo noted the reluctancy of Lothario, and made it the ground of great complaint, saying that if he had known that his marriage would have been the occasion of depriving him of the wonted converse of his friend, he would never have married; and if, by the great harmony which prevailed between them

whilst he was a bachelor, they had earned so sweet a name as *The Two Friends*, he should not permit, through being circumspect without cause, so famous and pleasant a title to be lost; therefore he entreated him—if it were lawful to use such a term of speech between them—to return and be lord in his house, to come and go as before, assuring him that his wife Camilla had no other pleasure or wish than that himself chose she should have, and that she, knowing how ardently they loved one another, was troubled to see in him so much shyness.

"To all these and many other arguments used by Anselmo to Lothario, to persuade him to come to his house as he was wont to do, Lothario responded with so much prudence, discretion, and judgment, that Anselmo remained satisfied with his friend's decision; and they arranged between them that on two days of the week, and every festival, Lothario should come to dine with them. Although this was agreed between them, Lothario determined to do no more than what he should think most expedient for his friend's honour, whose reputation he esteemed more than his own. He was wont to say, and to say well, that a married man, on whom Heaven had bestowed a beautiful wife, ought to take as much heed of what friends he brought to his house, as of what female friends his wife consorted with; for that which is not done or arranged in market-places, in churches, at public shows, or at the oratories (things which husbands cannot always deny to their wives), is contrived and made easy in the house of the female friend, or kinswoman, in

whom he has most confidence. Lothario also said that married folk had each need to have some friend to advise them of defects in their conduct; for it usually happens that, through the great love which the husband has for his wife, either he does not notice, or does not tell her for fear of angering her, that she does, or omits to do, certain things, the doing or the omission of which might redound to his honour or disgrace, to which, being advised of his friend, he may easily apply a remedy. But where might a man find a friend so discreet, so loyal, and so true as Lothario demands? I know not, indeed. Lothario alone was such a one, who looked after the honour of his friend with so much solicitude and vigilance, that he strove to clip, shorten, and diminish the concerted days for his visits to the house, lest the free access of a young man—so rich, noble, and well born, and of good parts, as he thought himself to be—to the home of a married woman so beautiful as Camilla, might give occasion of offence to the idle vulgar, and to vagrant and malignant eyes. For, although her goodness and worth might put a curb on all evil tongues, he would not have her good name brought into doubt, or that of his friend; and, therefore, the most of those concerted days he enjoyed and spent in other ways, which he gave out could not be set aside. Thus, many times and oft, the day passed in complaints on the one side, and excuses on the other.

"Now, it fell out that one day, as the two were taking a walk in a meadow without the city, Anselmo addressed Lothario in something like these words:

"'Canst thou fancy, friend Lothario, that to the favours which God has bestowed upon me, in making me the son of such parents as were mine, and giving me, with no niggardly hand, the goods alike of what is called nature and of fortune, I cannot respond with gratitude equal to the gift received, and, above all, to that with which he blessed me, in giving me thee for a friend, and Camilla for a wife?—two pledges which I esteem, if not in the degree I ought, in what I can. Yet, with all these blessings, which are usually the sum with which men ought and are to live contented, I live the man most ill at ease and discontented in all the universal world; for I know not since when I have been vexed and harassed by a desire so strange, so alien to the common habit of others, that I marvel at myself, and blame and chide me for it when alone, and try to stifle it and hide it from my own thoughts; and yet it has been as impossible to me to conceal this secret, as it would have been to publish it to all mankind. Seeing that it must break out at last, I would that it were lodged in the sweet archives of thy bosom, confident that thereby, and through the pains thou wilt take, as a true friend, to relieve me, I shall find myself quickly freed of the anguish it causes me, and by thy solicitude my joy shall rise to the pitch my discontent has reached by my folly.'

"Lothario was puzzled at Anselmo's words, and knew not to what end this long preface and preamble tended; and although he revolved in his mind what desire that might be which so harassed his friend, yet he ever shot wide of the mark; and, quickly to rid

him of the distress caused by that suspense, he said that Anselmo did notable injury to their great friendship, in seeking, by roundabout ways, to disclose to him his secret thoughts, since he might be well assured that he would find in him either counsel to direct, or help to satisfy them.

"'Thou art right,' answered Anselmo, 'and in that confidence I will tell thee. Know, friend Lothario, that the desire which oppresses me is the longing to know whether Camilla, my wife, be so good and perfect as I think her; and I cannot inform myself thoroughly of this truth, except in proving her in such wise that the proof shall manifest the fineness of her virtue, as fire doth show that of gold. For I am of opinion, O friend, that no woman is good save in so far she hath or hath not been solicited, and that she alone is strong who bends not to promises, to gifts, to tears, and the continuous importunities of persistent lovers. For what thanks do we owe,' said he, 'to a wife for being good, if no one tempts her to be bad? What merit is it for her to be reserved and bashful, to whom is given no occasion of going astray, and who knows that she has a husband who, if he catches her in her first slip, is sure to slay her? Wherefore she that is good through fear, or through lack of opportunity, I will not hold in such esteem as her who is solicited and pursued, and comes off with the crown of victory. So that, for these reasons among others that I could tell thee to support and fortify the opinion I hold, I desire that Camilla, my wife, shall pass through these trials, and be purged and refined in the fire of seeing herself

wooed and solicited, and by one who may be worthy of aspiring to her favours; and if she comes off, as I believe she will, bearing the palm of the battle, I shall account my good fortune to be matchless. I shall be able to say that the void of my desires is filled; I shall say that there has fallen to my lot the virtuous woman of whom the wise man asks, *Who can find her?*[2]

"'And if it should happen contrary to what I imagine, the pleasure of seeing that I was right in my opinion will help me to bear without pain that which, with reason, so costly an experiment will cause me. It being assumed that nothing thou shalt say against my proposal can be of any avail in dissuading me from putting it into execution, I would, O friend Lothario, that thou dispose thyself to be the instrument of carrying out this work of my liking, and I will give thee opportunity for what thou shouldst do, without omitting anything which I shall see to be necessary for the solicitation of a woman chaste, honourable, reserved, and scrupulous; and what moves me, among other things, to confide to thee so delicate an affair, is the consideration that if Camilla be overcome by thee, the victory will not be pushed to the extreme point and rigour, but only to reckoning that achieved which had to be done by the terms of my compact; and then I should be wronged no more than in the intention, and my injury shall remain hidden in the virtue of thy silence, which I know well, in what concerns me, will be eternal, like that of death. Therefore, if thou desirest that I live a life deserving the name, thou must forthwith enter into this love battle not languidly, nor

lukewarmly, but with all the earnestness and ardour which my design requires, and with the confidence of which our friendship assures me.'

"Such were the arguments which Anselmo addressed to Lothario, to all of which the latter listened so attentively, that until Anselmo had finished he did not open his lips, except to utter the words that we have already set down. Seeing that he spoke no more, Lothario, after he had regarded him a good while, as if he were looking upon a thing he had never seen before, which struck him with wonder and fright, said—

"'I cannot persuade myself, O friend Anselmo, but that these things which thou tellest me are jests; for, had I thought that they were in earnest, I would not have suffered thee to proceed so far, and, by lending thee no ear, have stopped thy long harangue. Assuredly, I think either that thou knowest not me, or that I know not thee. But not so; for well I know thee to be Anselmo, and thou that I am Lothario. The evil is that I think thou art not the Anselmo thou wast wont to be, and that thou must have deemed me not the Lothario I ought to be, because the things which thou hast spoken to me are not worthy of that Anselmo, my friend, nor the things thou askest of me what should be asked of the Lothario thou knowest. For good friends ought to use and prove their friends, as the poet says, *Usque ad aras*,[3] which means they must not use their friendship in things offensive unto God; and if a heathen held this opinion of friendship, how much more should a Christian hold it, who knows that for no human friendship must the divine be sacrificed?

When a friend so far exceeds the due bounds as to set aside his duties to Heaven in order to fulfil those of friendship, it must not be for trifles or things of little moment, but only for those which touch his friend's honour and life. Tell me, then, Anselmo, which of these two is in jeopardy, that I risk myself in gratifying thee, and in doing a thing so hateful as that which thou demandest of me? Neither, surely; but rather thou askest of me, as I understand, that I should endeavour and labour to deprive thee of honour and life, and myself too, because if I have to take measures to despoil thee of honour, it is clear that I rob thee of life; for the man without honour is worse than if he were dead, and I being the instrument, as thou wishest me to be, of so great an injury to thee—shall I not remain dishonoured, and by consequence without life? Listen, friend Anselmo, and have patience to answer me not until I have finished telling thee all that occurs to me concerning what thy desire exacts; for there will be time enough for thee to reply, and for me to hear thee.'

"'Most willingly,' cried Anselmo. 'Say what thou pleasest.'

"And Lothario proceeded, saying, 'It seemest to me, O Anselmo, that thou art now in the temper in which the Moors always are, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect, neither by citation from Holy Scripture, nor by arguments drawn from conclusion of the understanding, nor by those which are founded on the articles of faith; but you must give them examples, palpable, easy, intelligible, provable, indubitable, with mathematical demonstration which

cannot be gainsayed—as when we say, *If from two equal parts we take equal parts, those which remain are also equal.* And when they cannot understand this in words—as in effect they do not—then must you demonstrate it to them palpably, putting it before their eyes; and even with all this no one succeeds in persuading them of the truth of our holy religion. This same way and method it is fitting that I should use with thee, for the desire which is begotten in thee is so extravagant, and so wide of aught which bears a show of reason, that it seems to me to be time misspent to endeavour to convince thee of thy folly—for at present I would give it no other name—and I am even inclined to leave thee in thy infatuation, as punishment of thine evil desire; but the friendship I have for thee will not permit me to use this rigour with thee, nor allow me to leave thee in such manifest peril of thine own undoing.

"'And that thou mayest see it clearly, say, Anselmo, hast thou not told me that I have to solicit one who is reserved—to tempt her who is chaste, bribe her who is scrupulous, court her who is discreet? Yea, thou hast told me so. But if thou knowest thyself to have a reserved, chaste, scrupulous, and discreet wife, what seekest thou? And if thou deemest that from all my assaults she will come off victorious—as she would without doubt—what better titles dost think to give her afterwards than those she has already, or what will she be more hereafter than she is now? Either it is that thou takest her not for what thou sayest, or thou knowest not what it is thou askest.

If thou dost not take her to be what thou sayest, wherefore wouldst thou try her, and not rather treat her as a bad woman in such manner as thou pleasest? But if she be as good as thou believest, it would be a thing impertinent to experiment upon truth itself; for when that is done, it must remain in the same esteem it held before. Therefore, we must conclude that to attempt things from which harm, rather than good, must spring, is the act of minds inconsiderate and rash, more especially when they would attempt those things to which they are not forced or driven, and when even from afar they give token that the attempt is manifest madness. Difficult things are undertaken for God, or for the world, or for both. Those which are essayed for God's sake are such as are done by the saints, essaying to live the lives of angels in human bodies; those which are attempted in respect of the world are those which are achieved by such as traverse immense seas and climes, and strange countries, in order to acquire what are called the goods of fortune; and those which are adventured for God and the world, jointly, are those of valiant soldiers, who scarce perceive opened in the opposing rampart a breach no greater than is made by a single cannon-ball, when, casting all fear aside, without taking any thought or regarding the manifest danger which menaces them, borne upon the wings of ambition to fight for their faith, their nation, and their king, they throw themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand threatening deaths which await them.

"'These are the things which are wont to be

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adventured, and it is honour, glory, and gain to attempt them, how full soever they be of obstacles and dangers. But that which thou speakest of as wishing to attempt and put in execution shall never gain thee glory of God, nor goods of fortune, nor renown with men; for, granted that thou succeed in it as thou desiredst, thou shalt remain nor more happy, nor more rich, nor more honoured, than thou art now; and if thou succeedest not, thou wilt find thyself in the greatest misery that can be imagined. For it may not avail thee then to think that no one knows of the misfortune that has befallen thee, for it will be sufficient for thy affliction and wounding that thou knowest it thyself. In confirmation of this truth, I would repeat to thee a stanza composed by the famous poet, Luigi Tansilo, at the end of his first part of the *Tears of Saint Peter*:—

"'*The pain grows greater, and withal the shame,*
In Peter's bosom with the rising sun;
And though no eye regards, yet all the same
He mourns with shame the sin which he hath done;
For men of manly hearts themselves will blame,
Although to mark their errors there be none;
Soon as they sin shame has immediate birth,
Though there be none to see but heaven and earth.

"'So that thou shalt not remit thy grief by secrecy but rather have cause to weep without ceasing, if not tears from the eyes, tears of blood from the heart, as wept that simple doctor of whom our poet sings, who made trial of the cup which the prudent Orlando[4] refrained from doing; and although that be a poetical fiction, it holds within it hidden precepts worthy to

be noted, learnt, and followed. Moreover, what I am now about to say to thee will bring thee to a full conviction of the great error thou wouldst commit.

"'Tell me, Anselmo, if Heaven or good fortune had made thee lord and lawful possessor of a most fine diamond, of whose goodness and properties all the lapidaries who saw it were so satisfied, that with one voice all declared a common opinion that it reached in quality, goodness, and fineness the utmost degree of which the nature of such a stone was capable, and thou thyself believed it so, without knowing aught to the contrary; would it be just for thee to let the fancy seize thee to take that diamond and put it between anvil and hammer, and there, by dint of blows, to prove it to be as hard and fine as they say? Would it be more reasonable to put thy design in execution? For supposing that the stone made resistance to so foolish a proof, not for that wouldst thou add to it any worth or esteem; and if it broke, which might well happen, would not all be lost? Yea, assuredly, leaving its owner a fool in the estimation of all.[5] Bethink thee, friend Anselmo, that Camilla is a very fine diamond, as well in thine as in other men's esteem, and that there is no reason for putting her to the hazard of being destroyed, since she cannot rise to more worth than she has now, although she should remain in her integrity; and if she failed and resisted not, consider even now what she would be without it, and how justly she might complain of thee for having been the cause of her perdition and thine own. Consider, there is no jewel in the

world worth so much as a chaste and virtuous wife, and know that all women's honour consists in the good opinion which is held of them; and since that of thy spouse be such that it reacheth to the extreme of goodness—of which thou knowest—why wouldst thou put this truth in doubt? Reflect, my friend, that woman is an imperfect animal, and one should not put stumbling-blocks before her that she should trip and fall, but rather remove them out of the way, and clear the path of every obstacle, in order that she may run freely and unencumbered to attain the perfection she lacks, which consists in her being virtuous.

"'Naturalists recount that the ermine is a little animal of exceeding whiteness, and that when the hunters would catch it they use this artifice: knowing the places where it is wont to pass and to haunt, they stop them up with mud, and then, starting their quarry, they drive it towards that spot; and as soon as the ermine approaches the mud, it stands still, and lets itself be seized and captured, rather than pass through the mire and sully the whiteness which it prizes more than liberty or life. The chaste and modest bride is an ermine, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and purer than snow. He that would not have her lose, but rather keep and preserve it, must use a method with her different from that which is taken with the ermine, for there must not be placed before her the mire of the favours and services of importunate lovers; for perhaps, and even without a perhaps, she has not so much natural virtue and strength as to enable her of herself to trample down and pass through these

impediments. It is, therefore, needful to free her of them, and set before her the purity of virtue and the beauty which is contained in a good name. The excellent wife is also like a mirror of clear and shining crystal, but which is subject to be blurred and dimmed by every breath which touches it. One must treat the chaste spouse in the same way as relics, adoring, but not handling them. The good woman must be guarded and prized, as one guards and prizes a beautiful garden, full of flowers and roses, whose owner permits not any one either to touch or walk among them; enough that from afar, and from between bars of iron, they enjoy their fragrance and beauty. Lastly, I would repeat to thee some verses which have come to my memory; I heard them in a modern play, and they seem to me to be very apt to the purpose of which we are treating. A shrewd old man was giving counsel to another, the father of a damsel, that he should look after her, guard, and confine her, and among other reasons he used these :—

"'*Woman's nature is of glass;*
But to proof thou must not go,
Whether it will break or no:
Everything may come to pass.

"'*Chances are 'twill break in twain;*
'Twould more prudence then betoken,
To preserve from being broken
What thou canst not mend again.

"'*This hath reason for its ground,*
For all men of sense agree:
Where on earth the Danaës be,[6]
Showers of gold will aye be found.

"'All that I have said to thee thus far, O Anselmo, has been concerning what touches thyself, and now it is right that there should be heard something of what concerns me; and if I be tedious, pardon me, for it is required by the labyrinth into which thou hast entered, and whence thou wouldst that I should free thee.

"'Thou holdest me for a friend, and wouldst deprive me of my honour, a thing which is against all friendship; and not only dost thou desire this, but triest to make me deprive thee of thine. That thou wouldst rob me of mine is clear; for when Camilla sees me soliciting her, as thou desirest, it is certain that she will hold me for a man devoid of honour and principle, seeing that I attempt and do a thing so contrary to my obligation to myself and to thy friendship. Thou wouldst that I should rob thee of thine, there is no doubt; for Camilla, perceiving that I solicit her, must think that I have seen in her some levity which gave me boldness to discover to her my base desire, and holding herself dishonoured, her disgrace affects thee as a part of her. Hence arises what is commonly preached, that the husband of the adulterous woman, although he neither knows nor has given occasion that his wife should be other than she ought to be, has it in his power, by care and prudence, to prevent his disgrace; yet, for all, he is commonly called and denoted by a vile and an opprobrious name, and in some degree is looked upon, by those who know of his wife's depravity, with the eyes of contempt, in the place of pity, although they see that it is not by

his fault, but by the pleasure of his guilty consort, that he is brought to that misfortune. But I would tell thee wherefore the husband of the bad wife is, with just cause, dishonoured, although he know not that she is so, nor is to blame, nor has shared, nor has given occasion for her fault; and be not weary of hearing me, for it shall redound to thine advantage.

"'When God created our first father in the earthly paradise, the Holy Scriptures say that he infused sleep into Adam; that, being asleep, he took a rib out of his left side, of which he formed our mother Eve; and as soon as Adam awoke and looked upon her, he exclaimed, *This is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.* And God said, *For this shall a man leave his father and mother, and they twain shall be one flesh.* And then was instituted the divine sacrament of matrimony, with such bonds as death only can unloose. This miraculous sacrament has such efficacy and virtue, that it makes two different persons to be of one flesh, and even doth more in those well married; for although they have two souls, they have but one will; and hence it proceeds that as the flesh of the wife is one and the same with that of her husband, the blemishes which fall to her lot, or the defects which are incurred, redound to the flesh of the husband, although he may not have given, as has been said, occasion for that damage. For as the whole body feels the pain of the foot, or any member of the human frame, as being all of the same flesh, and the head feels the hurt of the ankle without having caused it, so the husband is partaker of the wife's dishonour, he being one with her. And

as the honours and dishonours of the world all belong to, and are born of, the flesh and blood, and those of the bad wife are all of this kind, it is inevitable that a part of them should fall on the husband, and he be held dishonoured, although he knows not of it. Reflect then, O Anselmo, on the danger to which thou dost expose thyself in seeking to disturb the peace in which thy good wife lives. Reflect for how vain and impertinent a curiosity thou wouldst arouse the passions which now lie dormant in the bosom of thy chaste spouse; not that what thou adventurest to gain is little, yet what thou mayest lose will be so much that I will say nothing more of it. But if all that I have said sufficeth not to move thee from thy evil purpose, thou canst seek another instrument of thy dishonour and misfortune; for I mean not to be one, although thereby I should lose thy friendship, which is the greatest loss I can imagine.'

"Having thus spoken, the prudent and virtuous Lothario was silent, and Anselmo stood so troubled and full of thought, that for a good while he could not answer a word; but at length he said—

"'I have listened, friend Lothario, to what thou hast told me with the attention thou hast noted, and in thy arguments, examples, and similes I have perceived thy great discretion, and the perfect, true friendship thou hast achieved; and likewise I perceive and confess that if I reject thy opinion, and follow mine own, I am flying from the good and pursuing the evil. This being admitted, thou hast to consider that I suffer now the infirmity which some women are

wont to have, who long to eat earth, chalk, coal, and other worse things, loathsome even to the sight, how much more to the palate? Therefore, it is necessary to use some art for my cure, and this can be done easily, only by thy commencing to solicit Camilla, although weakly and feignedly; for she cannot be so frail as to surrender her modesty at the first encounter. And with this beginning alone I shall be contented, and thou shalt have complied with what is due to our friendship, not only in restoring me my life, but convincing me that I retain mine honour. Thou art bound to do this for one reason alone; and it is that I, being as I am determined to put this experiment to the proof, thou must not permit me to reveal my infatuation to any other person, whereby I might risk the honour which thou endeavourest to preserve. And though thine should suffer in some degree in Camilla's esteem whilst thou solicitest her, that matters little or nothing, since in a short time, when we find in her the integrity which we expect, thou wilt be able to tell her the simple truth as to our artifice, whereby thy credit shall be restored as at the first. Therefore, seeing how little thou venturest, and how much pleasure thou canst give me in the venturing, do not refuse to do it, however great may be the difficulties which present themselves to thee; for, as I have said, with only thy beginning I shall account the matter ended.'

"Lothario, perceiving the resolute determination of Anselmo, and not knowing what further examples nor what other arguments to offer to dissuade him

from his purpose, and finding that he threatened to break the matter of his ill design to another, to prevent greater mischief, resolved to gratify him, and to do what he required, with the object and intent of managing that business in such a manner as that, without disturbing Camilla's mind, Anselmo should rest satisfied. Therefore, he told him, in reply, not to communicate his thoughts to any one else, for he took that enterprise into his own charge, and would begin it whenever he pleased.

"Anselmo embraced him tenderly and lovingly, and thanked him for his offer, as if he had done him some great favour; and it was agreed between the two that from the next day following the work should be commenced, for he would give Lothario time and opportunity to speak alone with Camilla, and would provide him also money and jewels to offer and present to her. He counselled him to treat her to serenades, and to write verses in her praise; and if he would not take the trouble to make them, he would compose them himself. All this Lothario undertook, but with a very different intention from what Anselmo imagined; and with this understanding they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla, anxious and careful, awaiting her husband—for that day he had stayed longer in coming than was his custom.

"Lothario went home, leaving Anselmo as contented as he himself was pensive, not knowing what scheme to adopt in order to come well out of so unseemly a business. But that night he bethought him of a way by which he might deceive Anselmo

without offending Camilla; and the next day he came to dine with his friend, being made welcome by Camilla, who, knowing the disposition of her husband towards him, received and entertained him with great good will.

"Dinner being ended and the table cleared, Anselmo bade Lothario remain there with Camilla, whilst he went on a pressing business, and he would return within an hour and a half. Camilla prayed him not to go, and Lothario offered to bear him company; but nothing prevailed with Anselmo, who importuned Lothario the more to abide and await him there, for he had to transact an affair of much importance. He told Camilla, also, not to leave Lothario alone until his return. In short, he was so well able to feign the reason or the unreason of his absence, that no one could know it to be feigned. Anselmo departed, and Camilla and Lothario remained alone at the table, and all the servants had gone their ways to dinner.

"Here Lothario found himself engaged in the lists, as his friend had desired him, with the enemy in front, who, with her beauty alone, might conquer a squadron of armed knights. Imagine, then, if Lothario had not reason to fear; but all he did was to place his elbow on the arm of his chair, with his open hand on his cheek, and, praying Camilla's pardon for his ill manners, said that he wished to repose a little until Anselmo's return. Camilla answered that he might rest better in the alcove than in the chair, and so she begged him to go in and sleep there. Lothario would not, but remained there asleep until Anselmo returned, who,

when he found Camilla in her chamber and Lothario sleeping, believed, as he had stayed away so long, that the two had already had time enough to talk and to rest, and was impatient till Lothario awoke, so that he might go out with him and ask him of his success.

"All fell out as he wished. Lothario awoke, and the two then went out of the house, and Anselmo questioned the other as to what he desired to be informed. Lothario answered that it seemed not good to him to discover himself wholly the first time, and therefore he had done nothing else but praise Camilla for her beauty, telling her that in all the city they talked of nothing save her loveliness and wit; imagining this to be a fit beginning to gain her good will, to dispose her to listen to him the next time with pleasure; employing in this the same artifice which the devil uses, when he would deceive one who is on guard to look after himself, for then he is transformed into an angel of light—being the one of darkness—and putting on before him a fair seeming, in the end he reveals what he is, and succeeds in his intent, if his deception be not discovered at first. Anselmo was greatly pleased at all this, and promised to give him every day the same opportunity, although he would not go from home, for he would so occupy himself there that Camilla should not be able to get an inkling of his stratagem.

"So it happened that many days passed, during which Lothario, without speaking a word to Camilla, persuaded Anselmo that he conversed with her, and was never able to get from her the least token of anything

amiss, nor the sign of a shadow of hope; rather, he said that if he did not desist from his base design, she would tell her husband.

"'It is well,' said Anselmo. 'Hitherto Camilla has resisted words; it is necessary to see how she will resist deeds. I will give thee, to-morrow, two thousand crowns in gold, that thou mayest offer and even give them to her, and as many more, to buy jewels wherewith to lure her; for women, be they never so chaste, are wont to be fond of being well decked and going in finery, especially if they be fair. If she resist this temptation, I shall be satisfied, and will give thee no more trouble.'

"Lothario answered that, since he had begun it, he would carry through the enterprise to the end, for he believed he would issue from it weary and vanquished. The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand perplexities, for he knew not what to say in order to lie anew, but in the end resolved to tell Anselmo that Camilla was as proof against gifts and promises as against words; therefore he need not tire himself more, for all his time was spent in vain. But fortune, which guided matters otherwise, so ordained that Anselmo, having left Camilla alone as he was wont to do, shut himself up in a room, and stood by the keyhole, looking and listening to what passed between the two; and he perceived that, during more than half an hour, Lothario spake not a word to Camilla, nor would he have spoken had he remained here an age. Wherefore he surmised that what his friend had told him of Camilla's

answer was all fiction and lying. To discover if this was so, he left the room, and, calling Lothario apart, demanded of him what news he had—of what humour Camilla was in. Lothario replied that he had resolved to have no more to do with that business, for she had answered him so sharply and bitterly, that he had no courage to speak to her again.

"'Ah! Lothario, Lothario!' cried Anselmo, 'how ill dost thou respond to the affection thou owest me, and the confidence I have in thee! But now I have been beholding thee through the means of this key-hole, and have witnessed that thou hast not spoken a word to Camilla, whence I conclude that the first words are yet to be said; and if it be so, as undoubtedly it is, why dost thou deceive me, or why, by thine artifice, wilt thou deprive me of the means which I would use to obtain my desire?'

"Anselmo said no more, but what he had said sufficed to make Lothario abashed and confused. Taking his being caught in a lie as a point of honour, Lothario swore to Anselmo that from that moment he charged himself with the duty of satisfying him and telling him no lies, as he would see, however curiously he spied; albeit it would not be necessary for his friend to use any precaution, for that which he intended to do for his satisfaction would remove all suspicion. Anselmo believed him; and to provide him with an opportunity more secure and free of interruption, he determined to absent himself from home eight days, going to the house of a friend of his, who lived in a village not far from the city, with whom he arranged

that he should be sent for very pressingly, that he might excuse his departure to Camilla.

"O reckless and unfortunate Anselmo! what is that thou art doing? what plotting? what contriving? Mind thee that thou art wórking against thyself, plotting thy dishonour, contriving thy perdition? Thy wife Camilla is good; thou possessest her in peace and quiet; no one intermeddles with thy pleasures; her thoughts transgress not the walls of her home; thou art her heaven upon earth, the goal of her desires, the crown of her joys, and the rule by which she metes her will, adjusting it in all things with thine, and with that of Heaven. Since, then, the mine of her honour, beauty, virtue, and modesty yields thee, without toil, all the wealth it has and thou canst covet, why wouldst thou dig the earth and seek new veins of new and unseen treasure, putting thyself in danger of bringing all to wreck, seeing, indeed, it is sustained upon the feeble props of her frail nature? Remember that he who seeks the impossible may justly be denied the possible. As a poet, who has better expressed it, hath said—

> "*Life in death I fain would find,*[1]
> *Health among the feebler kind,*
> *Liberty in prison straight,*
> *Exit from a barrèd gate,*
> *Loyalty in traitor's mind;*
>
> "*But my fate, which, ever grave,*
> *Never grants the good I crave,*
> *Joins, with Heaven, to decree:*
> *Since I seek what cannot be,*
> *What can be I shall not have.*

"The next day Anselmo departed to the village,

having told Camilla that during the time he was absent Lothario would come to look after the house and dine with her, and that she was to take care and treat him as she would himself. Camilla, like a discreet and honest woman, was grieved for her husband's order, and bade him consider how that it was unseemly, he being absent, any one should occupy the chair at his table; and that if he did it through not having confidence in her to govern her household, he should prove her that once, and see, by a trial, how that she was equal to more important charges.

"Anselmo replied that it was his pleasure, and that she had nothing else to do than bow her head and obey. Camilla said that she would do so, although against her will.

"Anselmo went away, and next day Lothario came to the house, where he was received by Camilla with a loving and modest greeting; but she never gave him opportunity of seeing her alone, as she always had about her her men and women servants, and especially her own maid, who was called Leonela, whom she loved dearly, having been brought up since the two were children in the house of Camilla's parents, and whom she had brought with her when she married Anselmo.

"During the first three days Lothario said nothing, although he might, when the cloth was removed and the people of the house went to a hurried dinner—for Camilla had commanded that such it should be. Leonela even had orders that she should dine before Camilla, for that she might not leave her mistress's

side. But the girl, who had set her fancy on other things for her own pleasure, and had need of those hours and that opportunity of accomplishing them to her content, did not always comply with her lady's commands; rather she left the two alone, as if she had been so ordered. But the modest presence of Camilla, the gravity of her mien, the composure of her person, were such as to set a bridle on Lothario's tongue. However, the advantage of the many virtues of Camilla in imposing silence upon Lothario redounded to the injury of both; for if the tongue was silent, yet did the fancy discourse, and had leisure to contemplate, piece by piece, all the perfection of goodness and beauty which Camilla possessed—enough to raise love in a statue of marble, let alone a heart of flesh.

"Lothario looked at her during all the time he should have been speaking to her, and reflected how worthy she was of being loved; and this reflection began, little by little, to assail the regard he had for Anselmo. A thousand times he desired to absent himself from the city, and go away where Anselmo might never see him, nor he see Camilla; but the delight he now found in looking upon her did hinder and detain him. He struggled and battled with himself to expel and feel no more the pleasure he took in looking upon Camilla; he blamed himself when alone for his mad inclining, calling himself an ill friend, and even a bad Christian; he reasoned, and made comparisons between himself and Anselmo; and all ended in his saying that the folly and confidence of Anselmo had been greater than his own

infidelity, and that if he had as good an excuse before God, as he had before men, for what he intended to do, he would fear no punishment for his crime.

"In fine, the beauty and goodness of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the foolish husband had put into his hands, overthrew Lothario's loyalty. Without regarding anything but what his pleasure was inclined to, at the end of three days from Anselmo's absence, during which he waged continual battle in resisting his desires, he began to woo Camilla with so much vehemence and such amorous phrases, that she was confounded, and could do nothing else than rise from her place and go into her chamber, without answering a word. But not by this coldness were the hopes of Lothario chilled, for hope is always born with love; rather it made him account the more of Camilla.

"She, having discovered in Lothario what she had never suspected, knew not what to do; but, it appearing to her neither safe nor seemly to give him either place or opportunity to speak to her again, determined to send that same night, which she did, a servant of hers with a letter to Anselmo, wherein she wrote as follows."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXIII.

Note 1, *page* 91.

The Impertinent Pry. I long hesitated to change the old name of this story, but it has been so poorly told hitherto in English, that I thought myself entitled to a new title, which, though not of much better sound, conveys a more quick meaning.

Note 2, *page* 97.

Who can find her? Proverbs xxxi. 10.

Note 3, *page* 98.

Usque ad aras. A saying of Pericles, quoted by Plutarch in his tract *False Shame.* The Spanish critics suggest that Cervantes, in attributing the phrase to some poet, might have met with it in some metrical composition, or it might have arisen from his ordinary carelessness in all matters of quotations; forgetting that it was a favourite saying of our much-maligned author that "there may be a prose epic as well as one in verse." *Usque ad aras amicus* is quoted by Erasmus, *Adagia,* ch. iii. c. 2, A. 10.

Note 4, *page* 102.

The prudent Orlando. See Ariosto, c. 42, 104.

Note 5, *page* 103.

A fool in the estimation of all. Of many such fools Garcilasso writes in his history of the Incas. After one memorable occasion, when the children of the sun had been first murdered and then robbed of their great emeralds and other jewels, and these had been distributed among the thieves

and murderers, the more wary proposed to their comrades to see if the emeralds were real, by applying to them this test of the hammer and anvil. By this means an additional value was given to those precious stones which had not been so insanely put to a test they were never intended to bear.

Note 6, *page* 105.

Where on earth the Danaës be. A similar opinion is attributed to Philip of Macedon, who said there was no fortress that would not yield before an ass laden with gold.

Note 7, *page* 115.

Life in death I fain would find. "Miserable are they, and in dead things is their hope. . . . Then maketh he prayer for his goods, for his wife and children, and is not ashamed to speak to that which hath no life. For health he calleth upon that which is weak: for life prayeth to that which is dead: for aid humbly beseecheth that which hath least means to help; and for a good journey he asketh of that which cannot set a foot forward: and for gaining and getting, and for good success of his hands, asketh ability to do of him that is most unable to do anything."—Wisdom of Solomon xiii. 10, 17–19.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT PRY.

"*If, as they are wont to say, the army without its general, and the castle without its warder, have an ill appearance, much worse, I say, has the young and married woman without her husband, when there is aught but the most just cause to keep him away. I find myself in such ill case without you, and so powerless to bear this separation, that, if you do not come speedily, I shall have to go and take shelter in my parents' home, even though I leave yours without any keeping; for the guard which you have left me—if he is here in that character—I believe looks more to his own pleasure, than to what concerns you.*[1] *Since you are wise, I have no more to say, nor is it well I should.*

"This letter Anselmo received, and understood by it that Lothario had already begun the enterprise, and that Camilla had responded to him according to his wish. Overjoyed exceedingly at this news, he sent back word to Camilla that she should not on any account change her home, for he would return in a very short while.

"Camilla was astonished at Anselmo's answer, which put her in greater embarrassment than before, for she could neither remain in her own house, nor go to that of her parents; for in staying she perilled her honour, and in going she transgressed her husband's command. In the end, she resolved to do what was worse for her, which was to remain at home with the determination of not avoiding Lothario's presence, that she might not give her servants cause to talk; and now she was grieved at having written what she did to her husband, being afraid that he should think that Lothario had noted in her some lightness, which had moved him to lay aside the respect which he owed her. But, confident in her virtue, she trusted in God and in her own good resolves, wherewith to resist silently all that Lothario might say to her, without telling her husband any more, so as not to involve him in any quarrel or trouble. She even sought to find means of exculpating Lothario with Anselmo, when the latter should ask the cause which had made her write him that letter. With these resolutions, more honourable than judicious or serviceable, the next day she stayed to give ear to Lothario, who pressed her so vehemently that Camilla's firmness began to totter, and her virtue had enough to do in guarding her eyes, lest they should give signs of a certain amorous compassion which the tears and arguments of Lothario had awakened in her bosom.

"All this Lothario noticed, and it inflamed him. At length it seemed to him necessary, while he had the time and opportunity which the absence of Anselmo

gave him, to push closer the siege to the fortress; so he assailed her self-conceit with praises of her beauty. For there is nothing which shakes and levels so quickly the embattled towers of the vanity of women as the same vanity itself, posted on the tongue of flattery. In short, he undermined with all diligence the rock of her integrity, with such engines that, even though Camilla had been all of brass, she must have come to the ground. He wept, he prayed, he promised, he flattered, he persisted, and he feigned, with so much feeling, with such tokens of earnestness, that he overthrew Camilla's modesty, and achieved the victory he least expected and most desired. Camilla yielded—Camilla surrendered. But what wonder, since Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground? A clear example which shows us that the amorous passion is only conquered by flight, and that no one must take up arms against so potent an enemy, for heavenly forces are needed to overcome those of the flesh.

"Only Leonela knew of her mistress's frailty, for the two bad friends and new lovers could not hide it from her. Lothario did not wish to tell Camilla of Anselmo's project, nor that the latter had given him the opportunity of arriving at that pass, that she might not undervalue his love, but think that it was by chance and without premonition, and not designedly, that he had solicited her.

"A few days after, Anselmo returned home, and perceived not what was missing there, which was what he had held most lightly and yet most esteemed. He went at once to see Lothario, and found him at

home. The two having embraced, one asked after the news of his life or his death.

"'The news I can give thee, O friend Anselmo,' said Lothario, 'is that thou hast a wife worthy to be called the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I spoke to her have been given to the wind, the proffers have been despised, the gifts rejected; of certain frequent tears of mine she has made a notable jest; in short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, so is she the repository wherein modesty resides, and where abide good nature, and prudence, and all the virtues which can make an honest wife praiseworthy and happy. Take back thy money, friend—here it is without my having had need to touch it; for Camilla's integrity is not to be subdued by things so mean, so base, as gifts and promises. Be content, Anselmo, and desire not to make further trial than what has been done. Since thou hast passed dryshod over the sea of troubles and suspicions which we are wont to have with women, care not to enter afresh into the deep gulf of new disquietude, nor to make trial with another pilot of the goodness and strength of the vessel which Heaven has given to thy lot to make thy passage through the sea of this world; but reckon that thou art now safe in port, and moor thyself with the anchor of happy reflection, and rest thee, until they come to demand the debt from which no condition of man is exempt.'

"Anselmo was much rejoiced at Lothario's words, and believed them as firmly as if they had been spoken by some oracle; nevertheless he besought him

not to give up the enterprise, even if it were for nothing more than curiosity and pastime, although from thenceforth he should not use such pressing means as he had done up to that time. He wished him only to write some verses in her praise, under the name of Chloris, and so give Camilla to understand that he was enamoured of a lady to whom he had given that name, that he might be able to celebrate her praises with the respect due to her honour; and should Lothario not wish to take the trouble of writing these verses, he would do so himself.

"'That will not be needed,' said Lothario, 'since the Muses are not so much my enemies, but that, now and then, during the year they visit me. Speak thou to Camilla what thou hast said of my pretended amour, and I will make the verses. If they are not as good as the subject deserves, at least they shall be the best I can make.'

"Thus agreed the indiscreet husband and the traitor friend; and Anselmo, returning home, asked Camilla that which she marvelled he had not demanded before, namely, to tell him the reason she had written the letter which she had sent. Camilla answered that it had seemed to her that Lothario had looked at her a little more freely than when he was at home, but that she was now undeceived, and believed it to be her own imagination, for Lothario avoided seeing her and being with her alone. Anselmo told her that she might very well be safe from that suspicion, for he knew that Lothario was in love with a noble damsel in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris; and

even if it were not so, she had nothing to doubt Lothario's truth and the great friendship which was between the two. Had not Camilla been advised by Lothario that this love of Chloris was feigned, and that he had himself told it to Anselmo in order that he might be able now and then to occupy himself in Camilla's own praise, she would doubtless have fallen into the desperate snare of jealousy; but, being so advised, that alarm passed over her lightly.

"The next day, the three being at table, Anselmo asked Lothario to repeat some of those verses he had composed for his beloved Chloris; for, since Camilla did not know her, he might safely say what he pleased.

"'Though she did know her,' replied Lothario, 'I would conceal nothing; for when a lover praises his lady's beauty, and reproaches her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her good name. Let it be what it might, all I have to say is that yesterday I made a sonnet on the ingratitude of this Chloris, which runs thus:—

SONNET.

"' *Wrapped in the silence of the night's repose,*
When sweetest slumber lights on mortal eyes,
I give to Chloris and the listless skies
The poor recital of my wealthy woes;
And at what time the sun uprising goes
To pass the eastern rosy gates, I rise,
And with a quivering voice and heavy sighs,
Forth of my breast my ancient quarrel flows;
Still faster fall my tears, my groans redouble,
What time the sun from out his starry seat
Sends rays direct upon our trembling sphere;
Returns the night, returns my tale of trouble;

But from this mortal strife there's no retreat,
All heaven is deaf, and Chloris will not hear.'

"The sonnet pleased Camilla much, but Anselmo more, who praised it, and said that the lady was cruel overmuch who did not respond to such manifest truth.

"On this Camilla said, 'Then, is all truth that enamoured poets tell?'

"'Inasmuch as they are poets, they tell it not,' answered Lothario; 'but inasmuch as they are lovers, they are always as curt as they are truthful.'

"'There is no doubt of that,' quoth Anselmo, who was all for supporting and confirming the fancies of Lothario in the opinion of Camilla, who was as careless of Anselmo's artifice as she was now enamoured of Lothario. Therefore, for the pleasure she took in his thoughts, and taking it for granted that his desires and his verses were addressed to herself, and that she was the real Chloris, she begged him, if he knew another sonnet or other verses, to repeat them.

"'Yes, I know another,' answered Lothario; 'but think it not to be so good as the first, or, better said, less bad, as you shall judge. It is this:—

SONNET.

"'*I know that death is near. If thou believ'st not me,*
Death is more certain still; for at thy feet
I'd rather lay me dead, thou tyrant sweet,
Than e'er repent of having worshipped thee.
In dark Oblivion's den I'd rather be,
Bereft of life, and fame, and favour meet;
Then in my open breast, with grace complete,
Thy lovely face engraven wouldst thou see.

I keep this relic for the dismal state
To which my quarrel hurries me so fast—
Thy very cruelty stirs up its might;
Woe to the man who sails, the sport of fate,
On trackless seas, beneath a sky o'ercast,
No pole-star guiding and no port in sight!'

"Anselmo commended also the second sonnet as he had done the first, and then he went on adding link upon link to the chain with which he entangled himself, and bound his own dishonour; since when Lothario most dishonoured him, he assured him that he was most honoured. Thus, by all the steps which Camilla descended towards the centre of her discredit, she mounted, in the opinion of her husband, towards the summit of virtue and good repute.

"Now, it happened that Camilla, finding herself once alone with her maid, said to her, 'I am ashamed, friend Leonela, to see how little I have known to value myself, since I did not make Lothario spend some time, at least, in purchasing the entire possession of what I gave him so readily of my inclination. I fear he must despise my easiness and lightness, without reflecting on the force he used to make me unable to resist him.'

"'Let not that trouble thee,' answered Leonela; 'it is of no moment. For it is not a reason for a thing to lose its value that it is given quickly, if that in effect which is given is good, and of itself worthy of esteem; and they even say that he who gives quickly gives twice.'

"'It is also said,' replied Camilla, 'that what costs little is less valued.'

"'That does not affect thee,' answered Leonela; 'for love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies and sometimes walks. He gallops with this one, and with that goes leisurely. Some he cools, and others he inflames; some he wounds, and others kills. In one instant he begins the career of his desires, and in that same instant finishes and concludes it. In the morning he is wont to lay siege to a fortress, and in the evening it is surrendered to him; for there is no force which can resist him. This being so, what alarms thee, or what art thou afraid of, if the same should have befallen Lothario, love having made of my master's absence the instrument of thy surrender. And it was absolutely necessary that during it should be concluded what love had designed, without giving opportunity to time to bring back Anselmo, and by his presence cause the work to be left imperfect. For love hath no better minister to execute his desires than opportunity; it is of opportunity he is served in all his acts, especially at the beginning. All this I know very well, more from experience than hearsay, and some day, my lady, I will tell thee, for I am also a girl of flesh and blood. Moreover, lady Camilla, thou didst not engage thyself, nor speak so soon, without having first seen in the eyes, in the sighs, in the declarations, and in the promises and the gifts of Lothario, all his soul, reading in it and its perfections how worthy Lothario was of being loved. And since it is so, let not these scruples and prudish thoughts seize hold of thy fancy, but be assured that Lothario esteems thee as much as thou esteemest him;

and live happy and contented that, since thou hast fallen in the amorous snare, he who catches thee is of worth and honour, and that he not only possesses the four S's[2] which, they say, all good lovers should have, but also a whole alphabet. Only listen to me, and thou shalt see that I have it by heart. He is, as well as I can see, and as well as I can judge, Amorous, Bountiful, Courteous, Discreet, Eager, Faithful, Grateful, Honourable, Illustrious, Kind, Loyal, Mettlesome, Noble, Open, Princely, Quick, Rich; the S, as it is said, and then Tender, Valiant, Warm; the X squares not with him, for it is a harsh letter; the Y, he is young; the Z, zealous of your honour.'

"Camilla laughed at her maid's A B C, and took her to be more expert in matters of love than she had believed; and, indeed, she confessed it, revealing to Camilla how that she had a love affair with a young man of good birth in the city. At which Camilla was much disturbed, dreading that this was the road by which her honour might run into danger; and she pressed her to say whether this converse had gone farther.

"She, with no shame and much effrontery, answered that it had; for it is certain that the errors of the mistresses take all shame from their servants, who, when they see their mistress trip, make nothing of stumbling themselves and letting it be known. Camilla could do nothing else but beseech Leonela not to tell of her affair to him who, she said, was her lover, and to manage her own secretly, that it might not come to the knowledge of either Anselmo or Lothario. Leonela

answered that she would do so; but she kept her promise in such manner as to confirm Camilla's fears that through her she would lose her reputation. For the bold and wanton Leonela, when she found that her mistress's conduct was not what it used to be, had the effrontery to introduce and lodge her lover within the house, being confident that, though her mistress saw him, she would not dare to betray him. For this mischief, amongst others, the sins of the mistresses bring upon themselves, that they become the slaves of their own servants, and are obliged to screen their frailties and vices.

"Thus it happened with Camilla, who, though she saw, not once but many times, that Leonela was with her gallant in a room of her house, not only dared not rebuke her, but gave her opportunities of secreting him, and took every precaution to prevent his being seen by her husband. But she could not hinder him being seen once by Lothario, when leaving the house at break of day, who, not knowing who he was, thought at first that it must be some spirit. But when he saw him walking away, muffling and cloaking himself carefully and cautiously, he fell from that silly notion into another, which would have been the ruin of them all if Camilla had not removed it. Lothario did not imagine that this man, whom he had seen come out of Anselmo's house at so unseasonable an hour, had entered therein for the sake of Leonela, nor did he remember that there was a Leonela in the world; he thought only that Camilla, in the same way that she had proved easy and light with him, had been the same

with another. Such are the consequences which the wickedness of a bad woman brings in its train, that it destroys the credit of her honour with the very man to whose prayers and persuasions she had yielded, he believing that she yields herself with even greater facility to others, and giving implicit credence to every suspicion which may come thereof. It would seem that at this moment all Lothario's good sense failed him, and that all prudent resolves were banished from his mind; for without stopping to frame one which was good or even reasonable, without more ado, impatient, and blind with the raging jealousy which inwardly consumed him, and dying to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he went straight to Anselmo before he was risen, and said—

"'Know, Anselmo, that for many days I have done battle with myself, doing violence to myself in not speaking of what it is not right or possible that I should conceal from thee. Know that Camilla's fortress has already capitulated, and is subject to all that I may please to do with it. If I have delayed in making known to thee this truth, it has been because I would first see whether it was some wanton fancy in her, or if she did it to try me and find whether the love I made to her, with thy leave, was in earnest. I believed also that were she what she ought to be, and what we both thought her, she would have before now informed thee of my suit. But seeing that she delays to do so, I conclude that the promise she has given me is a true one: that the next time thou art absent from home, she would speak to me in the

cabinet which serves thee as a wardrobe' (and indeed it was there that Camilla was wont to entertain him). 'But I would not have thee run precipitately to take thy vengeance, since the sin is not yet committed, except in thought, and it may be that between this and the time of its commission Camilla may change her mind, and repentance be awakened in its course. Since in all or in part thou hast hitherto always followed my counsels, follow and observe one which now I shall give thee, in order that without deception, and with ripe deliberation, thou mayest satisfy thyself as to what is most expedient for thee to do. Feign to absent thyself for two or three days, as thou wast wont to do before, and manage to conceal thyself in thy wardrobe—for the tapestry there, and other things with which thou canst cover thyself, offer every convenience—and there thou shalt see with thine own eyes, and I with mine, what Camilla will do; and if it be guilt, as is rather to be feared than expected, thou canst be the avenger of thy wrong, silently, cautiously, and discreetly.'

"Anselmo was amazed, confounded, and stupefied at Lothario's words; for they came upon him when he least expected to hear them, since he already regarded Camilla as victorious over the feigned assaults of Lothario, and began to enjoy the glory of her triumph. He stood silent a good while, looking on the ground without moving his eyes, and at length said—

"'Thou hast done, Lothario, what I expected of thy friendship; I must follow thy counsel in everything. Do what thou pleasest, and keep that secret which thou seest so unexpected an event requires."

"Lothario promised he would do so; but on parting from him he repented wholly of what he had said, reflecting how foolishly he had acted, since he might have revenged himself on Camilla, though in not so cruel and dishonourable a way. He cursed his folly, blamed his weak resolution, and knew not what means to take to undo what he had done, or how to contrive a decent escape. At last he resolved to tell Camilla all; and he lacked not opportunity to do so, for that same day he found her alone, and she, as soon as she saw that she could speak to him, said—

"'Friend Lothario, I have a pain at my heart, which oppresses me so that I think it will burst my bosom, and it will be a marvel if it does not, since the shamefulness of Leonela is such that she admits a lover every night into this house, and she is with him till daybreak, so much at the expense of my reputation as to expose it to be condemned by any who should see him come out of my house at such unusual hours; and what afflicts me is that I cannot chastise or rebuke her, she being privy to our proceedings, which puts a bridle on my tongue, obliging me to be silent about hers, and I am afraid that from this some harm will come.'

"At first, when Camilla said this, Lothario believed it to be some artifice to delude him into the notion that the man he had seen come out was Leonela's lover, and not her own; but seeing that she wept and was afflicted, and sought his help, he came to know the truth, and on knowing it was filled with confusion and penitence. But, withal, he replied to Camilla

that she was not to make herself uneasy, for he would devise means for restraining Leonela's impudence. He told her also of what, instigated by the furious rage of jealousy, he had said to Anselmo, and how it was agreed that he should be hidden in the wardrobe, to be an eye-witness of her disloyalty. He besought her pardon for this madness, and her advice, in order to remedy it and extricate them out of such a tortuous labyrinth as that into which his little prudence had brought them.

"Camilla was alarmed at hearing what Lothario said, and with much anger and many just reproaches rebuked him for his evil thoughts, and for the foolish and base resolution he had taken. But as woman has by nature a readier wit, for good or for ill, than man, though it often fails her when she sets herself to reason deliberately, Camilla thereupon instantly hit upon a way of remedying that apparently irremediable business. She told Lothario that he should try to hide Anselmo the next day where he had proposed, for out of this hiding she designed to derive an advantage by which henceforth they two might enjoy themselves without any fear of surprise. Not wishing to reveal to him the whole of her plan, she instructed him that when Anselmo should be hidden, he should take care to come when Leonela called him, and that to whatever she said he should answer as he would if he did not know that Anselmo was listening. Lothario urged her to explain to him her entire scheme, that he might with greater safety and caution observe whatever he might find to be necessary.

"'I tell thee,' said Camilla, 'that thou hast no more to observe, but only to answer me as I shall question thee.'

"Camilla was unwilling to tell him beforehand what she intended to do, being afraid that he might not follow the plan which seemed to her so good, but look out for others which might be less excellent.

"With that, Lothario went his way; and the next day Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's country seat, set out, but returned and hid himself, which he could do conveniently, as Camilla and Leonela had purposely given him opportunity. Anselmo being now hidden, with all that anxiety of mind which one may be conceived to have who expects to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour ripped up, found himself on the point of losing the supreme good which he deemed he possessed in his beloved Camilla. She and Leonela, being certain and assured that Anselmo was in hiding, entered the cabinet; and scarce had she set her foot within, when Camilla, heaving a great sigh, said—

"'Ah, dear Leonela, were it not better, before I put in execution that which I would not have you know, lest you seek to prevent it, that you take Anselmo's dagger, which I have sought of you, and pierce with it this infamous breast of mine? But do not so, for it would not be right of me to bear the punishment of another's fault. I would first know what the bold, licentious eyes of Lothario saw in me that should have given him the daring to declare to me so base a passion as that which

he has discovered to me, to the prejudice of his friend and to my dishonour. Go to the window, Leonela, and call him; for doubtless he is in the street, waiting to carry out his evil purpose. But first I will carry out mine, as cruel as it is honourable.'

"'Ah, my lady,' answered the wary and well-tutored Leonela, 'what is it you would do with that dagger? Would you take, perchance, your own life, or would you take Lothario's? Whichever of these things you do must redound to the ruin of your credit and good name. It is better that you should dissemble your wrong, and not give that bad man an opportunity now of coming into this house and finding us alone. Consider, my lady, that we are weak women, and he a man, and a determined; and since he comes upon that wicked design, blinded with passion, perhaps before you can execute yours, he will do what would be worse for you than losing your life. Evil betake my master Anselmo for having allowed this malapert such a footing in his house! But if you should kill him, my lady, as I think you wish to do, what shall we do with him after he is dead?'

"'What shall we do?' replied Camilla. 'We will leave him for Anselmo to bury; for it is just that he should have for a recreation the toil he will incur of putting under the ground his own infamy. Call him at once; for, all the time I delay in taking due vengeance of my wrongs, methinks I offend against the loyalty which I owe to my husband.'

"All this Anselmo overheard, and at every word that Camilla uttered his thoughts changed. But when

he understood that she was resolved to kill Lothario, he wished to come out and discover himself, that such a thing might not be done; but he was restrained by the desire of seeing where so courageous and virtuous a resolution might end, being determined to sally forth in time to prevent it.

"And now Camilla was seized with a violent fainting fit, and Leonela, laying her upon a bed which was there, began to weep very bitterly, and to say, 'Ah! woe is me! were I so unhappy that thou shouldst die between my arms, the flower of the world's chastity, the crown of good wives, the pattern of virtue!' with other such-like expressions, which if any heard her he would have taken her for the most tender and faithful damsel in the world, and her mistress for another new and persecuted Penelope. Camilla in a little while recovered from her swoon, and, coming to herself, cried—

"'Why go you not, Leonela, to bring that most disloyal of friends which the sun ever saw, or the night ever screened? Quick; run, haste, fly! Let not the fire of the rage which I feel be quenched by delay, and the just vengeance I await pass off in menaces and curses.'

"'I go to call him, my lady,' said Leonela; 'but you must first of all give me that dagger, lest, while I am away, you do a thing with it which should make all those who dearly love you weep all their lives long.'

"'Fear not, friend Leonela; I will not do so,' answered Camilla. 'For although I may be bold and

rash, to thy seeming, in the keeping of mine honour, I shall not be so much as that Lucretia, of whom they tell that she slew herself without having committed any fault, before having first slain him who was guilty of her dishonour. I will die, if I am to die, but I will be satisfied and avenged on him who has caused me to come to this pass, to bewail his insolences, begotten of no fault of mine.'

"Leonela had to be much entreated before she would go out to call Lothario, but at last she went away; and while awaiting her return, Camilla said, as though speaking to herself, 'God help me! Would it not have been more prudent to have dismissed Lothario, as at many other times I have done, rather than to give him occasion—as I have now—to take me for immodest and wicked, at least for the time during which I must delay his undeceiving? Doubtless it would have been better; but then I should not be revenged, nor the honour of my husband satisfied, if he came off so smoothly and safely from the pass whither his evil desires led him. Let the traitor pay with his life for that which out of lewd passion he attempted. Let the world know (if by chance it shall come to know it) that Camilla not only preserved her loyalty for her husband, but gave him vengeance on the man who dared to offend him. And yet, perhaps, methinks it would be better to tell Anselmo of this, though I have already given him a hint of it in the letter which I wrote to him in the country; and I imagine his not hastening to remedy the mischief I therein pointed out must be that, from

pure goodness and trustfulness, he would not and could not believe that in the breast of so firm a friend could be harboured any kind of thought to his dishonour. Even I myself did not believe it, till after many days; nor would I ever have believed it, if his insolence had not reached so high that his manifest bribes, his large promises, and continual tears had made it clear to me. But why do I hold this parley with myself? Is it that a brave resolve has need of any counsel? No, assuredly. Avaunt, then, traitors! come vengeance! Let the false one approach; let him come; let him enter; let him die; let him end, and happen what may. Pure I came into the possession of him whom Heaven gave me for my own, and pure I go from him, even though I go bathed in my chaste and his impure blood, who is the falsest friend that ever amity saw in the world.' Saying this, she stalked across the room with the dagger unsheathed, taking such disordered and outrageous strides, and making such gestures, that she seemed like one bereft of reason, and not a delicate woman, but a raging bully.

"All this Anselmo beheld, covered behind some tapestries where he had hidden himself, and was amazed; and it now appeared to him that what he had seen and heard was proof enough to banish even greater suspicions than his, and he could have wished that the trial of Lothario's coming might be excused, being fearful of some sudden disaster.

"He was at the point of discovering himself, and rushing out to embrace and undeceive his wife, when

he was stopped on seeing Leonela return, leading Lothario by the hand. As soon as Camilla saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line on the floor before her, and said—

"'Lothario, take note of what I tell you. If by chance you dare to pass this line which you see, or even come up to it, at the moment that I see your intent, in that same I will plunge in my breast this dagger which I hold in my hand; and before you reply to me by a word, I would have you listen to a few words from me, and then you may answer as you please. First, Lothario, I would have you tell me if you know Anselmo my husband, and in what esteem you hold him. Secondly, I would learn, also, whether you know me. Answer me this, nor trouble yourself, nor think long of what you have to say, for these are no riddles I propose to you.'

"Lothario was not so dull but that from the moment Camilla advised him to make Anselmo hide himself, he guessed what was the part she intended to play, and therefore fell into her design so aptly and cleverly, as that the two made that fiction to pass for something more than the very truth; and so he answered Camilla after this manner—

"'I did not think, beauteous Camilla, that you summoned me to make question of things so wide of the purpose for which I am come. If you do it to postpone the promised favour, you might have put me off when I was further from you; for the desired boon torments us the more as the hope of possessing it comes nearer. But that you may not say that I do

not answer your questions, I reply that I do know your husband Anselmo, and we two have known each other from our tenderest years. I would say nothing of what you know so well—of our friendship—that I may not make myself a witness of the wrong which love compels me to do him, that potent excuse for the greatest faults. You also I know, and rate as high as he does; and were it not so, for lesser charms than yours would I not have acted so contrary to my duty, being what I am, and contrary to the sacred laws of true friendship, now through me broken and violated by that powerful enemy, love.'

"'If that be your confession,' replied Camilla, 'O mortal enemy of all that is justly worthy being beloved, with what face do you dare to appear before her whom you know to be the mirror in which he beholds himself, in which you also ought to have looked that you might see with what little cause you wrong him? But now, unhappy me! I bethink me, alas! of what has made you so heedless of what you owe to yourself. It must have been some levity of mine, for I will not call it immodesty, since it could not proceed from deliberate design, but from one of those indiscretions into which women are wont to fall when, inadvertently, they think there is no occasion for reserve. But tell me, O traitor, when did I respond to your solicitations with any word or sign which could awaken in you any show of hope of accomplishing your infamous desires? when were not your words of love repelled and rebuked by mine with rigour and asperity? when were your many promises and greater gifts believed or accepted by me?

But, forasmuch as it seems to me that no one can persevere for long in an amorous suit, if he be not sustained by some hope, I would attribute to myself the blame of your impertinence, since doubtless some inadvertency of mine has supported so long your presumption; and therefore I would punish myself, and take the blame which your offence deserves. And that you might see that, being so cruel to myself, it was not possible to be other than cruel to you, I wish to bring you to be a witness of the sacrifice which I intend to make to the wounded honour of my noble husband, injured by you with all possible deliberation, and by me also with the little reserve that I have maintained in not shunning the occasion, if I gave you any, of favouring and authorizing your base intentions. Again I say that the suspicion I have that some carelessness of mine has bred in you these lawless thoughts is what troubles me most, and what I most desire to punish with my own hands; for should there be any other executioner, my fault, perhaps, would be more public. But before I do this, I, dying, will kill and carry with me him who shall fully satisfy the desire of vengeance which I hope for and have, seeing there, wherever it may be, the punishment which inflexible and unbending justice shall bestow on him who has reduced me to so desperate a strait.'

"Uttering these words, she flew at Lothario with incredible force and swiftness with the naked dagger, with such an appearance of wishing to pierce him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt whether these demonstrations were feigned or real, for he was forced

to avail himself of all his skill and strength to prevent Camilla stabbing him. She acted that strange imposture and counterfeit so much to the life, that to give it a colour of truth she would stain it with her own blood; for seeing that she could not wound Lothario, or feigning that she could not, she cried—

"'Since fortune wills not that the whole of my just desires shall be satisfied, at least it shall not avail to deprive me of satisfaction in part.'

"Putting forth her strength, she freed her dagger-hand, which Lothario had held fast, and directing the point to where it might wound her but slightly, she pierced herself near to the left armpit, where also she left the weapon concealed, and then let herself fall on the floor as in a swoon.

"Leonela and Lothario stood amazed and confounded at this event, still doubtful whether the deed was real or not, seeing Camilla stretched on the floor and bathed in her blood. Lothario ran up hastily, frightened and breathless, to snatch out the dagger; but seeing the slight wound, he lost the fear which till then possessed him, and admired afresh the sagacity, prudence, and great address of the fair Camilla. Proceeding to act the part which belonged to him, he began to make long and doleful laments over Camilla's body, as if she were dead, pouring forth many imprecations, not only on himself, but on him who had been the cause of that catastrophe; and, knowing that his friend Anselmo was listening, he said such things as that he that overheard them would have felt more pity for him than for Camilla, although she were accounted dead.

"Leonela took her mistress in her arms, and placed her on the bed, beseeching Lothario to go out in search of some one to heal her in secret. She asked him also for his opinion and advice as to what they should say to Anselmo of her mistress's wound, if he should chance to come back before she was cured. He answered that they might say what they pleased, for he was not fit to give counsel that would be of any use; he bade her only to try to stanch the blood, for he himself would go where men should see him no more; and, with a great show of emotion and sorrow, he left the house. When he found himself alone where no one could see him, he ceased not to cross himself in wonder at the artfulness of Camilla and her happy acting. He thought how assured Anselmo must be that he had for wife a second Portia,[3] and longed to meet him, that they might both celebrate together the lie and the best dissembled truth that could ever be imagined.

"Leonela, as she had been told, stanched her mistress's blood, which was no more than enough to accredit her stratagem; and washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up as best she could, uttering such exclamations while dressing it as, had there been nothing before, would have sufficed to make Anselmo believe that he possessed in Camilla the image of chastity. To the words of Leonela were added others of Camilla, calling herself coward and poor of spirit, since she had lacked it at the time of her greatest need to deprive herself of the life so abhorred. She asked her maid's advice whether she should tell all that had

happened to her beloved husband or not. Leonela persuaded her not to do so, because it would put him to the obligation of avenging himself on Lothario, which he could not do without great risk to himself, and that the good wife was bound not to give her husband occasion to quarrel, but rather to prevent as many quarrels as she could. Camilla replied that her opinion seemed good, and that she would follow it, but that, at all events, it was necessary to find something to say to Anselmo about the cause of her wound, for he could not fail to see it; to which Leonela answered that she did not know how to lie, even in jest.

"'Well, then, child, how should I know,' said Camilla, 'who dare not forge or maintain a lie if my life were on it? And if we know not how to come out of this affair, it were better to tell him the naked truth, than for him to catch me in a lying tale.'

"'Have no care, my lady; between this and to-morrow,' answered Leonela, 'I will consider what we will say; and perhaps the wound, being where it is, may be hidden, so that he shall not see it, and Heaven may be pleased to favour our just and honourable intentions. Calm yourself, dear lady, and compose your spirits, so that my master may not find you in this agitation; and, for the rest, leave it to my charge and God's, who always helps an honest purpose.'

"Anselmo had stood hearing and beholding represented, with the greatest attention, the tragedy of the death of his honour, which the actors in it performed with such strange and lively passion, as it seemed that

they had been transformed into the reality of what they feigned. He longed greatly for the night, and to have an opportunity of leaving his house and going to meet his good friend Lothario, to rejoice together over the precious pearl he had found in the unmasking of his wife's virtue. They both took care to afford him the opportunity and means of going out; and he, taking advantage thereof, departed, and went at once in search of Lothario. Having found him, it is not possible to recount the number of embraces he gave him, the things which, in his delight, he told him, and the praises which he lavished upon Camilla; to all of which Lothario listened without being able to show any signs of gladness, for he reflected in his mind how greatly his friend was deceived, and how cruelly he had wronged him.

"Although Anselmo perceived that Lothario did not express any joy, he believed it was because Camilla had been wounded, and he had been the occasion of it; therefore, among other things, he told him not to be troubled about Camilla's accident, for doubtless the wound was slight, since they had agreed to hide it from him, and, accordingly, he had nothing to fear, and thenceforth should rejoice and be glad with him, since it was through his means and contriving that he was lifted to the highest felicity which he could wish to attain; and he would that they had no other pastime than to make verses in praise of Camilla, which should make her memory eternal to all coming ages. Lothario commended his good resolution, and said that he, for his part, would help to raise so noble an edifice.

"After this, Anselmo remained the man most delicately cheated which there could be in the world. He himself led by the hand to his house, believing that he was conducting the instrument of his glory, him who was wholly the destroyer of his good name; Camilla receiving him with a countenance seemingly frowning, although with a smiling heart. This fraud lasted some time, until at the end of a few months fortune turned her wheel, and the wickedness, till then so artfully guarded, was published to the world, and his over curious prying cost Anselmo his life."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXIV.

Note 1, *page* 121.

Looks more to his own pleasure, than to what concerns you. The novel of the *Impertinent Pry* was dramatized by Guillen de Castro, who changes the plot and final issue of Cervantes, while he does not scruple to make use of his thoughts, and even his words, giving *in extenso*, for example, the letter with which this chapter opens.—See Act ii. The author of the *Don Quixote* was the writer most quoted of any in his own day, and his was the best-robbed orchard of all living men. Castro stole his apples in open sunshine; Avellaneda tried to steal his title; and the grand Lope, not content with what he could put in his pocket, carried off, by the help of others, whole basketfuls of the choicest fruits, which he proceeded to sell in the Madrid market-place.

Note 2, *page* 130.

The four S's. Sabio, solo, solicito, secreto (Sage, single, solicitous, secret).

> *Sabio en servir, y nunca descuydado,*
> *Solo en amar, y en otra alma no sujecto,*
> *Solicito en buscar sus desengaños,*
> *Secreto en sus favores y en sus daños.*
> *Luis Barahona de Soto*, iv. 14.

which may be translated thus :—

> *Sage in devotion, ever stanch and brave,*
> *Single in loving, to none else a slave,*
> *Solicitous to woo, whate'er the cost,*
> *Secret when favoured, and the like when crossed.*

Note 3, *page* 145.

He had for wife a second Portia. As Shakespeare has given us the sum of Portia's character, we will quote his words :—

> Portia. *I grant I am a woman; but, withal,*
> *A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:*
> *I grant I am a woman; but, withal,*
> *A woman well-reputed—Cato's daughter.*
> *Think you I am no stronger than my sex,*
> *Being so father'd, and so husbanded?*
> *Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:*
> *I have made strong proof of my constancy,*
> *Giving myself a voluntary wound*
> *Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,*
> *And not my husband's secrets?"*
>
> *Julius Cæsar*, Act ii. sc. 1.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEREIN IS ENDED THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT PRY, AND WHICH TREATS OF THE BRAVE AND WONDERFUL BATTLE WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAGED WITH CERTAIN SKINS OF RED WINE.[1]

THERE remained but little more of the novel to read, when from the garret, where Don Quixote lay, Sancho rushed out all in a fright, crying at the top of his voice, "Run, sirs, quick, and help my master, who is in the thick of the fiercest, strongest battle my eyes have ever seen. God for ever! he has dealt such a cut on the giant, the enemy of the lady Princess Micomicona, that he has sliced his head clean off, like a turnip."

"What sayest thou, brother?" cried the priest, leaving off reading what remained of the novel. "Art in thy senses, Sancho? How the devil can that be which thou sayest, the giant being two thousand leagues from here?"

Upon this they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote shouting aloud, "Hold, thief! scoundrel! rogue! for I have thee here, and thy scimitar shall not avail thee;" and it seemed as if he dealt great blows against the walls.

Quoth Sancho, "You have not to stand there listening, but go in and part the fray, or help my master; although now there will be no need, for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life. For I saw his blood run all about the floor, and the head cut off and fallen to one side, which is the size of a big wine-skin."

"May I die," here exclaimed the innkeeper, "if Don Quixote or Don Devil has not given a cut to one of the skins of red wine which hung full at his bed's head, and the wine that is spilt must be what this fellow takes for blood!"

And with that he ran into the room, and they all after him, and found Don Quixote in the strangest guise in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not so ample in front as fully to cover his thighs, and behind it was six inches shorter; his legs were very long and thin, covered with hair, and not over clean; he had on his head a little, greasy, red cap which belonged to the innkeeper; over his left arm he had folded the bed-quilt (against which Sancho bore a grudge, and he very well knew why), and in his right hand he had a drawn sword, with which he was cutting and slashing on all sides, uttering words as if he were verily fighting with some giant. And the best of it was that his eyes were not open, for he was asleep, dreaming that he was in battle with the giant. For his imagination was so intent upon the adventure which he was going to achieve, that it made him dream that, already arrived at the kingdom

of Micomicon, he was in conflict with his foe; and he had given so many cuts in the skins, fancying that he was dealing them on the giant, that the whole room was full of wine. The innkeeper, seeing this, flew into such a rage that he ran at Don Quixote, and with his clenched fists began to give him so many blows that, if Cardenio and the priest had not taken him off, he would have ended the war with the giant. Nevertheless, the poor knight awoke not until the barber brought a large pan of cold water from the well, and dashed it over his whole body, which awoke Don Quixote, but not so completely as to make him sensible of the plight he was in.

Dorothea, seeing how lightly and scantily he was arrayed, cared not to go in to witness the battle between her champion and his adversary. Sancho went searching all about the floor for the giant's head. Not finding it, he cried—

"Now do I know that everything about this house is enchantment, for the time before, in this very place where I find myself at present, they gave me many blows and buffets without my knowing where they came from, for I could never see a soul. And now this head is gone from where I saw it cut off with my very eyes; and the blood ran out of the body as from a fountain——"

"What blood and what fountain art talking of, thou enemy of God and of his saints?" exclaimed the innkeeper. "Seest thou not, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing else than these skins which are ripped open here, and the red wine which

floats about this room? May I see his soul floating in hell who ripped them open!"

"I know nothing," replied Sancho, "but only this, that I shall come to be so unlucky, through want of finding this head, that my earldom will vanish from me like salt in water." And Sancho awake was worse than his master sleeping, so much was he possessed by the promises which his master had made him.

The innkeeper was at his wits' end at seeing the stolidity of the squire and the mischief done by the master, and swore that it should not be as on the former occasion, when they went off without paying; that now the privileges of chivalry should not avail to excuse him from paying either the one or the other reckoning, even to the cost of the buttons which had been torn off from the demolished wine-skins.

The priest was holding Don Quixote by the hands, who, believing that he had now finished the adventure, and that he found himself in the presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before the priest, and said—

"Well may your greatness, exalted and beauteous lady, live more secure from this day forth, without this misbegotten creature being able to do you harm; and I also am from this day free from the pledge I gave you, since, by the help of the most high God, and through her favour by whom I live and breathe, I have so well redeemed it."

"Did I not tell you so?" quoth Sancho, hearing this. "Yea, for I was not drunk. See if my master has not salted down the giant now. The bulls are safe; my earldom is pat to hand."

Who could help laughing at the follies of the two, master and servant? All laughed, except the innkeeper, who wished himself at the devil; but at length the barber, Cardenio, and the priest so busied themselves that, with no little trouble, they got Don Quixote to bed, who was left sleeping with signs of the greatest fatigue. They let him sleep, and went out to the inn door to console Sancho Panza for not having found the giant's head, although they had more to do in appeasing the innkeeper, who was in despair at the sudden death of his wine-skins.

The hostess said, whimpering and crying, "In an evil moment and in a fatal hour came this knight-errant into my house! Would that mine eyes had never seen him, since he has cost me so dear! The time before he went off owing the night's score for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself and for his squire, and his horse and his ass, saying that he was a knight-adventurer (God send him bad luck, and as many adventurers as there are in the world!), and that therefore he was not bound to pay for anything, for so it was written in the knight-errantry tariff; and now on his account there comes this other gentleman, and carries off my tail, and returns it to me with more than a pennyworth of damage, with all the hair off, which can no more serve for what my husband wants it; and to finish and cap it all, to burst my skins and let out my wine (which may I see his blood let out in like manner!). Let him not think it; for, by the bones of my father and the soul of my mother, if they have not to pay me every farthing down upon the nail, I

will not call myself what I call me, or be his daughter whose I am."

These and other such words spoke the innkeeper's wife with great anger, and was seconded by her good maid Maritornes. The daughter held her peace, and now and then smiled. The priest quelled the storm, promising to satisfy them for their loss as best he could, as well of the skins as of the wine, especially for the damage to the tail, of which they made so much account. Dorothea consoled Sancho Panza, telling him that as soon as ever it should appear to be true that his master had cut off the giant's head, she could promise that upon finding herself settled in her kingdom, she would give him the best earldom there might be there. Sancho was comforted with this; averred to the princess that she might take it for certain that he had seen the giant's head, and more by token that it had a beard which reached to his girdle; and if it were not found, it was because everything that passed in that house went by enchantment, as he had proved the last time he had lodged there. Dorothea said she believed so, and bade him be of good cheer; all would go well, and happen to his heart's content.

All being now quieted, the priest wished to finish reading the novel, for he saw there was but little left. Cardenio, Dorothea, and all the others besought him to do so; and he, willing to please them all, and for the delight he took in the reading, proceeded with the story as follows:—

"Now, it happened that, through the satisfaction which Anselmo took in the virtue of Camilla, he led a

contented and tranquil life, and Camilla purposely looked sour upon Lothario, that Anselmo might think the opposite of the feeling she had for him; and the more to give greater colour to her scheme, Lothario prayed for leave to absent himself from Anselmo's house, for the displeasure which Camilla took at sight of him was clearly visible. But the infatuated Anselmo told him that he would not by any means consent thereto; and in this manner was Anselmo by a thousand ways the artificer of his own dishonour, while believing that he was so of his happiness.

"At this time the pleasure which Leonela had, in finding herself licensed in her amours, reached to such a point that, without looking at anything else, she pursued it with a loose rein, being confident that the lady would screen her, and even advise her how she might accomplish her desires with the least suspicion. One night, at last, Anselmo heard steps in Leonela's chamber, and desiring to go in and see who it was, found the door fastened against him, which made him more determined to enter; and he used such force that he opened it, and entered just in time to see a man leap from the window into the street; and running hastily, to lay hold of him or to see who he was, could do neither, for Leonela clung around him, saying—

"'Calm yourself, my lord, and make no disturbance, nor pursue him who has leaped out from here. It is my affair; indeed, he is my husband.'

"Anselmo would not believe her, but, blind with rage, drew his dagger and would have struck Leonela, commanding her to tell him the truth or he would slay her.

"She, in a fright, not knowing what she said, cried, 'Do not kill me, sir; I will tell you things of more importance than you can imagine.'

"'Tell me, then, at once,' exclaimed Anselmo, 'if you would not be a dead woman.'

"'It will be impossible just now,' said Leonela; 'I am so confused. Spare me till to-morrow, for then you shall know from me what will surprise you; and be assured that he who leaped from this window is a young man of this city, who has plighted his word to be my husband.'

"Anselmo was appeased by this, and was content to wait the time she asked for, not thinking to hear anything which should be against Camilla, through being so satisfied and assured of her virtue; and so he went out of the room, and left Leonela locked up therein, telling her that she should not go out from it until she had told him what she had to confess. He went immediately and saw Camilla, and told her all that had passeb between him and her maid, and the promise she had given him of speaking of great and important matters. Whether Camilla was disturbed or not, it is needless to say, so great was the fear that seized her. Verily believing, as well she might, that Leonela would tell Anselmo all she knew of her infidelity, she had not courage to wait to see if her suspicion were true or false; and the same night, when she perceived that Anselmo was asleep, she collected all her best jewels and some money, and, without being observed by any one, fled from her home and went to Lothario's; and she told him all that had

passed, and besought him either to take her to some safe place, or that they both should fly to where they might be secure from Anselmo.

"The confusion into which Camilla threw Lothario was such that he could not answer her a word, much less could he make up his mind what to do. At last he proposed to take Camilla to a nunnery, whereof a sister of his was prioress. Camilla consented to this; and, with all the haste which the circumstances required, he conveyed her thither, and left her in the convent, and he himself also quitted the city without delay, telling no one of his departure.

"When the day broke, Anselmo, without noting that Camilla was missing from his side, full of the desire he had to learn what Leonela would tell him, rose and went to where he had left her locked up. He opened the chamber door, but found no Leonela there, only some sheets fastened to the window—token and sign that she had descended thence and fled. He returned at once, full of sadness, to tell Camilla of it; and not finding her in bed, nor in all the house, he was stunned with amazement. He inquired for her of the servants of the house, but no one could answer his question. It happened by chance that, as he was searching for Camilla, he saw her coffers open, and most of her jewels missing from them; and thereupon he began to apprehend his disgrace, and that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune. And so, even as he was, only half dressed, he went, sadly and pensively, to give his friend Lothario an account of his misery. But when he found him not, and the

servants told him that their master had been missing from the house that night, and had taken with him all the money he possessed, he thought to have lost his senses; and to crown all, when he returned to his home, he found none of his servants, either man or maid, therein, but the house empty and desolate. He knew not what to think, to say, or to do; little by little his wits forsook him. He reflected, and saw himself in an instant without wife, without friend, without servants, abandoned, as he thought, by the heaven which covered him, and, above all, bereft of honour—for in the flight of Camilla he saw his perdition. He resolved at last, after a great while, to go away to his friend's country house, where he had been when he gave the opportunity for all that disaster he had plotted. He locked up his home, mounted his horse, and, with broken strength, set forth on his road. Scarce had he gone halfway, when, overpowered by his thoughts, he was compelled to dismount and tie up his horse to a tree, at the foot of which he lay down, giving vent to pathetic and doleful sighs; and there he remained till almost nightfall, when he saw a man coming on horseback from the city, and having saluted him, inquired what tidings from Florence.

"The traveller replied, 'The strangest which for many days has been heard in it, for it is publicly reported that Lothario, the great friend of Anselmo the rich, who lived near San Giovane, has this night carried off Camilla, Anselmo's wife, who also cannot be found. All this has been confessed

by a maidservant of Camilla, whom the governor found at night getting down by a sheet from a window of Anselmo's house. Indeed, I know not exactly how the affair has gone; I only know that the whole city is in astonishment at this accident, for one could not expect such a thing from the great and intimate amity of the two, which, they say, was such that they were called *The Two Friends.*'

"'Do you happen to know,' said Anselmo, 'the road which Lothario and Camilla are taking?'

"'Not in the least,' said the townsman, 'although the governor has used much diligence in seeking after them.'

"'God be with you,' cried Anselmo.

"'And with you too,' responded the townsman, and departed.

"At this dismal news Anselmo was almost brought to the point not only of losing his wits, but of ending his life. He rose as well as he was able, and arrived at his friend's house, who had not yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him come in, pale, wan, and exhausted, the other conjectured that he was oppressed by some great calamity. Anselmo begged at once to be taken to his bed, and that they should give him writing materials. They did so, and left him in bed, as he wished, and they also locked the door. Finding himself then alone, the thought of his misfortunes so burdened him that he clearly perceived, by the deadly symptoms he felt within, that his life was going to end, and so he resolved to leave an account of the cause of his strange death. He began to write;

but before he had set down all he had wished, his breath failed him, and he yielded his life into the hands of the sorrow which his impertinent curiosity had caused. The master of the house, finding it was now late, and that Anselmo did not call, determined to go in and learn if his indisposition had increased, and found him extended, his face downward, half of his body in bed and the other half on the table, whereon he lay with the written paper open, and still holding the pen in his hand.

"The master of the house, first calling him by his name, went up to him and took hold of his hand; but finding that he answered not, and was cold, he perceived he was dead. Amazed and greatly troubled, he called the people of the house to witness the sad fate which had overtaken Anselmo; coming at last to read the paper, which he knew to be in his hand-writing, he found that it contained these words:—

"*A foolish and imprudent desire has despoiled me of life. Should the news of my death reach the ears of Camilla, let her know that I pardon her; for she was not bound to perform miracles, nor did I desire that she should perform them; and seeing I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why*——

"Thus far Anselmo wrote, whence it might be surmised that at this point, without being able to finish the sentence, he ended his life. The next day his friend acquainted Anselmo's kinsmen of his death, who already knew of his misfortunes, and of Camilla's retreat to a convent, where she was almost in a state to keep her husband company in that inevitable

journey, not for the tidings of her dead husband, but for those she had heard of the absent lover.[2] It was said that though she was now a widow, she would not quit the convent, nor still less make profession of a nun. Not many days afterwards, the news arrived that Lothario was killed at a battle which, in those days, Monsieur de Lautrec[3] fought with the Great Captain Gonzalo Fernando de Cordova, in the kingdom of Naples, whither the tardy repentant friend had retired. On this becoming known to Camilla, she made profession, and in a short time yielded her life into the cruel hands of sorrow and melancholy. Such was the end of them all, sprung from a senseless beginning."

"I like this novel well,"[4] said the priest, "but I cannot persuade myself that it can be true; and if it be fiction, the author has feigned ill; for it cannot be conceived there should be a husband so silly as to desire to make so perilous an experiment as did Anselmo. Had this case been put as between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but between husband and wife, it has something in it of the impossible. But as to the style of the narration, it does not displease me."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXV.

Note 1, *page* 151.

The brave and wonderful battle which Don Quixote waged with certain skins of red wine. Pellicer was the first to point out (tom. iii. 33) that this adventure is taken from the *Golden Ass of Apulicus*, and the attentive reader will not fail to observe how closely Cervantes has followed the old Latin romance. An excellent abstract in English will be found in Dunlop's *History of Fiction.*

Note 2, *page* 163.

Of the absent lover. These words, the Spaniards of to-day observe, paint the character of Camilla as atrocious and depraved. They do not, observe these critics, in any sort correspond with the impression which she had formed on the reader's mind in the earliest portions of the tale. Camilla, in their opinion, was more weak than abandoned; which is an ill compliment to the genius of Cervantes, and his mastery over human passion.

Note 3, *page* 163.

Monsieur de Lautrec. The Great Captain Gonzalo Fernando de Cordova returned from Italy to Spain with King Fernando the Catholic, in 1507, retiring to his place in Granada, where he lived some years until his death, which took place in 1515. M. Lautrec took no part in the wars of Naples until 1527, when he commanded the French forces at the same time that the Prince of Orange commanded those of Charles V.—*Vide* Clemencin, iii. 89.

Note 4, *page* 163.

I like this novel well. This is not a unanimous opinion, while there have not been wanting those who accuse Cervantes of plagiarizing the whole from the French; the fact being that César Oudin had translated this novel into French, and published it in Paris as early as 1608, from which arose the discovery of some *curioso impertinente* that the *Impertinente Curioso* was not an original story of Cervantes.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHICH TREATS OF OTHER RARE ADVENTURES AT THE INN.

THEY were in the midst of this, when the landlord, who was standing at the inn door, cried, "Here comes a goodly troop of guests; if they stop here, we may sing O be joyful."

"What people are they?" asked Cardenio.

"Four men," answered the host, "come a-horseback, riding jennet-wise, with lances and targets and black masks; and along with them comes a woman dressed in white, on a side-saddle, her face likewise covered, and two lacqueys besides on foot."

"Are they coming very near?" asked the priest.

"So near," answered the host, "that here they are."

Hearing this, Dorothea veiled her face, and Cardenio went into Don Quixote's room. And scarcely had they time to do this, when there entered the hostelry all of whom the innkeeper had spoken; and the four on horseback, who were of gentle and distinguished mien, dismounting, went to help the lady in the side-saddle to alight, and one of them, taking her in his arms, placed her upon a chair which stood at the

entrance of the room where Cardenio had hidden himself. During all this time neither she nor they had taken off their masks or spoken a word; only the lady, when seating herself in the chair, breathed a profound sigh, and let fall her arms like a person sick and fainting. The lacqueys took the horses away to the stable. Seeing this, the priest, anxious to learn what people they were in that unwonted guise, who kept such silence, went up to the lacqueys, and asked of one of them what he desired to know, who answered him—

"I'faith, sir, I cannot tell you what folk these are. All that I know is that they seem to be people of good condition, especially he that went and took in his arms that lady whom you have seen; and this I say because all the rest hold him in respect, and do nothing else but what he orders and directs."

"Who is the lady?" asked the priest.

"I can tell you that neither," answered the man, "for during all the journey I have not seen her face. I have often heard her sigh, indeed, and utter groans, with every one of which it would seem that she must give up the ghost. And it is not to be wondered at that we know no more than what we have said, for it is no more than two days that my companion and I have been waiting on them; for they met us on the road, and begged and persuaded us to come with them as far as Andalucia, offering to pay us well."

"Have you heard the name of any of them?" inquired the priest.

"No, surely," answered the lacquey; "they all

travel in such silence that it is a marvel. For nothing is heard among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity; and it is our firm belief that she goes against her will, wherever she may be going; and by what can be gathered from her dress, she is a nun, or going to be one—which is the most likely—and perhaps it is because her taking the veil does not come of her own choice that she goes thus sadly."

"It may be so," said the priest; and, quitting them, he returned to Dorothea, who, when she heard the disguised lady sigh, moved by natural pity, went up to her and said—

"What ails you, dear lady? Bethink you, if it is anything which women are practised and experienced in relieving, that I, on my part, offer to serve you with all good will?"

To all this the afflicted lady answered nothing; and although Dorothea again pressed her with greater attentions still, she remained in her silence, until the muffled cavalier came up (whom the lacquey had said the others obeyed) and said to Dorothea—

"Trouble not yourself, lady, to offer anything to this woman, for it is her habit not to be grateful for anything which is done for her; nor try to get an answer from her, if you would not hear some lie out of her mouth."

"I have never told one," here exclaimed she who till then had preserved silence; "rather, through being so truthful and so free from lying schemes, I find myself in this hard fortune. And of this you know

that yourself are witness, since my pure truth it is which makes you false and a liar."

These words Cardenio heard very clearly and distinctly, for he was near her who uttered them, only the door of Don Quixote's chamber standing between; and as soon as he heard them, raising his voice aloud, he cried—

"For God's love, what is this I hear? What voice is this which has struck my ears?"

At this exclamation the lady turned her head, all astonished, not seeing who it was who uttered it; rose to her feet, and was going into the room.

The cavalier, observing this, stopped her, and would not let her move a step.

She, in her confusion and unrest, let fall the taffeta which covered her face, and discovered a beauty incomparable, and a face miraculous, although wan and pale; for her wandering eyes scanned every part within range of her vision, and so eagerly that she seemed like a person bereft of reason; which sad signs, without knowing what produced them, struck Dorothea and the rest with great grief.

Meanwhile the cavalier seized her very firmly by the shoulders, and through being so busied in holding her, he could not restore her mask, nor keep his own from falling off; and Dorothea, who was attending the lady, raising her eyes, saw that he who held the fair one in his arms was her husband, Don Fernando! Scarcely had she discovered who he was, than, heaving from the bottom of her heart a long and most pitiful *Alas!* she fell backwards in a swoon, and had not the

barber been at hand and caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The priest ran at once to take off the veil, and to sprinkle water on her face, which, as soon as it was uncovered, Don Fernando—for it was he who was then embracing the other—recognized, and he became like a dead man on beholding her. But not for all that would he release Lucinda, for it was she who was struggling to free herself from his grasp; since she had known Cardenio's voice in his exclamation, and he had known hers. Cardenio likewise heard Dorothea's *Alas!* when she fell fainting, and believing it to be Lucinda, rushed from the room, aghast; and the first he saw was Don Fernando, who held Lucinda in his embrace. At a glance Don Fernando knew Cardenio, and all the three—Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea—stood dumb, and wondered, hardly knowing what had befallen them. They were all silent, and stood gazing on each other—Dorothea on Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio, Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda on Cardenio; but she who first broke silence was Lucinda, speaking to Don Fernando in this manner—

"Leave me, sir Don Fernando, by that which thou owest to thyself, since thou wilt not for other reasons—leave me, that I may cling to the wall whose ivy I am, to the prop from which neither thy importunities, thy threats, thy promises, nor thy gifts could part me. Mark how Heaven, by unused and to us concealed ways, hath set before me my true husband; and well thou knowest, by a thousand costly trials, that death only is able to blot him from my

memory. Let, then, these plain undeceivings (since thou art now powerless for aught else) turn thy love into rage, thy good will into despair, and therewith end me my life; for if I may render it up before him, my good husband, I will hold it well employed. Perhaps with my death he may be satisfied of the faith I have kept with him to the last moment of life."

By this time Dorothea had come to herself, and had listened to all the words which Lucinda spake, by which she came to know who she was; and seeing that Don Fernando would not even free her from his arms, nor respond to her words, she, struggling as best she could, arose, and throwing herself on her knees at his feet, shedding an abundance of lovely and pitiful tears, began to say thus:—

"If it be not, dear lord, that the beams of this sun which thou holdest eclipsed in thine arms do now darken those of thine eyes, thou mightest by this time have seen that she who kneels at thy feet is the hapless and, until it shall please thee, the wretched Dorothea. I am that humble country girl whom thou, of thy bounty or for thy pleasure, didst deign to raise to the height of the power to call herself thine own. I am she who, withdrawn within the limits of honesty, lived a happy life, until, at the voice of thy importunities and thy seeming just and amorous feelings, she opened the gates of wariness and rendered up the keys of her liberty—a gift by thee but ill requited, as is clearly shown by being driven to the place where thou hast found me, and I forced to behold thee after the manner I see thee now. Yet, for all this, I would not that thou

shouldst imagine that I have come here at the instance of my dishonour; I have been brought hither solely by the grief and pain of finding myself forgotten of thee. It was thy desire that I should be thine; and after such sort didst thou wish it, as that, although now thou wouldst wish it were not so, it is not possible that thou shouldst cease to be mine. Know, my lord, that the incomparable affection I bear thee may be a recompense for the beauty and nobility for which thou dost forsake me. Thou canst not be the beautiful Lucinda's, for thou art mine; nor can she be thine, because she is Cardenio's; and more easy shall it fall, if thou wilt well consider, to bend thy will to her who adores thee, than to try to gain her affection who abhors thee. Thou didst solicit my carelessness, thou imploredst my integrity, thou wast not ignorant of my quality; well thou knowest after what manner I delivered myself up to all thy will, and there remains not to thee nor place nor room to call it a fraud. If this be so, as it is, and thou be as much a Christian as a gentleman, why, by so many tortuous ways, dost thou delay to make me happy in the end, as thou madest me in the beginning? And if thou wilt not have me for what I am, being thy true and lawful spouse, take me, at least, and admit me as thy slave; for, so that I be in thy power, will I hold myself happy and right fortunate. Do not allow, by leaving and forsaking me, that they go mouthing abroad my dishonour. Do not give so evil an old age to my parents, for their loyal services do not deserve to be so requited, who have ever been good vassals of

thine. And if it appears to thee that thou must humble thy blood by mixing it with mine, consider how little there be, or none, of any nobility in the world which hath not run by this road, and that that which is taken from the woman's side is not the occasion of illustrious descents; how much more, since true nobility consists in virtue, and that this is lacking in thee, if thou deniest to me that which thou owest me so justly, shall I remain with more vantage of nobility than that which is held of thee? To conclude, my lord, that which I will lastly say is this: that, whether thou wilt or wilt not, I am thy wife. The witnesses are thy words, which neither should nor ought to lie, if now thou prizest that for which thou despisest me. Witness shall be thy name, which thou didst write; and Heaven itself shall be witness, whom thou didst call to witness that which thou didst promise me; and, if all this should fail, thy conscience shall not fail to use clamours in the midst of thy joys, and, drowning them, bring back the truth I have told thee, to disturb thee in thy greatest pleasures and enjoyments."

These and other reasons did the afflicted Dorothea use, with so much feeling and so many tears, that the very people who came with Don Fernando, and as many as were present, shared them with her.

Don Fernando listened to her without replying a word, until she had ended her words, and began so many sighs and sobbings, that the heart that could regard so many signs of sorrow without being softened must have been a heart of brass.

Lucinda stood beholding her with no less of pity for her sorrow, than of admiration for her great discretion and beauty; and she would have drawn near to her to speak some words of comfort, but the arms of Don Fernando would not permit her, so fast did he bind her. He being full of confusion and alarm, at the end of a good space, the while attentively beholding Dorothea, he opened his arms, leaving Lucinda free, and said—

"Thou hast conquered, beautiful Dorothea; thou hast conquered; for it is not possible to deny so many truths together."

With the faintness which Lucinda had, being left free of Don Fernando's embrace, she would have fallen to the ground, but for Cardenio being there, who had taken his place behind Don Fernando that he might not be known of him; when, shaking off all fear, he adventured at all risk to go to the support of Lucinda, and taking her in his arms, he said—

"If pitiful Heaven be pleased, and wills that now thou shouldst enjoy some rest, loyal, constant, and beautiful lady mine, nowhere, I believe, canst thou find it more securely than in these arms which now receive thee, as whilom they did receive thee when fortune pleased that I should call thee mine."

At these words Lucinda fixed her eyes on Cardenio; and having first known him by his voice, and now assuring herself by her sight that it was he, like one distraught, and without regarding aught of nice respect, she cast her arms about his neck, and, bringing her face close to Cardenio's, said—

"Yea, my lord, thou art the true master of this thy captive, although adverse fortune may still oppose, and although this life be still more threatened, which is sustained by thine."

This was a strange spectacle for Don Fernando, and for all those who stood by, who were amazed at this never before seen event.

It appeared to Dorothea that Don Fernando had lost the colour from his face, and that he looked like one who minded to revenge himself on Cardenio, because she saw his hand travel to the pommel of his sword; and with quick conjecture she embraced his knees, kissing them, holding him so closely that he was not able to move, her eyes all the while overflowing. She said to him—

"What is it thou wouldst do, my only refuge in this unexpected pass? Thou hast at thy feet thy wife; she whom thou wouldst like to be thine is in the arms of her husband. Bethink thee if it would be well, or if to thee it were possible, to put asunder that which Heaven hath joined; or whether it will consist with thy wish to raise to thy level her who, regardless of all obstacle, and confirmed in her truth and constancy, doth here, in front of thine eyes, set hers bathing the face and breast of her true husband with the streams of love? For God's sake, I pray thee, and for thine own I beg, that this noteworthy undeceiving may not only assuage thy choler, but also diminish it, in such sort that in quietude and peace these two lovers be permitted to have together, without impediment of thine, all the time which Heaven may be

pleased to bestow upon them; and in this thou shalt show the generosity of thy illustrious and noble breast, and the world shall know that over thee reason hath more sway than passion."

All the time that Dorothea was saying this, although Cardenio held Lucinda in his embrace, yet did he keep his eyes on Don Fernando, with the resolution that, if he saw him make any movement to his prejudice, he would procure how to defend himself and take the offensive, as best he could, against all those who should show themselves hostile to him, even at the cost of his life. But here the friends of Don Fernando had recourse to the priest and the barber, together with all who were there present, not omitting the good Sancho Panza; and they all gathered round Don Fernando, entreating him to have regard to the tears of Dorothea: and that which she had spoken being true, as they without any doubt believed it so to be, he should not allow himself to defraud her of such righteous hopes—that he should consider that, not by chance, but by a particular providence of Heaven, they had all come together in a place where no one could have expected they should meet. And that he should bear in mind, said the priest, that only death could divide Lucinda from Cardenio, and that even though they should be sundered by the edge of any sword, they would account their deaths most happy; and that in cases which knew no remedy, it was the highest prudence, by forcing and conquering himself, to show a generous breast, and, mastering his will, allow these

two to rejoice in the good which Heaven had bestowed upon them; that he should consult his eyes to behold the beauty of Dorothea, and to see in her one whom few, if any, could equal, much less excel; and that to her beauty he should add her humility, together with the extreme love she bore him. Above all, he would remind him that, if he prided himself on being a gentleman and a Christian, he could do no other than keep the word he had given, and that in satisfying this word, he should satisfy God and please all discreet people, who know and understand that it is the prerogative of beauty, though it belong to a lowly person, if it company with modesty, to exalt and equal itself to whatever height, without noting any deficiency in him who doth help to raise or unite it to himself; and where the strong laws of delight are fulfilled, if no sin intervene, there should be no blame in those who obey them.

In effect, to these arguments they added many others, so that the courageous breast of Don Fernando, being warmed and nourished of noble blood, was softened, and suffered itself to be overmastered by that truth which he could not gainsay if he had wished; and the sign he gave of having yielded and delivered himself up to that approved good which had been proposed to him, was to stoop and embrace Dorothea, saying to her—

"Rise, lady mine, for it is not meet that she should kneel at my feet whom I hold in my soul; and if thus far I have given no proofs of what I say, perhaps it has been so ordered of Heaven that, beholding in

thee the constancy with which thou lovest me, I may know how to value thee as thou deservest. What I entreat is that thou do not reprehend my ill conduct and my much neglect, for the like occasion and force which moved me to accept thee as mine impelled me to procure that I should not be thine; and that this must be true, turn and behold the eyes of the now happy Lucinda, and in them shalt thou find excuse of all my errings. And as she hath found and attained to all she desired, and I have found in thee my completion, may she live, securely and joyfully, very long and happy years with her Cardenio; and I will pray Heaven that it grant to me the same to live with my Dorothea." Saying this, he embraced her again, and brought his face to hers with so much tender feeling, that it was necessary to have great care over his tears, lest they should give doubtful signs of his love and repentance.[1]

Not thus were let the tears of Lucinda and Cardenio, and even those of nearly all who were there present; for they began to spill so many, some for joy on their own behalf, and some on account of others, that it was like as if some grave and evil thing had fallen upon them all. Even Sancho Panza wept, although he said afterwards that he cried only because he found that Dorothea was not, as he fancied, the Queen of Micomicona, from whom he hoped to get many favours.

The mourning, linked to the amazement of all, endured for some time, and presently Cardenio and Lucinda went and kneeled to Don Fernando, yielding

their thanks for the service he had done them, in such gracious words that Don Fernando knew not what to say to them; therefore he raised them up, and embraced them with tokens of much love and courtesy. Afterwards he asked Dorothea to tell him how she had come to that place, so far away from her own.

She, in brief and prudent words, recounted all that she had before rehearsed to Cardenio, which Don Fernando and those who were with him enjoyed so much, that they could have wished the story had continued a longer time, with so much grace did Dorothea relate her adventures; and so, as she made an end, Don Fernando told what had happened to him in the city, after he discovered the paper in the bosom of Lucinda, wherein she declared that she was the wife of Cardenio, and could not be his. He said also how he wished to kill her, and would have done so, had not her parents hindered him; whereupon he left the house, full of shame and despite, with the resolve to revenge himself at a more convenient season. Also that on another day he came to know how that Lucinda was missing in her parents' home, and had gone no one knew whither; and, in conclusion, at the end of some months, he came to know how that she was in a convent, with intent to remain therein all her life, if she could not pass it with Cardenio. And so soon as he knew this, choosing for his companions those three gentlemen, he came to the place where she was, but would not speak with her, being fearful that in knowing he was there, the nunnery would be better guarded; therefore, awaiting a day when the great door should

be opened, he left two to ward it, while he, with the other, having entered the nunnery in search of Lucinda, found her in the cloister conversing with a nun, and seizing her, without giving heed to aught beside, they had so far come with her to a village where they provided themselves with all that they needed to bring her away. All of which they safely did, for that the nunnery was in the country, a good stretch from the town. He likewise told how that as Lucinda saw herself in his power, she lost all her senses, and after she came to herself, she did nothing but weep and sigh, without saying a word ; and thus, attended by silence and tears, they had reached that inn, which for him was like arriving in heaven, where are closed and have their end all the misadventures of earth.

NOTE TO CHAPTER XXXVI.

Note 1, *page* 177.

His love and repentance. The conduct of Don Fernando, so dramatically presented by Cervantes, is often met with in Spanish history, with the saving clause of love and repentance omitted. Thus, we find, in cap. xxix. of the *History of Geronimo Gudiel*, that Don Pedro Giron, grand master of the Order of Calatrava in the reign of Henry IV. of Castile, fell in love with Isabel, the daughter of a farmer of the name of Las Casas, who lived in the village of Alanis in the Sierra Morena. Don Pedro begged the farmer to give him Isabella to wife, and offered to obtain from the pope the necessary dispensation to allow the grand master to wed. The farmer gave his consent, but dreading some foul play, he sent Isabella to Seville, under a strong guard, intending to keep her in safety until the licence for her marriage should come from Rome. The grand master, however, discovered the intent of Las Casas, captured Isabel on the road, carried her to Moral, a small town near to Calatrava, where she became the mother of the first Count of Ureña, a title which subsequently became united to the dukedom of Osuna. Isabel also gave three more sons to the grand master of Calatrava, but no licence ever came from Rome—perhaps none was ever asked, certainly the farmer's daughter was never married—and Isabel de Las Casas, although she became the mother of a Spanish count, could not be made a Christian wife, and she died unhappy and forgotten. Perhaps this little episode in Spanish history will give new interest to the pitiful plea which Cervantes puts into the mouth of Dorothea.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS INFANTA OF MICOMICONA, WITH OTHER DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURES.

SANCHO listened to all this with no little sorrow of soul, seeing that all hopes of his lordship were disappearing and going off in smoke, and that the handsome Princess Micomicona was turned into Dorothea, the giant into Don Fernando, and his master was sleeping a dreamless sleep, full careless of all that had happened. Dorothea could not assure herself if the good which she possessed was a dream; Cardenio was in the same mind, and Lucinda's mind ran the same course; Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for the favour he had received, and for having drawn him from out that bewildered labyrinth, where he stood in peril of losing his reputation and his soul. Finally, as many as were in the inn, so many were joyful and glad for the happy issue which had been given to their trammelled and desperate fortunes. The priest, like a wise man, put all things in a loving light, and congratulated each one on his achieved good;

but she who was most joyous and contented was the landlady, because of the promise made by Cardenio and the priest that they would pay her, and with interest, all the damages which had happened on account of Don Quixote.

Only Sancho, as has been said, was afflicted, wretched, and sad, and with a melancholy face he entered to his master, who had just awaked, to whom he said—

"Your worship, Master Rueful Visage, can sleep on as much as you like, without care for killing any giant or restoring the princess to her kingdom; it is all done now, and ended."

"That I well believe," responded Don Quixote; "for I have had the most monstrous and outrageous battle with the giant which I ever think to have in all the days of my life, and with one back stroke—thwack—I brought his head to the ground, and forthwith there followed so much blood that it ran along the earth like streams of water."

"Or like red wine, your worship might better say," answered Sancho; "for I would have your worship know, if so be you know it not already, that the dead giant is a slit wine-skin, and the blood is twenty gallons of red wine which was contained in its belly, and the head cut off is the giglot that bore me, and may Satan take all the rest!"

"What sayest thou, madman?" demanded Don Quixote. "Art thou in thy right mind?"

"Get up, your worship," said Sancho, "and see the fair bargain you have made, and what we shall

have to pay, and you shall see the queen changed into a private lady, called Dorothea, with other successes, which if you take them aright will make you stare."

"I would wonder at nothing," replied Don Quixote; "for, if thou recollectest aright, the other time that we were here, I told thee that all which happened were things of enchantment, and what wonder if it should be so now?"

"I would believe all that," responded Sancho, "if my blanketing had been of that sort; but it was not, only really and truly. And I know that the innkeeper who is here to-day, held on to a corner of the bed-quilt, and tossed me up to the sky in great style and spirit, and with as much laughing as main force; and, where you know the folk, for me, who am simple and a sinner, there's no enchantment whatever, but heavy pounding and much ill luck."

"Well, well; God will requite it," said Don Quixote. "Help me to dress, for I would go out there and see the events and transformations of which thou speakest."

Sancho helped him dress; and, whilst he was making him ready, the priest recounted to Don Fernando and the rest the ecstasy of Don Quixote, and the craft with which they had fished to draw him from the Rock Dolorous, to which he imagined himself exiled by the frowns of his lady. He told them also nearly all the adventures which Sancho had related; at which they wondered not a little, and laughed much, for it seemed to them all to be the strangest kind of

madness that ever seized hold of a distracted brain. The priest added that now that the good hap of the lady Dorothea would not permit her to carry out their design, it was necessary to invent and find another by which to bring him home.

Cardenio offered himself to carry out that which had been begun, and that Lucinda should take and represent the part of Dorothea.

"No," said Don Fernando, "this must not be. I would have Dorothea prosecute her intention; and, as it is not very far from hence to the village of this good gentleman, I shall be pleased to bear a part in procuring his cure. It is not more than two days from hence; and were it more, with pleasure would I travel there for the doing of so good a work."

Here Don Quixote sallied forth, buckled in all his garniture, with the helmet of Mambrino, although battered, on his head, his shield braced, and possessed of his partisan or trunk.

Greatly amazed stood Don Fernando and the rest at the strange presence of Don Quixote, beholding his face half a league long, withered, and saffroned, the ill-beseeming arms, and his martial stalk, and they kept silence until they should hear what he would say. With much gravity and pause, he fixed his eyes on the beautiful Dorothea, and said—

"I am prewarned, beautiful lady, of this my squire, that your greatness is overthrown and your being is destroyed, for that from queen and great lady, which you were wont to be, you are turned into a private maiden. If this hath been done by order of the con-

jurer king, your father, fearful lest I should not give you the necessary and required help, I declare that he neither knows, and never did know, and is ignorant of half the business, and was little versed in histories of chivalry; for, had he read and penetrated them so attentively and for so long as I have read and penetrated them, he would have found at every step how other knights of less fame than mine have achieved more desperate things, it being no great thing to slay a pitiful giant, however arrogant he be. For not many hours agone I engaged with him, and—— But no matter: I would not have them say that I lie; but time, the discoverer of all things, shall tell when it is least thought for."

"Thou didst engage with a couple of wine-skins, and with no giant," exclaimed then the innkeeper.

But Don Fernando ordered him to be silent, and in no wise to interrupt Don Quixote's speech.

And Don Quixote continued, saying, "I proclaim, in fine, high and disinherited lady, that if, for the reason I have given, your father hath wrought this metamorphosis on your person, you give it no credence; for there is no peril upon earth through which my sword shall not find its way, by which, putting thine enemy's head in the dust, I will place the crown of the kingdom on thy head in few days."

Don Quixote said no more, and waited for the princess to respond, who, as she knew that Don Fernando wished her to carry on the play until they should bring Don Quixote to his home, with much tact and serious artifice, answered him thus—

"Whoever told you, valorous Knight of the Rueful Visage, that I have changed or exchanged my being has not told you true, for the same that I was yesterday am I to-day. True it is that some change of good fortune hath come over my affairs, and a better than I hoped for; but not for that have I ceased to be what I was, and to have the same mind which I ever had to avail myself of the valour of your valorous and invincible arm. Therefore, good my lord, of your bounty restore the honour of the father who begat me, and hold him as a man foresighted and prudent, since by his skill he found a sure and easy way to the redress of my misfortune; for sure am I that, but for you, my lord, I should never have attained to the happiness I have; and in this I speak the total truth, to which the most of these gentlemen now here can bear good witness. All that remains is that in the morning we go forward on our way, for to-day we could journey but little; and as for the rest of the gracious issue I look for, I leave it to God and the courage which is in your breast."

Thus spake the discreet Dorothea; and Don Quixote, on hearing it, turned on Sancho with signs of great anger, and said to him—

"Now do I protest to thee, Sanchling, that thou art the greatest rascal in all Spain. Answer me, vagrant thief, didst thou not but this very now tell me that this princess had been turned into a maiden called Dorothea; and that the head which I understand I cut off from a giant was the giglot who bore thee; with other shallow follies, which plunged me into the

greatest confusion that I ever suffered in all the days of my life? I vow" (and he looked at the sky and set his teeth) "that I have a mind to make such havoc of thee, as shall put salt into the noddles of all lying squires who shall hereafter serve knights-errant in the world."

"I pray you have patience, my good lord," answered Sancho; "it might well be that I have been deceived touching the matter of the alteration of the lady Princess Micomicona. But in what touches the head of the giant, or at least the sticking of the skins, and of the wine for the blood, I am not deceived, God's sonties; for there the skins are, slit, at the head of your worship's bed, and the red wine has turned the room into a lake; and, if not, you will see when you want to fry eggs[1]—I mean that your worship will find it out when his worshipfulness the innkeeper comes to ask for payment of the loss. As for the rest, that the lady queen is as she was, I rejoice in my soul, for I bear my part like every neighbour's son."

"I tell thee," said Don Quixote now, "that thou art a numskull, and—pardon me—enough!"

"Enough be it," said Don Fernando. "The lady princess says that to-morrow she will go forward, for the day is now worn; let us all do this, and to-night we may pass in pleasant discourse until the coming day, when we will all keep company with Don Quixote, for we would be witnesses of his valorous and incomparable deeds, which he has to perform in the course of this great enterprise which he has taken upon him."

"I am he who hath to serve and accompany you," said Don Quixote, "and very grateful am I for the favour you bestow upon me, and for the good opinion you hold of me, the which I will procure to satisfy, or it shall cost me my life, or even more—if more it can cost me."

Many words of civility and many offers of service passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando; but silence was put on them all by a traveller who at that moment entered the inn, whom his garb showed to be a Christian recently come from the land of the Moors. For he came in a short cassock of blue cloth, with short sleeves and no collar; the breeches were of blue linen, with a cap of the same colour; he wore date-coloured buskins, and a Moorish cutlass slung in a belt which crossed his breast. Soon after, following him, there entered within, mounted upon an ass, a maiden in Moorish dress, her face hidden by a kerchief. She wore a little cap of brocade, and was covered with a dress from the shoulders to the feet. The man was of robust and comely build, of age a little more than forty years, somewhat brown of face, long moustaches, and a formal cut beard; in fine, his mien was such that, had he been well dressed, he would have been taken for a person of quality and good birth. On entering, he asked for a room; and as they told him there was none in the inn, he seemed to be vexed, and coming to her who in her attire appeared as a lady Moor, he lifted her down in his arms.

Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter, and

Maritornes, allured by the novel and, to them, never before seen attire, gathered round the lady Moor; and Dorothea, who was always gracious, courteous, and discreet, deeming that both she and he who brought her were distressed for the lack of a room, said to her—

"Let not the lack of good lodging which you find here grieve you much, dear lady, for so it ever pertains to inns; yet, for all this, if it will please you to share with us" (pointing to Lucinda), "perhaps you may prove that in the course of your travels you have found other quarters not so good."

To this the covered lady made no answer, and did nothing but rise from where she sat, and, putting both her hands crossed upon her bosom, inclined her head and bowed her body in token of her gratitude. By her silence they imagined, without any doubt, that she was a Moorish lady, and that she knew not how to speak Castilian.

Here the captive approached, who, up till then, had been busied in other matters; and seeing that they were all about her who had come with him, and that she as often as she was addressed remained silent, he said to them, "Dear ladies, this maiden scarcely understands my tongue, and knows not how to speak another, save that of her own land; and for this she has not, nor could she make answer to what you have asked of her."

"We have not asked her anything," responded Lucinda; "we have only offered to her for this night our company and part of the place where we shall lodge, where she shall be entertained as well as the

place may afford, and with the good will which constrains us to serve all strangers who stand in need of it, especially when it is a woman to whom we would do this."

"For her, and for myself," responded the captive, "I kiss, dear lady, your hands, and greatly prize at its due the favour offered to us, which on such occasion, and from such persons as your appearance denotes, plainly shows it to be very great."

"Tell me," said Dorothea, "is she a Christian or a Moorish lady? For the dress and the silence make us fancy that she is what we would not wish her to be."

"Moorish she is in dress and in body, but in soul she is altogether a Christian, for she has the very greatest desires to be one."

"What, then, is she not baptized?" inquired Lucinda.

"There has been no opportunity for that," responded the captive. "After she left Algiers, her home and country, even until now, she has not been brought so close to the danger of death as made needful her baptism, before she be first taught all the ceremonies which our holy mother the Church hath ordered; but, please God, she shall shortly be baptized with all the decency which the quality of her person deserves, which is more than her dress or mine doth show."

With these words, to all those who heard them came the desire to know who were the Moorish maiden and the captive; but no one was minded to

question them then, it being more fitting to procure them rest than to pry into their lives.

Then Dorothea, taking her by the hand, led her to a seat by her side, and entreated her to lay aside the cover of her face.

She looked at the captive as if she would ask him what they said to her, and what she should do.

He, in the Arabic tongue, told her that they wished her to remove her veil, and that she should.

And so she removed it, and disclosed a face so beautiful, that Dorothea held her to be more fair than Lucinda, and Lucinda said she was more beautiful than Dorothea; while all those who stood by knew that if any could equal the beauty of these, it was the lady Moor, and there were some who thought she surpassed them in one thing. And as beauty has ever the prerogative and grace to reconcile minds and subdue the will, at once did they all yield up their desire to serve and fondly love the maiden Moor.

Don Fernando asked of the captive the name of the lady, and he answered that it was Lela Zorayda; when she, as she heard it, knowing what they had inquired of the Christian, exclaimed suddenly, full of grief and grace, "No, no Zorayda; *Mary, Mary!*" giving them to understand that she would be called Mary, and not Zorayda.

These words, and the great affection with which the lady Moor uttered them, made some of those who were listening drop more than one tear, especially the women, who from their nature are tender and compassionate.

Lucinda embraced her with much love, saying, "*Yes, yes*, Mary, Mary;" to which she answered—

"*Yes, yes, Mary; Zorayda, macange*;" that is, *No.*

Now came on the night, and by order of those who came with Don Fernando, the innkeeper gave all diligence and care in preparing a supper, the best that was possible to him. Then came the hour, and they all seated themselves at a long table, for there was no table, round or square, in the inn. And they gave the head and chief seat (although he would have refused it) to Don Quixote, who would have the lady Micomicona seated at his side, as he was her champion. Then Lucinda and Zorayda seated themselves, and to the front of them Don Fernando and Cardenio, afterwards the captive and the rest of the gentlemen, and at the side of the ladies the priest and the barber; and thus they supped with much content, which was the more increased on seeing Don Quixote leave off eating, moved by another similar spirit to that which moved him to speak so much when he supped with the goatherds. He began to say—

"Truly, if it be well considered, good sirs, great and incomparable things do those behold which profess the order of knight-errantry. If not, who of living man in the world that, entering this castle gate and of chance seeing us, would judge and believe us to be what we are? Who would presume to say that this lady which is at my side is the great queen whom we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Rueful Visage who am so much cried up by the mouth of fame? Well, there can be no

doubt but that this art and exercise exceeds all others which have been invented of men; and so much the more is it to be prized, as it is of all the most exposed to danger. Away with those who say that letters have the vantage over arms! I will tell them, be they who they may, that they know not what they say. For the reason which all such do most urge, and on which they most rely, is that the works of the spirit exceed those of the body; and that arms are exercised solely of the body, as if their exercise were the business of porters, in which nothing more is needed than great strength; or as if in this which we call arms, that we profess, are not included the acts of fortitude, which demand for their execution deep understanding; or as if the mind of the warrior who has an army under his charge, or the defence of a besieged city, had not to work as much with the spirit as with the body. If not, see whether he can know by bodily strength, or conjecture by it, the intent of the enemy, the designs, the stratagems, and how to prepare for imminent perils—all these being operations of the mind, wherewith the body intermeddleth not.

"Then it being so that arms require spirit as well as letters, let us now see which of the two spirits, that of the scholar or the soldier, labours most; and this shall be better known by the end and aim which each pursues, for that intent must be the most esteemed which has for its object the noblest end. It is the end and aim of letters (I do not now speak of those which are divine, whose scope is to raise and conduct souls to heaven, for with an end

without end such as this none other can compare: I speak of human letters) to maintain distributive justice in its place, and give to each one that which is his own; to understand and make good laws, and have them obeyed—an end, certainly, generous and high, and worthy of great praise; but not so much as is merited of arms, and that to which arms are devoted, which have for their object and end peace, which is the greatest good that men can desire in this life. And thus the first good news which the world had, or men received, was that which the angels gave on the night which was our day, when they sang in the heavens, *Glory in the highest, and peace on the earth to men of good will;* and the salutation which the Best Master of earth and heaven taught his followers and favourites was that when they should enter into any house they should say, *Peace be in this house;* and other, many times he said, *My peace I give unto you! My peace I leave with you! Peace be with you*—good as a jewel and pledge given and left by such a hand, a jewel without which neither on earth nor in heaven can there be perfect good. This peace is the true end of war, for arms and war are the same things. This truth, therefore, being granted, that the end of war is peace, and that herein it hath the vantage over letters, come we now to the corporal labours of the learned, and those of the profession of arms. Let us see which be the greater."

After this manner and in such pleasing terms did Don Quixote prosecute his discourse, that no one then

listening could have taken him for a madman; much rather, as the most of those were gentlemen given to the use of arms, they listened with great pleasure; and he continued, saying—

"I say, then, that the toils of the student are these: principally poverty (not because all are poor, only to put the case to its greatest extremity); and when I say that he suffers poverty, methinks that there is nothing more to say of his ill fortune, for he that is poor can have no good thing. This poverty is known in sundry ways—now in hunger, now in cold, now in nakedness, now in all these together; but, withal, it is never so great but that he can eat, even though it may be a little later than is usual for him, and though it be of the leavings of the rich, or that which is the greatest misery of students, which they call among themselves the *soup-trot*;[2] while there never lacks to them some neighbour's brazier or fireplace, where they can warm themselves, or at least abate the cold; and at last at night they sleep well under cover. I have no wish to descend to other trifles; suffice it to note the lack of shirts, and no change of shoes, the rarity of nap on the clothes, or the shortness thereof; nor that surfeiting of the palate when good fortune offers them a banquet. By this way which I have painted, rough and difficult, stumbling here, falling there, rising yonder, turning to fall again, they take the degree for which they yearned; which many achieving, we have seen them who have passed now by Syrtis, and now by Scylla and Charybdis, as if borne by flight of favouring fortune—I say, we have seen them command and govern the

world from a chair, their hunger changed into plenty, their cold into comfort, their nakedness into courtly attire, and their sleeping on a mat into repose in cambric and damask,—a reward[3] justly merited of their virtue; but their labours, confronted and compared with those of the militant warrior, fall short in all, as I will now show."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXVII.

Note 1, *page* 187.

When you want to fry eggs (Al freir de los huevos). The oldest of Spanish dictionaries informs us that a thief entered the kitchen of a certain house, and found nothing to carry off but a frying-pan, and on leaving was met by the mistress, who demanded what he was carrying away, and he answered, "You will see when you want to fry eggs."

Note 2, *page* 195.

Which they call among themselves the soup-trot. Sopistas, or soupers, as the poor scholars were called who begged for soup at the doors of nunneries. *Brodistas* was also another term for the same indigent class, very numerous in the time of Cervantes. It is likely that this devotion to letters in spite of extreme poverty served to produce now and again a solitary genius; but it is certain that it deprived agriculture and the industrial arts of numerous useful hands.—Clemencin, iii. 129.

Note 3, *page* 196.

A reward. There are several examples in Spanish history: Don Juan Martinez Siliceo rose from a hut to be a tutor of Philip II., Bishop of Carthagena, and Cardinal of Rome; and Don Gaspar de Quiroga, from being a chorister in the Chapel Royal, was made a Cardinal of Toledo. In this discourse Cervantes, as we now know, speaks from experience. Some Spanish critics think that the allusion of Don Quixote to the lack of shirts and the rarity of nap is unbecoming, and ill conforms with the elevated style of his discourse.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHICH CONCLUDES THE ADMIRABLE DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE MADE ON ARMS AND LETTERS.

DON QUIXOTE, proceeding, said, "As we began with the student's poverty and its belongings, let us see if the soldier be more rich; and we shall find that there is not one more poor in the same poverty, because he is attached to the misery of his pay, which comes or late or never, or to what he can clutch with his hands, to the notable peril of his life and conscience. And at times his nakedness is such that a slashed jerkin serves him for full dress, including his shirt; and in mid-winter he, from the inclemencies of the skies on the open plain, must have resort to the breath of his mouth for warmth, which, as it comes from a vacant place, as I have found, must, against all nature, come out cold. But see what awaits him when night comes to restore him from all these distresses in the bed which is ready for him, and which, if it be not his own fault, shall never offend in narrowness; for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself in it much to his liking, without fear of rumpling the

sheets. After all this comes the day and the hour to receive promotion in his profession—comes a day of battle, when they will adorn his head with a doctor's tassel of lint, to heal him of some shot which passed through his temples, or which left him with a maimed arm or leg. And though this doth not befal him, but kind Heaven keeps him sound and alive, it may be that he shall remain in the same poverty wherein he was before, and there must needs be another and another combat, another and another battle, and from them all he must come out conqueror before he betters his fortune. But such miracles rarely come.

"But tell me, gentlemen, if you have examined into this, how much fewer are those who are rewarded by war than those who have perished by it? Without question, you must answer that they have no comparison; nor can the dead be reduced to any number, while the living can be counted with three figures. All this is contrariwise with the learned, because by skirts—I have no mind to say sleeves—all have wherewith to sustain themselves; therefore, although the soldier's toil be greater, his reward is much less. But to this it may be answered that it is easier to reward two hundred thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers; for those can be recompensed by giving to them offices, which perforce must be bestowed on men of their profession, and these they cannot recompense, except out of the estate of the lord whom they serve; and the impossibility of this doth fortify more the argument I hold.

"But leave we this apart, which is a labyrinth very

difficult of exit, and let us return to the pre-eminence of arms over letters—a matter which, up to now, remains to be determined, according to the arguments that each on his part doth allege; and, in addition to those which I have used, say the letters, that without them arms could not be maintained, for war also hath its laws, and is subject to them, and that laws fall under the rule of letters and lettered men. To this the arms reply that laws could not be maintained without them, because with arms republics are defended, kingdoms are preserved, cities are kept, the highways are secured, the seas stripped of pirates; and, finally, if it were not for them, all republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, the roads by sea and land, would be subject to the rigour and confusion which war brings with it during the time it lasts, and is licensed to practise its prerogatives and violence; while it is a vouched certainty that that which costs most is esteemed, and ought to be most esteemed.

"For one to achieve eminence in letters, it costs him time, watchings, hunger, nakedness, giddiness of the head, qualms of the stomach, and other similar things to which in part I have already referred; but for one by his conduct to become a good soldier, it will cost him all that it cost the student, in such greater degree that they bear no comparison, because at every step he is on the point of losing his life. And what fear of necessity and poverty may befal or distress a student so fiercely as it doth a soldier, who, finding himself besieged in some fortress, or posted as sentinel or guard in some fort or on some outlook, feels that

the enemy are mining towards the part where he stands, and yet must not move from his post in any wise, nor fly the danger which so close doth threaten him? All that he can do is to give notice to his captain of what passes, that he may meet it with some countermine; and he must remain fearing and awaiting, when suddenly he may mount to the skies without wings, and descend to the abyss against his will.

"And if this appear a small peril, let us see if it be equalled or surpassed by the grappling of two galleys, by the prows, in the midst of the wide sea. When locked and coupled together, there remains to the soldier not more space than two feet of plank at the beak-head, and with all this he sees before him as many ministers of death, which threaten him, as there are cannons of artillery pointed from the opposite side, which are not more distant from his body than a lance; and seeing that at the first careless step he must go and visit the profound depths of Neptune; yet, with all this, with intrepid heart borne away of the honour which incites him, he opposes himself as a mark to so much musketry, and strives by that narrow pass to board the opposing vessel. And what is most to be admired is, that scarcely shall one have fallen there, whence he shall never rise again until the end of the world, when another takes the same place; and if he also drops into the sea, which waits for him like an enemy, another and another succeeds him, without giving time to the time of their deaths—courage and daring the greatest which can be found in all the extremes of war.

"Those were blessed times which lacked the frightful fury of those devilish implements of artillery, whose inventor (such is the scope of my opinion) is in hell, receiving the guerdon of his diabolical invention, by which he hath given power to a base and coward arm to take away the life of a valorous knight; and that, without knowing how or from whence, in the thick of the courage and tune of battle, which inflames and animates valiant breasts, there comes a vagrant ball, shot off by one who fled of fright at the splendour which the fire sent forth when the damned machine was discharged, and cuts off and finishes in an instant the thoughts and life of him who was worthy to enjoy many ages. And so, in this regard, I am much inclined to say that it weighs upon my soul that I should have taken upon me the exercise of knight-errantry in an age so detestable as this in which we live; for although no danger can affright me, still it gives me some concern to think that powder and lead might deprive me of the power to make myself famous and renowned throughout the whole of the discovered earth by the valour of mine arm and the edge of my sword. But let Heaven dispose as it pleaseth! for so much the more shall I be esteemed, if I compass my purpose, by how much the dangers in which I am placed are greater than those to which were subjected the knights-errant of past time."

The whole of this long preamble Don Quixote made, whilst the rest of the company did eat, forgetting to carry a morsel to his mouth, although Sancho Panza ever and anon reminded him that he should sup, and

that afterwards there would be opportunity for him to say all that he desired. Over those who listened there came a new pity to see a man of such apparent wit and good discourse in all things which he took in hand, yet lost to both, when treating of his black and cursed chivalry.

The priest told him that he was very right in all he had said in favour of arms, and that he, although lettered and a graduate, was much of his seeming.

Supper being ended and the cloth removed, and whilst the landlady, helped by her daughter and Maritornes, made ready the garret of Don Quixote de la Mancha, where it was determined the women should retire by themselves that night, Don Fernando entreated the captive to rehearse the course of his life; for it could not but be rare and pleasant, as he gathered by the token he first gave, coming in the company of Zorayda.

To which the captive answered that he would willingly do what they wished, but that he feared that the story would not be such as to give them the pleasure they imagined; but withal, not to be found lacking in compliance, he would tell it.

The priest and all the rest thanked him for his promise, and again they entreated him; and he, finding himself so prayed of all, said that prayers were not needed where commands had so much force. "Therefore, your worships, lend me your ears, and listen to a true story, to which perhaps no feigned one can be compared, how cunningly and curiously soever it might be composed."

With this which he said, they all seated themselves, and lent him a continuous silence; and he, seeing how mute and expectant they were to hear what he might tell, in a cheerful and gracious voice, began to speak after this manner.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHEREIN THE CAPTIVE RECOUNTS HIS LIFE AND ITS EVENTS.

"My family had its beginning in a village of the mountains of Leon, and was more kindly and generously dealt with by nature than by fortune; though, amidst the poverty of those villages, my father still had the credit of being rich, as indeed he might have been, had he shown the same faculty in preserving his estate as in wasting it. This disposition to be generous and open-handed sprang from his having been a soldier in his youth; for war is a school in which the mean become liberal, and the liberal lavish; for if among soldiers some misers are to be found, they are like monsters which are but seldom seen. My father passed the bounds of generosity, and came near to being prodigal—a thing of no advantage to the married man who has children to succeed him in his name and quality. Those of my father were three; all men, and all of age and mastery to choose their station in life. My father, then, seeing—as he himself said—that he could not

bridle his disposition, resolved to deprive himself of the instrument and cause which made him a spend-thrift and of lavish spirit, which was to dispossess himself of his wealth, without which Alexander himself would have appeared mercenary. So, calling us all three one day together in a chamber, he delivered to us certain arguments similar to those which I shall now repeat to you.

"'Boys, to tell you that I love you much, it is enough to know and to say that you are my children; and to make you think that I love you little, it suffices only to know that I do not govern myself in that which touches the preservation of your inheritance. But that you may henceforth understand that I love you as a father, and seek not to ruin you like a stepfather, I design to do a thing by you which these many days I have thought of, and now purpose with mature deliberation. You are now all of an age to choose a way of life, or at least to select a profession which, in your riper years, may turn to your honour and profit. That on which I have determined is to divide my goods into four parts, three of which I shall bestow upon you, to each one as it appertains to him, without exceeding one jot; and the fourth I reserve to myself, on which to live and support myself for the rest of the days in which Heaven may be pleased to grant me life. But it is my desire, after each of you shall come into possession of the portion of goods which falls to him, that he takes one of the paths which I mean to propose. There is a proverb in our Spain, to my mind very true—as they all are, being brief sentences drawn from

long and sage experience—and the one I mean runs thus: *The Church, or sea, or royal palace;*[1] as if one might clearly infer that whosoever would become wealthy or worthy should follow the Church, or haunt the sea, exercising the art of merchandising, or enter and serve kings in their palaces; for they say that *the king's crumb is worth more than the baron's loaf.* This I say because I desire and it is my will that one of you should follow learning, the other merchandise, and the other to go and serve the king in the wars; for it is difficult to enter his service in his palace, and, although in these days war brings not many riches, it ofttimes develops much worth and confers great fame. Within eight days I shall give each one his portion in money, without defrauding you of a farthing, as you will know by the result. Now, tell me whether it is your wish to follow my seeming and my counsel in what I have proposed to you;' and he bade me, as being the eldest, to make answer.

"After entreating him that he would not despoil himself of his goods, but that he should with all of it do as he listed, seeing that we were young and able to earn more, I came to the conclusion to comply with his wish, and that I would select the profession of arms, therein to serve God and my king. The second brother made the same offers, and elected to go to the Indies, adventuring his portion in merchandise. The youngest, and, as I deem, the discreetest, declared that he would enter the Church, or go, at least, to Salamanca, and pursue the studies which he had already begun.

"As soon as we had concluded our agreement and made selection of our professions, my father embraced us all, and with the despatch he had said carried out all that he had promised, gave to each one his portion, which, as I remember, amounted to three thousand ducats in money; for an uncle of ours bought the whole estate, and paid for it in ready money, in order that it should not leave the main branch of the family. On the selfsame day we all three took leave of our good father; and in that moment, it seeming to me a piece of inhumanity to leave my father in his old age with so little means, I prevailed upon him to take, of my three thousand, two thousand ducats, for the rest would be sufficient to furnish me in very good sort with all things requisite for a soldier. My two brothers, moved by my example, gave him each a thousand ducats; so that my father remained with four thousand in money, and other three thousand in what appeared to be the value of the estate he occupied, which he wished not to sell, but to keep as freehold. At length we took leave of him and of that uncle of whom I have spoken, not without much feeling and many tears from all; they charging us that we would, as opportunity offered, acquaint them with our progress, be it prosperous or adverse. This we engaged to do; and, embracing us and giving us his blessing, one took his journey to Salamanca, the other to Seville, and I the road to Alicante, where I heard that there was a ship taking in a cargo of wool for Genoa.

"Twenty and two years it is since I left my father's house, and although I have written several letters,

yet I have not heard any news whatever of him or of my brothers; and what I have passed through in the course of that time, I will briefly tell.

"I embarked at Alicante, and by a prosperous voyage arrived at Genoa. From thence I went to Milan, where I furnished myself with arms and some soldier's finery, and from thence I determined to volunteer into the service of Piedmont; and being now on the road to Alessandria della Paglia, I heard news that the Grand Duke of Alva was on his way to Flanders. I changed my purpose; I went with him, served in the expeditions which he made, was present at the deaths of the counts of Egmont and Horn, became standard-bearer of the famous captain of Guadalajara, called Diego de Urbina; and after some time I came to Flanders, where I heard tidings of the league which his Holiness Pope Pius V., of happy memory, had made with Venice and Spain[2] against the common enemy, the Turk, who about that time, by means of his armada, made conquest of the famous island of Cyprus, which was under the dominion of the Venetians—a loss lamentable and unfortunate. It was well known that the most noble Don John of Austria, natural brother of our good King Philip, came as general of this league, and it was publicly reported that the greatest preparations for war were being made—all of which roused me, and stirred within me the desire to be present in the campaign that was expected; and although I had expectations and some half-promises of being promoted captain on the first occasion that

offered, I preferred to leave all and to go, as I did, into Italy. And my good fortune so disposed that Señor Don John of Austria had just arrived at Genoa, and was passing on to Naples, to join the Venetian armada, which he afterwards did at Messina. In short, I was present in that rare action, being now made captain of infantry, to which honourable charge I mounted more by my good fortune than by my merits; and that day so fortunate to Christendom—for then every one and all the nations were delivered from the error in which they lay, that the Turks were invincible at sea—on that day, I say, when the Ottoman pride and arrogance were broken, among so many happy men as were there (for better fortune had the Christians who died there than the living who remained conquerors), I alone was unfortunate, seeing that in exchange for what I might have hoped, had it been in the Roman times—some naval crown—I found myself, on the night which followed that famous day, with chains on my feet and manacles on my hands; which happened after this manner:—

"Uchali, King of Algiers, a bold and venturous corsair, having assaulted and taken the flag galley *Malta*—three knights having been left alive in her, and those sorely wounded—the flag galley of Juan Andrea ran to her relief, in which was I with my company; and doing what the occasion demanded, I leaped into the enemy's galley, which falling off from that which had grappled with her, hindered my soldiers from following me, and so I found myself alone in the midst of my enemies, against whom I could make

no resistance, so many were they. In fine, I yielded, covered with wounds. And, sirs, as you must have heard, Uchali escaped with all his squadron, and I remained captive in his power—I only sad among so many who were joyful, and a prisoner among so many who were free; for there were fifteen thousand Christians on that day who recovered their longed-for liberty, all of whom worked at the oars in the Turkish armada. I was carried to Constantinople, where the Grand Turk Selim made my master general of the sea, for having done his duty in the battle, and having carried off as a proof of his valour the standard of the Knights of Malta.

"In the second year, which was that of seventy-two, I was at Navarino, rowing in the flag galley called the *Three Lanterns*. I saw and noted there the opportunity which was lost of taking the whole Turkish armada in port; for all the Levantines and Janizaries[3] on board held it for certain that they would be attacked in port and they made ready their baggage and *pasamaques*, which are their shoes, to rush on shore, without waiting to be attacked, so great was the terror which our navy had struck into them. But Heaven ordered it after another manner; not through the fault or negligence of the general who led our men, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God ordains and permits that we should always have ministers to chastise us. In brief, Uchali retook Modon, which is an island close to Navarino, and landing his men, fortified the mouth of the port, and lay there until Don John came back. In that voyage

they took the galley called the *Seizure*, whose captain was a son of that famous corsair Barbarossa. It was taken by the flag galley of Naples called the *She Wolf*, which was commanded by that thunderbolt of war, by that father of soldiers, by that fortunate and never-conquered captain, Don Alvaro de Bazan, Marquis de Santa Cruz. Nor would I refrain from telling what happened at the capture of the *Seizure*.

"So cruel was the son of Barbarossa, and he evil entreated his captives so much, that when those who were at the oars perceived that the galley *She Wolf* was closing upon them, and that they would be taken, they all at once let slip their oars, and seizing their captain, who stood on the bridge of the galley, calling out to them to pull hard, they pitched him from bench to bench, from poop to prow, giving him so many licks, that hardly had his body passed the mainmast when his soul passed into hell. Such was, as I have said, the cruelty with which he treated them, and the hate they bore to him.

"We returned, next year afterwards, to Constantinople, which was seventy-three; and there we learned that Don John had taken Tunis, and wrested that kingdom from the Turks, and installed Muley Hamet therein, cutting off all hope of Muley Hamida, the most cruel and the most valiant Moor the world ever held, returning there to reign. The Grand Turk felt this loss greatly, and employing the sagacity which belongs to all those of his house, he made peace with the Venetians, who desired it more than he did. The year following, being seventy-four, he attacked the

fortress of Goleta, and the other fort close to Tunis, which Don John had left half finished. Through all these perils I was present, labouring at the oar, without any hope of liberty; at least, I had no hope of gaining it by ransom, for I had resolved not to make known by letter to my father the news of my misfortune.

"In fine, the Goleta was lost, and the fort was lost, before which places there lay seventy-five thousand paid Turkish soldiers, and of Moors and Arabs of all Africa, more than four hundred thousand; and these were accompanied with such a great multitude of people, with so many munitions and engines of war, and so many pioneers, that with their hands they might have covered the Goleta and the fort with mud. The Goleta was lost first, which till then was held to be impregnable. Nor was it lost by the fault of its defenders, who in their resistance did all that they ought or were able, but because experience proved how easily trenches might be made in that sandy desert; for they found water at a depth of two spans, but the Turks did not meet with it in two yards; and so, with many sacks of sand, they raised their intrenchments so high that they overlooked the ramparts of the fort, and firing from a high platform, no one could make a stand or assist in its defence.

"The general opinion was that our men should not have shut themselves up in the Goleta, but have awaited the enemy in the plain on their disembarking; but those who talk thus speak wide of the mark, and with little experience in such matters. For if in the

Goleta and the fort there were scarcely seven thousand soldiers, how could so small a number, however strong they might be, make a sally into the plain, and maintain the garrison against such odds as those of the enemy; or how is it possible to maintain a force which is denied supplies, especially when hemmed in by many and obstinate enemies, and on their own soil? But it seemed to many, and so it seemed to me, that Heaven designed a special grace and favour to Spain, when it allowed the destruction of that factory and den of iniquity, that sink, or sponge, and moth of a mint of money spent there without profit, and which served no other purpose than to preserve the memory of its being gained by the most happy and invincible Charles V., as if it were needed that those stones should support a fame which now is and shall be eternal.

"The fort was likewise lost; but the Turks were forced to take it inch by inch, for the soldiers who defended it fought so bravely and resolutely, that they slew more than twenty-five thousand of the enemy in twenty-two general assaults which they made. Not one unwounded prisoner did they make of the three hundred which remained alive—a clear and certain proof of their valour and steadfastness, and how well they had defended and kept their places. A small fort, or tower, which stood in the middle of the pond, which was in command of Don Juan Zanoguera, a knight of Valencia and a famous soldier, surrendered on conditions. Don Pedro Puertocarrero, general of the Goleta, they took prisoner, who did all that was

possible to defend the place, and felt so keenly the loss of it, that he died of grief on the road to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him a captive. They made prisoner, at the same time, of the general of the fort, whose name was Gabriel Cervellon, a knight of Milan, a great engineer and most valiant soldier. There were killed in these two forts many persons of worth, among whom was one Pagán de Oria, knight of the Order of St. John, of most noble disposition, as was manifested by the great generosity he showed his brother, the famous Juan de Oria; and that which made his death the more pitiful was that he was slain at the hands of certain Arabs, in whom he confided when he saw that the fort was lost, who offered to convey him in the guise of a Moor to Tabarca, a small haven or station which the Genoese who are employed in coral fishing have in those waters. The Arabs cut off his head, and brought it to the general of the Turkish armada, who fulfilled in them our Spanish proverb, 'Although we like the treason, we detest the traitor;' and so they say that the general ordered those who brought him that present to be hanged, because they had not brought him alive.

"Among the Christians whom we lost in the fort was one called Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of I know not what village in Andalucia, who had been standard-bearer in the fort—a soldier of great worth and excellent mind; especially had he a happy talent for what is called poetry. I name this because his fortune brought him into my galley, to my seat and to be a slave of my own master; and before we left

that port this gentleman made two sonnets in the manner of epitaphs, the one on the Goleta, the other on the fort; and, in truth, I have a mind to repeat them, for I know them by memory, and I think they will give pleasure rather than weariness."

As soon as the captive made mention of the name of Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his comrades, and all the three smiled; and when he would repeat the sonnets, one of them exclaimed—

"Before your worship proceeds further, I pray you tell what became of this Don Pedro de Aguilar of whom you speak."

"All I know," responded the captive, "is that at the end of two years, when he was in Constantinople, he fled in the dress of an Armenian, with a Greek spy, and I know not if he achieved his liberty. But I believe he did; for, some twelve months afterwards, I saw the Greek at Constantinople, but could not ask him of the issue of that journey."

"Well, there was no need," replied the gentleman; "for that Don Pedro is my brother, and is at home in our village, well and rich, married, and with three sons."

"Thanks be given to God," exclaimed the captive, "for the many mercies he has bestowed; for there is not on earth, to my seeming, a happiness equal to that of regaining lost liberty."

"Moreover," said the gentleman, "I know the sonnets which my brother made."

"Repeat them, your worship," said the captive, "for you are better able to do so than I am."

"I will do so willingly," he said. "That on the Goleta runs thus."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXIX.

Note 1, *page* 207.

The Church, or sea, or royal palace (*Ciencia* y mar y casa real). This, observe the Spanish commentators, is the form of the original proverb, which is more precise than the former, and also includes more. It is quite likely that in the judgment of Cervantes *ciencia* included less than *iglesia.*

Note 2, *page* 209.

Made with Venice and Spain. Venice is omitted by Jarvis and the rest, including the Italian of Franciosini, but it is supplied by Shelton. This is not a *lapsus pennæ*, but a question of the use of original editions. Shelton used the reprint of Brussels, as I have already proved, which was a revision of the second edition of Madrid, 1605.

Note 3, *page* 211.

The Levantines and Janizaries. For further knowledge on these particulars, as well as on much which concerns the captive himself, see Haedo, *Epitome de los Reyes de Argel.*

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE STORY OF THE CAPTIVE.

SONNET.

"O happy spirits who, betimes set free
From mortal robes of flesh, have upward sped,
By deeds of worth, above earth's lowly bed,
To better climes above the heavens that be!
What manly strength could do in war did ye,
Enflamed with noble rage, by honour led;
And with your own and hostile blood dyed red
The sandy soil, and stained the neighbouring sea.
'Twas not your valour failed; 'twas ebbing life
Unnerved those arms that to the latest breath
Maintained the fight, and vanquished won the prize;
And this your mournful fall in the dire strife,
'Twixt wall and sword, has gained for you, by death,
Fame in the world, and glory in the skies."

"That is as I know it," said the captive.

"Well, that on the fort, if my memory fail not," said the gentleman, "runs thus:—

SONNET.

"From out this sterile land, whose every space
Is strewn with shattered tower or ruined mound,
Three thousand soldiers' holy spirits found
A happy exit to a better place.

They fought a hopeless fight, true to their race;
With powerful arms they dealt their blows around,
Till, few and weak, they fell upon the ground,
And to the sword surrendered life with grace.
And this the soil that keeps, as in a prison,
From long-past ages to the present year,
A thousand sad and doleful memories;
Yet from its stony bosom ne'er have risen
Such noble spirits to the heavens clear,
Nor has it held such stalwart frames as these."

The sonnets were not misliked, and the captive, rejoicing at the news which they gave him of his companion, continued his story. He said, "The Goleta and the fort being taken, the Turks gave orders to dismantle the Goleta—as for the fort, it was in such state that there was nothing for it but to pull it down—and to do this with the utmost despatch and the least labour, they mined it in three places; but with none of these could they blow up what seemed less a fort than old battlements. All that remained standing of the new fortification, which had been constructed by the little friar,[1] came to the ground with swift alacrity. In short, the armada returned to Constantinople triumphant and victorious, and a few months afterwards my master the Uchali died, whom they called *Uchali Fartax*, which, in the Turkish language, signifies *The Scurvy Renegade;* for such he was, and it is a custom among the Turks to bestow epithets derived from some defect or virtue which is in them. This arises because there are not among them more than four surnames of families which descend from the Ottoman house; and the rest, as I have said, take name and appellation, now from

defects of the body, and now from virtues of the soul. This scurvy one laboured at the oar, being a slave of the Grand Seignior, for fourteen years; and when he was more than thirty-four years of age, he apostatized in despite of a Turk who gave him a blow whilst he was rowing, and, to qualify himself for vengeance, renounced his faith. So great was his courage that, without rising by the base means and ways by which the favourites of the Grand Turk do rise, he became King of Algiers, and afterwards general of the sea, which is the third dignity in that dominion. He was a Calabrian by birth, and, morally, was a good man, and treated his captives with great humanity, whereof he had three thousand, who after his death were divided, as he had left in his will, between the Grand Seignior (who is also heir to as many as die, and shares with the rest of the children of the deceased) and his renegades.

"I fell to the lot of a Venetian renegade, who, having been cabin-boy in a ship taken by Uchali, was so much liked by him, that he became one of the most highly favoured of his youths, and the most cruel renegade that has ever been seen. He was called Azan Aga,[2] and grew very rich, and became King of Algiers, with whom I came from Constantinople, somewhat happy at being so close to Spain; not because I thought of writing to any one of my unhappy fate, but in hope of fortune being more favourable to me in Algiers than in Constantinople, from whence I had tried in a thousand ways to fly, and not one proved seasonable or opportune; also

in Algiers I thought to find other means for achieving what I so much longed for; because I never lost hope of recovering my liberty, and when, in what I contrived or thought or put in operation, the success did not correspond to the intent, immediately, without desponding, I fancied or sought another hope to sustain me, although it might be frail and weak. With this I made life pleasant, shut up in a house or prison, which the Turks call a bagnio, wherein they confine the Christian captives—those which belong to the king, as well as those that belong to private persons, and those which belong to the arsenal; that is to say, captives of the council, which serve the city in the public works which they erect, and in other employments. These, of all the captives, find it full difficult to regain their freedom, as they belong to the community, and having no private master, there is no one with whom to treat for their ransom, although they are able to buy it.

"To these bagnios, as I have said, some private persons of the place are accustomed to conduct their captives, chiefly when they are held for redemption; for there they hold them at leisure, and in security, until their redemption comes. The captives of the king also, which are to be redeemed, do not go out to labour with the ordinary crew, unless it be when their ransom is delayed in coming; and then, in order to make them write for it the more earnestly, they set them to work, and to go for work with the others, which is no little labour. I was one of those for redemption, and as they knew that I had been

a captain, in spite of my telling them of my poor ability and lack of means, nothing availed me, and they placed me among the number of gentlemen and those on ransom. They put a chain about me, more as a sign that I was for redemption than to secure me; and so I passed my life in that bagnio with many other cavaliers and persons of distinction, who were there marked and held for ransom. And although we were now and then, nay, almost always, wearied with hunger and nakedness, nothing affected us so much as to hear and see, at every step, the unequalled and unheard-of cruelties which my master practised on the Christians. Every day he hanged this one, impaled that, cut off the ears of another; and this on such slight occasion, or rather without any, that even the Turks knew he did it of wantonness, and that his natural disposition was to be the murderer of all mankind.

"Only one Spanish soldier stood well in his favour, whose surname was Saavedra; and although he did things which will live in the memory of those people for many years, and all to regain his liberty, yet he never struck him, nor ordered him to be beaten, nor gave him an ill word; while, for the least of the many things he did, we all feared that he would be impaled—nay, he himself dreaded it more than once. And if it were not that time would fail, I could now relate something which this soldier did, that should both entertain and astonish you much more than the recounting of my own history.

"But I proceed: the court of our prison was

overlooked by the windows of a house that belonged to a rich and worthy Moor, which, as those of the Moors generally are, were more like holes than windows, and even these were covered with lattices very thick and close. It happened one day that, being on the flat roof of our prison[3] with three other companions, making proof, to beguile the time, which of us could leap the furthest in our chains, being by ourselves (for all the other Christians had gone to their labour), I by chance raised mine eyes, and saw appear through one of those little closed windows which I have mentioned what seemed to be a cane, and tied to the end of it a linen cloth, and the cane moved to and fro as if making signs that we should go and take it. We looked at it, and one of those who were with me went and placed himself under the cane, to see if they would let it fall, or what they would do; but, as he approached it, they raised the cane and moved it from side to side, as if they said *No* with the head. The Christian returned, and again the cane was lowered, and began to make the same movements as at the first. Another of my companions went, and it happened to him as to the first. Finally, a third went, and it befel him as it did the first and second. I, perceiving this, had no mind to leave untried my fortune, and, as I drew near to place myself beneath the cane, they let it fall, and it fell at my feet within the bagnio. I hastened to detach the cloth, in which I saw a knot, and within it ten *zianiys*, which are certain coins of poor gold, used by the Moors, each one of which is worth ten of our reals. If I was

rejoiced at my prize, I had no words to say so. Certain it is, that my delight was as great as my wonder in thinking whence that good might have come to us, especially to me; for the signs of refusal to let the cane fall, except to me, proved clearly that the favour was addressed to me. I took my good money, broke the cane, returned to the little roof, and looked up at the window, through which appeared a very white hand, which opened and shut it right quickly. From this we understood, or fancied, that some maiden who lived in that house must have done us that kindness; and, in token of our gratitude, we made salaams after the Moorish fashion, inclining the head, bowing the body, and placing the arms upon the breast. A little while after was shown at the same window a small cross made of canes, which was speedily taken in again. This sign confirmed in us the thought that some Christian woman must be captive in that house, and that it was she who had wrought us this kindness; but the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we saw upon it, forbade that thought, albeit we did imagine that she must be some Christian lady renegade, of those whom their masters are in the habit of taking for their legitimate wives, and whom they esteem more than the women of their own nation. But in all our imaginings we were very wide of the truth of the case.

"And now all our pastime thenceafter was to gaze upon, and to hold as our north, the window where had appeared to us[4] the star of the cane. But full fifteen days passed, in which we saw nor

hand nor any other sign. Albeit we tried in the mean time, with all solicitude, to know who lived in that house, and if any Christian lady renegade abode there, yet could we find no one to tell us aught else than that there lived a rich and noteworthy Moor, called Agi Morato, who had been Governor of Pata, a dignity much esteemed among them; and when we least thought that it would again rain *zianiys* in that quarter, we unexpectedly saw the cane reappear, and another cloth tied to it, with another knot more swollen; and this happened at a time when the bagnio, as before, was empty and free of people. We made our wonted experiment, each one of the same three who were there preceding me; but to no one did the cane surrender but to myself, and when I approached it they let it fall. I untied the knot, and found forty Spanish crowns in gold, and a letter written in Arabic, and at the end of the writing was drawn a large cross. I kissed the cross, I took the crowns, I returned to the roof; we all made our salaams. Again the hand appeared. I made signs that I would read the letter, and they then closed the window. We all remained perplexed and pleased at what had come to pass, and as none of us understood Arabic, great was the desire which possessed us to know what the letter contained, and still greater was the difficulty to find one who could read it for us. At length I determined to confide in a renegade who was a native of Murcia, who professed to be a great friend of mine, and there had passed between us pledges which

obliged him to keep the secret with which he was to be entrusted. For it is the custom of certain renegades, when they have a mind to return to Christian lands, to carry with them some signatures of captives of repute, which testify, in the way they are most able, how that such a renegade is an honest man, and has been ever kind to Christians, and who has cherished the desire to escape on the first occasion that offers. There are some which procure these certificates with honest purpose; others use them as occasion and their craft require, who setting out to rob in Christian countries, if by chance they come to be shipwrecked or taken prisoners, will produce their certificates, and declare that by those papers it will be seen for what purpose they had come, which was to remain in Christian lands, and for which reason they had come marauding with Turks. Thus they escape that first brunt, and are reconciled to the Church without suffering any harm; but when they espy their opportunity, they return to Barbary to become what they were before. Others there are who make use of these papers and procure them with honest intent, and who stay in Christian lands.

"Well, one of the renegades of whom I have spoken was this friend, who had the certificates of all our friends, in which we commended him as much as possible; and if the Moors had found these papers, they would have burnt him alive. I knew that he was learned in Arabic, and not only spoke, but wrote it; yet, before I would wholly break my mind to him, I asked him to read me that paper

which by accident I had found in a hole of the wall of my hut. He opened it, and stood for a good space regarding it and translating it to himself, muttering between his teeth. I demanded if he understood it; and he answered that he did quite well, and if I desired he should declare it word for word, I should give him pen and ink, that he might the better do so. We at once gave him what he asked for, and he slowly went on translating. On finishing, he said, 'All that is here translated into Spanish, without omission of a letter, is what this Moorish epistle contains, and you will observe that where it says Lela Marien, it means Our Lady the Virgin Mary.'

"We read the letter, and it ran thus :—

"*When I was a child, my father had a female slave who taught me in my own tongue the Christian worship, and told me many things of Lela Marien. The Christian died, and I know that she went not to the fire, but is with Allah, because I saw her twice afterwards, and she bade me go to Christian lands to see Lela Marien, who loved me much. I do not know the way. I have seen many Christians from this window, and not one has seemed to me a gentleman but thyself. I am very beautiful and young, and have much money to carry away with me. See if thou canst find a way for us to go, and thou shalt be my husband there, if it pleaseth thee; and if it pleaseth thee not, I shall not greatly care, for Lela Marien will provide me with one to marry. I write this; be wary with whom thou givest it to read. Do not trust any Moor, for they are all traitors. I am much troubled for this, and it is*

my wish that thou disclose nothing to any one; for, if my father knew of it, he would throw me into a well, and cover me with stones. I will put a thread to the cane; tie the answer there; and if thou hast no one who can write Arabic, give it me by signs, for Lela Marien will help me to understand thee. She and Allah hold thee in their keeping, and this cross, which I kiss many times, for so the captive directed me.

"Consider, sirs, if we had not reason to be astonished and overjoyed for the words of this letter; and certainly the one and the other was such that the renegade perceived that not by chance had the letter been found, but that it had been really written for one of us; and so he besought us that if it were true as he suspected, that we should confide in him and tell him, and that he would adventure his life for our liberty. Saying this, he drew from his breast a metal crucifix, and with many tears he swore by the God which that image represented, in whom he, although a sinner and an evil-doer, well and truly believed, that he would be loyal to us, and keep secret all, as much as we might discover to him; for it seemed to him, and he almost divined, that by means of her who had written that letter, he and all of us would achieve our freedom, and he would find what he so much desired, which was to return to the pale of the Holy Church his mother, from whom, like a withered branch, he was divided and separated by his ignorance and sin.

"With so many tears, and with signs of so much penitence, did the renegade say this, that we came

to declare to him the truth of the case. So we gave him an account of all, without concealing anything; we showed him the little window through which the cane appeared; and from that time he marked the house, and took special and great care to inform himself who lived there. We likewise agreed, at the same time, that it would be well to answer the letter of the Moorish lady; and as we had one who knew how to do this, the renegade, at once and on the instant, wrote what I dictated to him, which was precisely what I shall recount; for of all the substantial points which befel me in that affair, not one has gone from my memory, nor will it go so long as I shall live. In effect, that which I answered to the Moorish lady was this:—

"*The true Allah keep thee, lady mine, and that blessed Marien, who is the true mother of God, who hath put it into thy heart to go to Christian lands, because she loves thee well. Pray to her that she will vouchsafe to instruct thee how to bring to pass that which she has commanded, for she is so good that she will do so. On my part, and on the part of all these Christians who are with me, I offer to do for thee all that we are able, even unto death. Fail not to write to me and advise me of what thou thinkest to do, and I will always answer thee; for the great Allah hath given us a Christian captive, who knows how to speak and write thy language, as thou shalt perceive by this letter; so that, without having any fear, thou wilt be able to inform us of all thou desirest. Concerning what thou sayest, that thou wilt become my wife*

when we come to a Christian country, I promise it as a true Christian; and know that Christians fulfil what they promise better than Moors. Allah, and Marien his mother, have thee in their keeping, dearest lady.

"This letter being written and sealed, I waited two days, that the bagnio might be vacant, as was its wont to be, and then I went for my accustomed walk on the roof, to see if the cane was visible, and which did not much delay in appearing. As soon as I saw it, although I could not perceive who it was that held it, I showed the paper, as if to give them to know that they should attach the thread; but it was already fixed to the cane, to which I tied the letter, and soon there arose our star and the white flag of peace with it. They let it fall; and I took it up and found in the napkin, in divers kinds of gold and silver, a matter of more than fifty crowns, the which more than fifty times doubled our content, and confirmed our hopes of liberty.

"That same night did our renegade return to us, and told us that he had learned that the same Moor of whom we had before heard was called Agi Morato, and lived in that house; that he was rich in extreme; that he had one only daughter, heiress of all his estate, and that it was the common voice in all the city that she was the most beauteous woman in all Barbary; and that many of the viceroys who came there had demanded her to wife, but that she never wished to be married; and it was also known that she had had a Christian captive, who had died; all of which was in concert with what had come in the letter.

"Soon after, we entered into council with the renegade on the means we should take to carry away the lady Moor, and to reach, all of us, a Christian land; and, in effect, we agreed to await the second warning of Zorayda—thus was she called who now wishes to be named Mary—because it was plain to see that she, and not another, could minister the means to overcome all those difficulties. After we had come to this resolution, the renegade bade us be of good courage, and that he would lose his life or put us in liberty.

"Four days was the bagnio full of people, which was occasion of four days' lingering, in which the cane appeared not; at the end of which, and during the wonted solitude of the bagnio, appeared the cloth, like a plenteous womb promising a happy delivery. The cane and the cloth inclined to me, in which I found another letter and a hundred gold crowns, besides other moneys. The renegade being present, we gave him the letter to read in our hut, the which, he said, ran as follows:—

"*I know not, my lord, how to give direction for our departure into Spain; nor has Lela Marien told me, although I have asked her upon it. What may be done is that I will give thee by this window very much gold. Redeem thyself with it and thy friends, and let one go to the land of the Christians, and there buy him a ship and come back for the rest; and me thou shalt find in my father's garden, which is there at the gate of Babazon, close by the seaside, where I have to be all this summer with my father and with my servants. From thence, at night, thou wilt be able to take me without fear,*

and carry me to the ship. And, know, thou must be my husband; for, if not, I shall ask Marien to punish thee. If thou canst not trust any one to go for the ship, redeem thyself; for I know that thou wilt return better than another, for thou art a nobleman and a Christian. Learn all about the garden; and when thou goest there, I shall know that the bagnio is free, and I will give thee much money. Allah keep thee, my lord!

"These were the contents and purport of the second letter, which being seen of all, each one offered himself to be the redeemed, and promised to go and return with all punctuality; and I also offered the same; all of which was opposed by the renegade, saying that in no manner would he consent thereto, that not one should get his liberty until all could do so together; for experience had shown him how ill do the free keep the words of promise given in captivity. For many times some conditioned captives had used that method, ransoming one, who went to Valencia or Majorca with money to arm and buy a barque, and to return for those who had redeemed him, and never had he again returned; for the achieved liberty, and the fear of again losing it, wipes from the memory all obligations in the world. In confirmation of the truth he told us, he briefly recounted a case which befel much about the same time to certain Christian gentlemen—the most strange which had come to pass in those parts, where at every step there happen things of great terror and wonder. In effect, he at last told us that what we might and ought to do was, that the money designed for the Christian's ransom

should be entrusted to him, to buy in Algiers a barque, under the pretext of becoming merchant and trader of Tetuan and on that coast; and that, being master of the barque, he could easily contrive to take them all from the bagnio, and embark them all; and, if the lady Moor could, as she said, give money to ransom them all, being free, it would be easy to go on board in the middle of the day. The greater difficulty, he said, which offered was that the Moors do not consent to any renegade buying or owning a barque, unless it be a large vessel in which to go as pirates; for they fear that he who buys a barque, especially if he be a Spaniard, intends only to go to a land of Christians. But in order to remedy that inconvenience, he would take a Tagarine Moor to partnership in the barque; and in the gains of the merchandise, and with this show, he would return as master of the barque, and with that he reckoned all else as ended.

"Now, although it seemed to me and my companions better to send to Majorca for a barque, as the Moor maid had said, yet we did not dare to contradict him, being fearful that if we did not do as he would have us, he would betray all, and endanger the loss of lives, if he should disclose the intercourse with Zorayda, for whose life we would all give our own; therefore we resolved to put ourselves in the hands of God and the renegade. Thereupon we responded to Zorayda, telling her that we would do all that she had counselled; for she had warned us as well as if Lela Marien had told her what to say, and that it

rested solely with her to further or to retard that business.

"I offered myself afresh to be her husband; and with that, on another day when the bagnio was free, at divers times, with the aid of the cane and the cloth, she gave us two thousand gold crowns and a letter, which said that on the first *Jumá*, which is Friday, she would go to her father's garden, and that before she went she would give us more money; and, if that did not suffice, that we should tell her, and she would give us what we asked—that her father had so much that he would not miss it, and that she held the keys of all.

"Then we gave five hundred crowns to the renegade to buy the barque. With eight hundred I ransomed myself, giving the money to a Valencian merchant then at Algiers, who redeemed me from the king, giving his word that when the first ship came from Valencia, my redemption should be paid; for if he paid the money there and then, the king would have occasion to suspect that the money had been in Algiers many days before, and that the merchant had kept silence to turn it to a profit. In brief, so jealous was my master that I dared not in any wise presently pay out the money.

"On the Thursday before the Friday that the fair Zorayda went to her father's garden, she gave us another one thousand crowns, and warned us of her going thither, entreating me if I redeemed myself at once to learn the way to her father's garden, and in all case to make occasion to go there and see her.

"I answered, in brief words, that so I would do, and that she should take care to commend us to Lela Marien in all those prayers which the lady captive had taught her. This done, order was given to ransom my three companions, so as to make easy the departure from the bagnio, and because, seeing me ransomed and themselves not, there being money sufficient, they might revolt and, being overcome of the devil, do something in prejudice of Zorayda. For although, being men of the quality they were, I might assure me from that fear, yet I had no mind to adventure the matter; therefore I had them redeemed by the same means by which I was ransomed, giving all the money to the merchant, that he might with the more certainty and confidence become security, to whom we did not discover our commerce or our secret, by reason of the risk we ran."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XL.

Note 1, *page* 219.

The little friar. Jacome Palearo or Paleazzo, who served under Charles V. and Philip II., and conducted the repairs of Gibraltar.—*Vide* Clemencin, iii. 175.

Note 2, *page* 220.

He was called Azan Aga. Clemencin thinks this to be a printer's error, and says it should be Azan Baja (tom. iii. 179). Azan Aga was Governor of Algiers from 1533 to 1543, when he died. See also Haedo, caps. 3 and 39 *de la Historia*, and *El Dialogo de los Martires*, fol. 185, for additional particulars of the captivity of Cervantes.

Note 3, *page* 223.

The flat roof of our prison. Un terrado, the house-top; a favourite resort in some countries where it never snows and seldom rains. It is called also an *azotea*.

Note 4, *page* 224.

Appeared to us. Clemencin again ascribes this reading to Bowle's edition of 1781, all the originals having by an obvious mechanical blunder the word *seemed*. The correction was first made in the Brussels reprint of 1607.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH THE CAPTIVE STILL CONTINUES TO TELL WHAT BEFEL HIM.

"FIFTEEN days had not passed, when our renegade had already bought a very good barque, capable of taking more than thirty persons; and to secure what he had done, and give colour to it, he would make, as he did, a voyage to a town called Sargel, which is thirty leagues from Algiers, on the Oran side, where there is a great traffic in dried figs. Two or three times did he make this journey in company of the Tagarine already mentioned. The Moors of Arragon are called *Tagarines* in Barbary, and those of Granada *Mudejares;* and in the kingdom of Fez the Mudijares are called *Elches*, and are the people whom the king most employs in war.

"I proceed. Each time he passed in his barque, he cast anchor in a small bay, which was not two bow-shots from the garden where Zorayda awaited us; and there, very much to the purpose, the renegade posted himself with the Moorish oarsmen, either to say their prayers, or to essay in jest that which they

meant to do in earnest. In like manner would he go to Zorayda's garden to beg for fruit, which her father would give without knowing him; and although he wished to speak with Zorayda, as he afterwards told me, to tell her that it was he who, by my order, was to carry her to the Christian's land, that she might rest content and well assured—yet was it never possible, for that Moorish ladies do not suffer themselves to be seen of Moors or Turks, except at their husband's or their father's will. With Christian captives they will hold converse and keep company, even more than is moderate; and I had been grieved had he spoken with her, for it might have disturbed her to see affairs entrusted to a renegade.

"But God, who ordained it better, now gave occasion to the good purpose of our renegade, who seeing how safely he went and returned to Sargel; that he could anchor when, and how, and where he pleased; that the Tagarine, his partner, submitted to him in all things; that I was ransomed; and that the only thing which lacked to us was to find some Christians who could handle the oar; he bade me bethink me of what men I could bring besides the ransomed ones, and that I should hold them bespoke for the first Friday, which was the time he had fixed for our departure.

"With that regard I spoke with twelve Spaniards, all lusty rowers, and who could easily get out of the city. Nor was it a small matter to find so many at that time, for there were twenty vessels abroad pirating, which had taken all the oarsmen; and these had

not been found, but that their master had remained that summer, without going on the cruise, to finish a galley which he had then on the stocks. I said nothing else to them, but that on the first Friday they should come in the afternoon, one by one, dissemblingly, and betake themselves by the turn of Agi Morato's garden, and await me there until I should come. This notice I gave to each one apart, with instructions that, although they saw other Christians there, they should say nothing but that I had ordered them to await me at that place.

"This business settled, there yet remained the doing of other, and that to me the most expedient of all; which was to warn Zorayda of how affairs stood, that she might likewise be ready and on watch, that she be not frighted if suddenly we should surprise her before the time that she imagined the Christian barque could return. Therefore I resolved to go myself into the garden and try to obtain speech with her. And making occasion to go and gather some herbs, I betook me there one day before my departure, when the first person whom I encountered was her father, who spoke to me in a tongue which in all Barbary, and even in Constantinople, is spoken among captives and Moors, which is neither Arabic nor Castilian, but a mixture of all languages,[1] wherewith all of us understood each other. He, I say, demanded of me in that kind of language what I sought in his garden, and to whom I belonged. I told him that I was Arnaute Mami's slave—and this because I knew for certain that he was a very great friend of his—and that I was

in search of all sorts of simples, with which to make a salad; on which he questioned me if I were a man on ransom or not, and how much my master demanded for me.

"In the midst of these questions and answers the beauteous Zorayda, who for a good while had seen me, came from out of the house into the garden; and as maiden Moors in no manner mislike showing themselves to Christians, nor hold them in scorn, as I have already said, yet she made no haste in coming to where her father and I were standing, which her father perceiving, he called to her, and directed that she should come forward.

"It would be impossible for me now to tell of the great beauty, the gentleness, the bravery and richness, of the attire in which my beloved Zorayda appeared in my eyes; I will only say that more pearls hung from her most beautiful neck, ears, and hair, than there were hairs on her head. On the insteps of her feet, which were uncovered, according to the use of the country, she wore two *carcajes*—so the bracelets or *ajorcas* of the feet are called in Arabic—of fine gold, set with so many diamonds that, as she told me afterwards, her father valued them at ten thousand crowns; and those she carried on her wrists were of equal value. The pearls were in great number, and very fine. For the bravery and ornament of the lady Moors consists in adorning themselves with rich pearls and seed-pearls, and therefore there are more pearls and seed-pearls among the Moors than among all the rest of the nations; and Zorayda's father was

reputed to have many, and the best that were in Algiers, and to be worth besides more than two hundred thousand Spanish dollars, of all of which this lady who is now mine was the owner. Whether with all this ornament she then was fair or not I need not say, but by the relics which remain to her through so many toils you may imagine what she must have been in her prosperity; for it is well known that the beauty of some women hath its days and seasons, and requires the aid of certain accidents to diminish or increase it; and it is a thing natural to the passions of the mind, to raise it or debase it, though most times they destroy it. To be brief, she came there most richly dight and in exquisite beauty—at least, she seemed to me the most beautiful that, until then, I had beheld; and with that, and the obligations in which she had placed me, it was, to my seeming, as if I had before me a goddess of the heavens, who had come to the earth for my pleasure and redemption.

"When she drew nigh, her father told her in their tongue how that I was the captive of his friend Arnaute Mami, and that I had come in search of a salad; upon which she took up the discourse, and, in that mixture of languages which I have mentioned, asked of me if I were a noble, and why I did not redeem myself. I replied that I was already ransomed, and by the price might be seen the rate at which my master esteemed me, he having given for me one thousand and five hundred *zoltanis;* to which she answered—

"'In sooth, didst thou belong to my father, I would

take care that he did not part with thee for twice as much; but you Christians do always lie in all you say, and make yourselves look poor to deceive the Moors.'

"'That may be so, lady,' I answered; 'but in truth did I treat with my master, and so treat and shall ever treat with all persons in the world.'

"'And when dost thou go?' inquired Zorayda.

"'To-morrow, I believe,' said I; 'for there is a French vessel here which sails to-morrow, and I am thinking to take ship in her.'

"'Is it not better,' returned Zorayda, 'to await the ships from Spain, and to go with them, than to go with those of France, who are not thy friends?'

"'No,' replied I; 'although if there were tidings of a Spanish ship, it is true that I would await her. But it is more certain that I shall leave to-morrow; for the desire I have to go home and to be with the people whom I love is so great, that it will not have me await another conveniency, however good it might be.'

"'No doubt, thou art married at home, and longest to be with thy wife?'

"'I am not married,' replied I, 'but have given my word to marry on my arrival there.'

"'And is the lady beautiful whom thou hast promised?' inquired Zorayda.

"'So beauteous is she,' I answered, 'that, to make her the dearer and tell the truth to thee, she much resembles thyself.'

"At this her father heartily laughed, and said, 'By Allah, Christian, she would be very fair to be like my daughter,* who is the most beautiful of all

in this realm. Observe her well, and thou shalt see that I tell thee true.'

"Zorayda's father served us as interpreter of most of our words and speeches—he was a master of tongues—for although she spoke, as I have said, the bastard tongue which is there in use, yet did she make known her meaning more by signs than by words.

"While we were thus discoursing, there came a Moor running, and said in a loud voice that there had leaped four Turks over the fences or walls of the garden, and were picking unripe fruit.

"This frightened the old man, as also Zorayda; for it is a common and almost natural fear which the Moors have for the Turks, especially the soldiers, the which are so evil-minded, and hold such sway over them, that they treat the Moors worse than if they were their slaves. So her father said to Zorayda—

"'Daughter, retire thee to the house, and shut thyself in the while I go and speak with these dogs; and as for thee, go in peace, and Allah conduct thee safe to thy land.'

"I bowed, and he went in search of the Turks, leaving me alone with Zorayda, who made as if she would go where her father had bidden her; but scarcely was he hidden by the trees of the garden, when she turned to me, her eyes full of tears, and said, '*Tameji, Christian, tameji?*' which means, Dost thou go, Christian? dost thou go?

"I answered, 'Yea, lady, but in no manner without thee. Expect me on the first *Jumá*, and have thou no fear when thou shalt see us; for, without doubt, we

shall go to the Christian's land.' I said this in a manner by which she well understood all the discourse that passed between us, and, throwing her arm round my neck, with fainting steps she began to make for the house; and chance so ordered it—which might have proved very ill, had Heaven not ordained it another way—that we two going after that fashion and in that posture as I have denoted, with her arm about my neck, her father, who had gone after the Turks, returned to us in the way we went, and we saw that he had seen us. But Zorayda, observant and discreet, took not her arm from my neck, but rather drew closer to me, and laid her head upon my breast, and a little bent her knees, giving clear signs and tokens that she was afaint; and I likewise made believe that I held her against my will.

"Her father came running to us, and, beholding his daughter in that case, demanded what the matter was. But, as she made no answer, I said to her father that, without any doubt, she had fainted with the fright for the coming of those dogs; and, taking her from me, he took her to his breast, and she, giving a sigh, with her eyes not yet dry of tears, again said, '*Ameji, Christian, ameji!*'—Away, Christian, away!

"To which her father: 'It imports thee little, daughter, that the Christian goes; he has done thee no harm, and the Turks are gone. Let nothing affright thee; there is no one to harm thee, for I have told thee that the Turks, on my entreaty, returned by the way they came.'

"'They frightened her, as I told thee,' I said to her

father; 'but, as she bids me go, I have no wish to cause grief. Peace be with thee! And, by thy leave, I will return, if need be, for simples to this garden; for, according to my master, in none are there better for a salad than in this.'

"'For all that thou needest come when thou wilt,' said Agi Morato. 'My daughter said not thou shouldst go for that thou or any Christian hath angered her, but that the Turks should go, or that it was time for thee to gather thy plants.'

"With that I took my leave of both, and she, as if her heart were torn away, went with her father, and I to the task of looking after simples. I roamed over the whole garden at my pleasure, noting well the entrances and exits, and the strength of the house, and how the place would answer to the convenience of our enterprise. This done, I came and gave account of all that had passed to the renegade and my companions, and longed eagerly for the hour in which, without fear, I might rejoice in the good which fortune offered me in the beauteous and perfect Zorayda.

"At last time passed, and the day and hour came so desired of us, and, all of us following the plans which with mature thought and long converse we had agreed upon, we achieved the goodly issue that we desired; for the Friday which followed the day when I spoke with Zorayda in the garden, my renegade,[2] as the night closed in, anchored the barque almost in front where was the most beauteous Zorayda.

"The Christians who had to row were ready and hidden in divers parts of those environs. All were in expectancy and gaiety, awaiting me, eager to assail the vessel which was before their eyes; for they knew nothing of the design of the renegade, and only thought that by force of arms they were to regain their liberty, taking the lives of the Moors who were on board the barque.

"It therefore befel that, as soon as I and my companions appeared, all those who were in hiding came towards us the moment they caught sight of us. This was the time when the city was now shut, and not a person appeared in all that country level. Being now there together, we became in doubt if it were better to go first for Zorayda, or first of all to fall on the Tagarine Moors, who pulled the oars of the barque. Whilst we were yet doubting, our renegade came to us, and demanded for what we were waiting; that now was the time, and that all his Moors were off their guard, and most of them asleep. We told him the cause of our staying; when he said that that which imported most was first to seize the ship, and that this could be done with the greatest ease, and without any danger, and that afterwards we might go for Zorayda.

"All that he had said seemed to us good; and so, without further parley, he being our guide, we reached the vessel, and he, the first to leap in the midst, drew a cutlass and said in Arabic, 'Let no one stir, or it will cost him his life.' Nearly all the Christians by this time had got inside. The Moors, who were of little courage, hearing their captain speak after that manner,

being alarmed, and without one of them putting hand to his arms, of which few or scarcely one had any, they were manacled, without saying a word, by the Christians, with marvellous swiftness, threatening the Moors that if they arose in any way, or in any manner raised their voices, straightway they would put them to the point of the sword. This being done, the half of us remaining on guard, the rest of us, guided at the same time by the renegade, went to Agi Morato's garden, and coming to open the gate, it opened as easily as if it had never been shut, and so, in great quiet and silence, we reached the house without being perceived of any one.

"The charming Zorayda was awaiting us at a window, and therefore, as soon as she perceived some people, asked in a low voice if we were *nizarani*, as if she had said or inquired if we were Christians.

"I answered that we were Christians, and she should come down.

"When she knew me, she did not wait a moment; for, replying never a word, she came down at once, opened the door, showed herself to all of us, so beautiful and so richly dressed that I may not tell. When I saw her, I took her hand and kissed it; and the renegade did the same, and the same did my two companions; and all the rest, which knew not the case, did as they saw us do, giving thanks, and acknowledging her as the lady of our freedom.

"The renegade inquired, in the Arabic tongue, if her father was in the garden.

"She answered Yes, and that he was asleep.

"'Well, it will be better to awake him,' said the renegade, 'and carry him with us, and all that he has of value in this beautiful garden.'

"'No,' she said, 'my father must not be touched on any account; and in this house there is nothing of value but that which I carry, which is sufficient to make all rich and happy. Wait a little, and you shall see.' Saying this, she turned to enter, adding that she would quickly return, and that we should remain without making any noise.

"I asked of the renegade what had passed between them, the which he told me; to whom I said that in no case must he do anything more than Zorayda desired. Here she returned laden with a small box full of gold crowns, so many that she could hardly carry it.

"By ill chance her father awoke in the interim; and hearing the noise in the garden, and appearing at the window, he knew us all at once who were there to be Christians, and, uttering many great and bitter cries, began to shout in Arabic, '*Christians! Christians! thieves! thieves!*' by which cries we were placed in the greatest and most fearful confusion. But the renegade, perceiving the peril in which we stood, and of how much import it was to us to come out of that enterprise without being discovered, with great swiftness he mounted, together with some of us, and went where Agi Morato was; I not daring to leave Zorayda unprotected, as, fainting, she had fallen into my arms. At last, they who went up managed so well that in a moment they came down, bringing Agi

Morato, with his hands tied and a kerchief over his mouth, which permitted him not to speak, threatening him the while that if he made any noise it would cost him his life.

"Which when his daughter saw, she covered her eyes that she might not behold him, and her father remained horror-stricken, without knowing how willingly she had placed herself in our hands. And then, seeing how necessary it was to use our feet, with swift diligence we made for the barque, where those who had remained were awaiting us, fearful that some evil had befallen us. Scarcely had passed two hours of the night when, all of us being in the barque,[3] we untied the hands of Zorayda's father, and took the kerchief from his mouth; the renegade warning him not to speak a word, or they would take his life. He, beholding his daughter there, began to sigh very bitterly, and much more when he saw that I held her closely embraced, and that she, without show of resistance, or complaint, or coyness, remained quiet; but, withal, he kept silence, for fear of our putting in execution the many threats which the renegade made.

"Zorayda seeing now that she was within the barque, and that we began to row, and perceiving her father there, with the rest of the Moors, all bound, she asked the renegade to desire me to do her the favour of releasing those Moors, and to let her father free; for she would rather throw herself into the sea than behold a father, who had loved her so tenderly, carried away captive before her eyes, and by her occasion. The renegade told me all, and I answered that I was

quite willing. But he replied that he could not agree, by reason that if they were left there they would at once raise the country, and the city would be in a tumult, and cause some swift frigates to come in pursuit of us, and that they would compass both sea and land so that we should not escape; but what could be done was to give them their liberty at the first Christian land where we should come. In this we all agreed, and Zorayda was satisfied when we recounted to her the reasons which had moved us not to do at once what she wished. And straightway, in glad silence and with joyous diligence, each one of our trusty rowers took his oar, and we began, commending us to God with all our hearts, to shape our course towards the island of Majorca, which was the nearest Christian land. But because the north wind began to blow a little, and the sea to be somewhat rough, it was not possible to keep the course for Majorca, and we were forced to keep the shore towards Oran, not without much dread on our part of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which by the coast lies some sixty miles from Algiers; and we also feared to encounter in that place some galley of those which ordinarily come with merchandise from Tetuan; although each one for himself, and all of us together, presumed that if we fell in with a merchant galley, provided it was not a pirate, not only should we not be lost, but that we might take a ship, in which we might finish our voyage with greater security.

"Whilst thus we sailed, Zorayda placed her head

between my hands so that she might not see her father; and I perceived how she continued calling upon Lela Marien to help us. We had navigated thirty miles, when the morning broke upon us some three gun-shots from land, all of which we saw to be desert, without any one to discover us. But, for all that, we got by force of strength a little out to sea, which was now somewhat more calm, when order was given that we should row by turns, that we might refresh ourselves somewhat, for the barque was well provisioned; but the oarsmen said that that was no time for repose, and they might give to eat to those who were not rowing, for that they had no wish to quit their oars for anything. This was done; when the wind began to freshen into a breeze, which obliged us to hoist sail and, leaving the oars, make straight for Oran, it being impossible to keep another course. All was done with great expertness; and with sail we made more than eight miles an hour, having no other fear than that of meeting some pirate ship. We gave the Tagarine Moors something to eat, the renegade comforting them, saying that they were not going as captives, and that on the first occasion they should be given their liberty.

"He said the same to Zorayda's father, who answered, 'Whatever other thing I might hope for and believe of your generosity and kind usage, O Christians, yet hold me not to be so simple as to imagine that you will give me my liberty; for you would never have exposed yourselves to the peril of taking it from me in order to return it so liberally, especially knowing

who I am, and the profit that you might make in giving it to me, which if you will give it a name, from this instant I promise you all that you demand, for myself and for this my unhappy daughter, or for her alone, who is the greater and better part of my soul.' Saying this, he began to weep, so bitterly that it moved us all to pity, and forced Zorayda to regard him, who, seeing him weep, was so strangely moved that, rising from my feet, she went to embrace her father, and to kiss him; and both began so tender a lamentation that many of us who were there had to share them company.

"But when her father saw her so richly adorned, and with so many jewels upon her, he said in his language, 'What is this, child, that yesternight, before this terrible disaster in which we now are overtook us, I saw thee in thine ordinary home dress, and now, without having time to deck thyself, or without having received any glad tidings for whose solemnization thou mightest adorn and beautify thyself, I see thee dressed in the finest that I know, or am able to bestow upon thee, when fortune did most favour us? Answer me this, for thou holdest me more astonished and amazed than I am by this ill fortune on which I have fallen.'

"All that the Moor said to his daughter the renegade made known to us, and she replied never a word. But when he saw, on one side of the barque, the little box where she kept her jewels, which he full well supposed had been left in Algiers, and not brought to the garden, he became more humiliated,

and demanded how that casket came into our hands, and what it contained.

"To which the renegade, without waiting for Zorayda, answered, 'Do not weary thyself, master, in questioning Zorayda, thy daughter, of so many things, for one which I will tell to thee shall satisfy thee in all—which is that thou must know she is a Christian; she has been the file to our chains, the liberty of our captivity; she comes with us of her own will, so happy, as I imagine, to find herself in this state as he who comes out of darkness to the light, out of death to life, out of pain to glory.'

"'Is it true what he says, daughter?' asked the Moor.

"'It is,' answered Zorayda.

"'So, then, thou art a Christian—she who has brought her father into the hands of his enemies?'

"To which Zorayda answered, 'That I am a Christian is most true; but it is not true that I have brought thee to this pass, because never did my desire reach to leaving thee, nor to do thee ill, only to do myself good.'

"'And what good hast done thyself, daughter?'

"'That,' replied she, 'thou must ask of Lela Marien, who will know better how to answer thee than can I.'

"Scarcely had the Moor heard this, when, with incredible swiftness, he threw himself headlong into the sea, where, without any doubt, he would have drowned, if the long and buoyant robes he wore had not kept him a little above water.

"Zorayda called out to us to save him, and we all ran and, laying hold of his burnoose, drew him out, half drowned and without feeling; from which Zorayda received so great sorrow, that, as if he were dead, she mourned over him a tender and pitiful lamentation. Having turned him face downwards, he vomited much water. At the end of two hours he came to himself, and the wind having changed, we were carried towards the shore, and we had to put forth our oars to escape running upon it. But it pleased our good fortune to make a small bay formed by a small promontory or cape, which among the Moors is called *El de la Cava Rumia*,[4] which in our tongue signifies *the pernicious woman christened;* and the Moors hold it for a tradition that in that place Cava was buried, through whom Spain was lost, for *cava* in their tongue signifies *pernicious woman*, and *rumia*, *Christian;* and they even hold it as an evil omen to arrive there and anchor when necessity forces them so to do, and, but for that, they never will. Yet for us it did not prove an evil woman's shelter, but the safe haven of our redemption from a troubled sea. We posted sentinels on shore, and did not let slip our oars; we ate of what the renegade had provided, and entreated God and Our Lady, with all our hearts, for help and succour, that happily we might bring to an end what had been so favourably begun. We gave orders, on Zorayda's entreaty, to put her father and the rest of the Moors, whom we had bound, on shore; for she had not heart, nor could her tender nature suffer it, to see her father tied before her eyes,

and his fellow-countrymen prisoners. We promised to do this on our departure, for we ran no danger in leaving them in that desert place.

"Our prayers were not so vain that Heaven gave them no ear, for the wind changed in our favour, the sea was appeased, inviting us cheerfully to continue our initiate voyage. On this we unbound the Moors, and one by one we put them on shore, which caused them no small astonishment; but when we came to disembark Zorayda's father, who had now fully come to himself, he said, 'Why, Christians, do you think this vile female is glad that you give me my freedom? Think you it is for pity of me? No, truly, but for the hindrance my presence would be to her when she would gratify her evil desires. Nor bethink you that she is moved to change her religion, because that of yours is better than ours; much rather is it because she knows that in your country dishonesty is more freely practised than in ours.' Then, turning to Zorayda—I and another Christian having firm hold of him, lest he should attempt some folly—he exclaimed, 'O damned maiden, and ill-advised wench! whither wilt thou run, blinded and wild, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour in which I begot thee, and accursed be the gifts and the delights in which I bred thee!'

"But I, perceiving that he was not like soon to make an end, had him quietly put on shore, from whence he continued shouting his curses and laments, beseeching Mahomet, entreating Allah to destroy, confound, and cast us away; and when, having set sail

we could no longer hear his words, we saw his doings —plucking his beard, tearing his hair, and throwing himself on the ground; but once he raised his voice with such force that we heard what he said—

"'Return, daughter beloved! return to thy land; I forgive thee all. Give that money which is thine own to these men, and return and console this thy joyless father, who will give up his life to this sandy desert, if thou forsakest him.'

"To all this did Zorayda take heed, all this she felt and mourned, and knew not what to say, or what answer to make, except—'I pray Allah, father mine, that Lela Marien, who has been the cause of my becoming a Christian, may comfort thee in thy affliction. Allah knows full well that I could do no other thing than what I have done, and that these Christians owe me nothing for my good will. For had I not wished to come with them, but remained at my home, yet had it been impossible; for my soul gave me no rest until I did this work which to me appears so good, and which thou, father beloved, judgest as evil.'

"This was said at a time when neither her father could hear her, nor we see him. And so, I comforting Zorayda, we all attended to our sailing, now made easy to us by a favouring wind, and we held it for certain that next day would see us on the coast of Spain.

"But, as rarely or never comes the pure and simple good without being attended or followed by some evil which troubles or thwarts it, it pleased our fortune, or perhaps the curses which the Moor heaped upon his child—for these are always to be dreaded,

come from what father they may—it happened, I say, that standing now far out at sea, and not more than three hours of the night being passed, going with sail set from above below, the oars bridled (for the fair wind made their use unnecessary), by the light of the moon, which shone clear, we saw a bulging vessel close upon us, having all sail set, steering a little with the wind, right athwart our hawse, and so near that we were forced to strike sail that we did not run foul of her, and they, at the same time, used well their helm to give us room to pass.

"Those on deck of the vessel demanded of us who we were, where we were going, and from whence we came; but because they asked this in the French tongue, our renegade said, 'Let none reply, for these, without doubt, are French pirates, which take their spoil of all.'

"Thus warned, none of us answered a word; and having passed on a little forward, leaving the ship to the windward, suddenly they discharged into us two pieces of artillery, both, as it seemed, of chain shot; for one of them cut in twain our mast, which, with the sail, fell into the sea, and the other, coming a moment afterwards, struck us amidships, and laid that side of the barque entirely open, but without doing any other mischief. Seeing ourselves about to sink, we all began to cry aloud for succour, and to entreat those of the ship that they would save us, for we were sinking. Then they hove to, and, hoisting out their small boat or pinnace, there entered it in haste some dozen Frenchmen, well armed with their muskets and lighted

matches; and coming up to us thus, and seeing how few we were, and that the barque was sinking, they took us on board, telling us that for our discourtesy in not answering all that had happened to us.

"Our renegade took Zorayda's casket, containing all her riches, and dropped it into the sea without any one seeing what he did. In brief, we went on board with the French, who, after they had informed themselves of all which they desired to know, as if they had been our mortal enemies, they spoiled us of all that we had, and from Zorayda they took even unto the bracelets on her ankles. But this caused not in me the same grief as in Zorayda; for the dread in me was that, after taking her most rich and precious jewels, they would rob her of the one jewel which she did most prize. But the desires of those people do not reach farther than money, their avarice of which is never satisfied—the which then raged so much that they would have taken from us even the clothes we wore as slaves, had they been of any use to them.

"It appeared to some of them that it would be better to wrap us all up in a sail, and throw us into the sea; for it was their intention to trade with some of the Spanish havens, under the pretence of being Bretons, and if they carried us alive, they would be punished, their robbery being made known. But the captain, who had despoiled my beloved Zorayda, said that he was content with the prize which he made, and that he had no wish to touch in any haven of Spain, but to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar at night, as well as he could, and make for Rochelle,

from whence he had come. So they agreed to give us the small boat of their vessel, and all that was needed to finish the little of the voyage which remained to us to make, and they did so the next day in sight of the Spanish coast; which beholding, we straightway forgot all our grief, all our poverty, as if we had never passed through them—so mighty is the joy of achieving lost liberty! It was about midday when they put us into the small boat, giving us two barrels of water and some biscuit; and the captain, moved I know not of what mercy, on the most beauteous Zorayda stepping on board, gave her some fifty gold crowns, and would not allow the soldiers to strip from her the clothes which she still wears.

"We entered the boat, giving them thanks for the good they had done us, showing ourselves more grateful than complaining; and they went right before the wind, taking course for the Straits, ourselves not minding any other north than the land which was in front of us. We pulled towards it so lustily, that at sunset so near were we that we made full sure of arriving before the night was far advanced; but the moon not appearing, and the night being overcast, we knew not where we were, and we held it for the best course not to approach too near the shore; although some of us would have us land, even though it were on the rocks, or far from any place, that we might be secured against the fear which of reason we might have of the corsairs of Tetuan, who pass the night in Barbary and are on the coasts of Spain ere morning, where they commonly make some prize, and

return home to sleep. But we of the contrary opinion held to that of approaching little by little to the coast, and that, if the quiet of the sea allowed us, we would land where we might be able. This we did; and a while before midnight we drew near to the foot of a great and high mountain, not so close to the sea but it allowed us a little space where we might conveniently disembark.

"We struck the sand, we leaped on shore, we kissed the ground, and, with tears of a joyous contentment, we all gave thanks unto the Lord our God, for the great good which he had wrought us in our voyage.

"Then we took such victuals as we had from the boat, and brought them on shore, and climbed a good stretch up the mountain; for, although we were in that place, we dared not assure ourselves, nor fully believe that it was a Christian land whereon we trod. The day broke, I think, somewhat slower than some of us wished for, when we ascended the top of the mountain to ascertain if from thence we could descry any village or any shepherds' huts. Yet, although we gained a much extended view, nor village, nor person, nor path, nor road could we discover. Yet, withal, we resolved on entering further into the country, seeing that at least we must discover ere long some one who could tell us somewhat of it. But what gave me most pain was to see Zorayda going on foot over those rough places; and although I sometimes took her on my shoulders, yet did my toil give her more weariness than the rest she got brought her repose, nor would she again consent that I should take that trouble.

So, with much patience and many joyous signs, I leading her by the hand, we by little and little might have walked half a league, when there reached our ears the sound of a little bell—a clear token that close by there would be some cattle. All of us then began to look attentively for some one's appearing, when we saw at the foot of a cork tree a shepherd boy, who, in great quiet and carelessness, was fashioning a stick with a knife. We called to him, but he, raising his head, at once set himself to fly; and, as we afterwards learnt, the first of us whom he saw being the renegade and Zorayda, seeing them also in Moorish dress, he believed that all the Moors of Barbary were upon him, and, running with strange fleetness into the wood in front, began to utter the loudest cries in the world, calling out, *Moors! The Moors have come! Moors! Moors! To arms, to arms!*

"These noises threw us into great perplexity, and we knew not what to do; but, reflecting that the cries of the shepherd would stir up the country, and that the mounted coast-guard would soon come up to see the import of it all, we agreed that the renegade should strip himself of his Turkish clothes, and dress himself in the *guilego*, or captive's cassock, which one of us then gave him, although he remained in his shirt-sleeves; and so, commending us to God, we went on by the same road which the shepherd had taken, always expecting the mounted guard to come upon us. And we were not deceived in our belief; for not more than two hours had passed when, having now emerged

from those brakes upon a plain, we saw some fifty horsemen riding on towards us with loose rein and at great speed, and as soon as we saw them we stood still, awaiting them. But as they came near, and beheld, in place of the Moors they looked for, so many poor Christians, they were perplexed; and one of them asked if perchance we were the occasion of a shepherd proclaiming the alarm.

"'Yea,' said I, wishing to tell him of my success, and whence we had come, and who we were.

"One of the Christians who came with us knew the horseman who had questioned us, and he said, 'Thanks be unto God, good sirs, for the good place to which he has brought us, for, if I be not deceived, the soil on which we tread is that of Velez Malaga; if now the years of my captivity have not robbed me of memory, I recollect that you, sir, that demand who we be art Pedro Bustamente, my uncle.'

"Scarcely had the Christian captive said this, when the horseman threw himself from his horse, and came to embrace the youth, saying, 'Nephew of my soul and of my life! now I know thee. I had mourned for thee as dead—I and my sister, thy mother, and all thy kindred who are yet living; and God has been pleased to spare us that we may enjoy the pleasure of seeing thee alive. It now seems that thou wast captive in Algiers, and by signs and tokens of thy dress, and of all included in this company, that thou hast miraculously obtained thy liberty.'

"'That is so,' replied the youth, 'and there will be time hereafter to recount it all to you.'

"As soon as the horsemen knew that we were Christian captives, they alighted from their horses, and each invited us to mount to carry us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was yet a league and a half away. Some of them returned to bring the boat into the city, we telling them where we had left it; others got up behind on the haunches, and Zorayda was placed on the horse of the Christian's uncle.

"The whole city came out to receive us, who by means of one who had gone on before knew of our coming. They were not much astonished to see liberated captives nor captive Moors, but they much wondered at the beauty of Zorayda, which at that time and season was in its prime; for the travel by the way, together with the joy of now being in a Christian country, without fear of being deprived of it, brought such colour to her face, that, if it be not that affection deceived me, I dare declare that a more beautiful creature had never been in the world, or, at least, that I had never seen one.

"We went straightway to church, to give thanks to God for the mercies we had received, and as Zorayda entered, she said that there were faces very like to the face of Lela Marien.

"We told her that they were her images; and, as well as he could, the renegade instructed her in what they did signify, that she might adore them, as if each one of them was Lela Marien herself. She, who had a good understanding and a natural and quick conceit, presently knew what was said to her in regard to the images.

"After this, they carried us to different houses in the city, dividing us among them; but the renegade, Zorayda, and myself did the Christian take to his parents' home, who were indifferently well blessed with the goods of fortune, and they gave us as much love as they gave their own son.

"We were six days at Velez, at the end of which the renegade, having made his confession of as much as concerned him, departed for the city of Granada, to be reconciled by means of the Holy Inquisition to the lap of the most holy Church. The rest of the liberated Christians went where it most suited them; only Zorayda and I remained, with nothing but the crowns which the courteous Frenchman had given to Zorayda. With them I bought this animal on which she came, I attending her thus far as father and squire, and not as husband. We go with intent to see if my father liveth, or if any of my brothers have had more prosperous fortune than has been mine; although, as Heaven has made me the consort of Zorayda, methinks that no other fortune could come, how good soever it may, that I would so much prize. The patience with which Zorayda bears the unfitness of hollow poverty, and the desire she shows to become a Christian, is such and so great, that I wonder, and am moved to serve her all the days of my life; and yet, amid the delight which I have to know that I am hers, and that she is mine, I am ofttimes perturbed and undone, not knowing if I shall find a corner in my country where I can provide her shelter, and if time and death will not have made such change in

the state and lives of my father and my brothers, that hardly shall I find any who will know me, if I should fail of these. I have nothing more to tell you, gentlemen, of my story, which if it be agreeable and rare your better judgments must pronounce. For myself, I might say that I would, had it been possible, have been more brief in the telling, although the fear of being tedious to you hath deprived my tongue of not a few particulars."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLI.

Note 1, *page* 239.

A mixture of all languages. Chiefly Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. See Padre Haedo, *Topografia*, cap. 29.

Note 2, *page* 245.

When I spoke with Zorayda in the garden, my renegade. In the first editions we read "*Morrenago* (for so was the renegade called)." The words in parenthesis were inserted in the Brussels edition of 1607, and by subsequent editors attributed to the London edition. The correction was afterwards made by Pellicer, and adopted by the Academy. The Italian, which Shelton is supposed to have followed, retains *Morrenago*, without the explanatory parenthesis; and the evidence so far shows us that Jarvis used the London edition of 1738, which, it now appears, is indebted for nearly all its readings to the Brussels reprint of 1607, used by Shelton.

Note 3, *page* 249.

All of us being in the barque. It has been supposed that this story of the captive is that of Cervantes himself. It is certain that he speaks from personal knowledge; for one thing may be relied upon, that in all matters of fact he never knowingly misleads his readers. In his *Trato de Argel*, which should be read with the captive's narrative, and which I trust will soon be made public in English, we read as follows:—

No de la imaginacion
Este Trato se sacó,
Que la verdad lo fraguó
Bien lejos de la ficcion.
Dura en Argel este cuento
De amor." . . .

Note 4, *page* 254.

Called El de la Cava Rumia. The cape indicated in the text will probably be that of Albatel, or Caxines, which form between them the gulf still called "The Pernicious Woman." That the name of *rumia*, or *romana*, among the remote people of the East, was held as equivalent to that of Christian, is proved by many instances in the history of the twelfth century; among which we find the Armenians giving the name of *romanos* to the Greeks, and hence the name of Roumania or Roumelia. As to that which relates to the *Cava Rumia*, Luis del Mármolen observes, in his *Description of Africa* (lib. 5, cap. 43), that this is a vulgar error of the Christians, who are little instructed in Moorish matters. *La Cava*, through whom the unlettered came to believe Spain was lost to the Moors, who was supposed to be the wife or daughter of Count Julian, and sometimes called Florinda, the equivalent of Zorayda, is now looked upon rather as an unfortunate than a pernicious woman. The whole story, long believed as faithful history both in and out of Spain, is now known to be all pure romance. One of the early ballads on the subject thus concludes:—

> *If of the two 'tis questioned, which was the guiltier then:*
> *Rodrigo! say the women, La Cava! say the men.*

Vide Clemencin, iii. 236. Those who will read chapters 165–175 of the ancient chronicle of Rodrigo may form their own opinion. The following passage is much to the purpose, but I may not translate it into current English:—

"Despues que el rey ovo descubierto su corazon á La Caba, no era dia que la no requiriese una vez ó dos, y ella se defendia con buena razon. Empo à la cima, como el rey no pensava tanto como en esto; un dia en la fiesta embio con *un donzel* por La Caba, y ella vino; y como en esta horo no avia en todo su camara otro ninguno sino ellos todos tres, el cumplio con ella todo lo que quiso."

CHAPTER XLII.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT FURTHER HAPPENED AT THE INN, AND OF MANY OTHER THINGS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN.

HAVING said that, the captive held his peace, and Don Fernando said to him, "Certes, captain, the way in which you have told this strange happening has been such as makes it equal to the novelty and strangeness of the hap itself. All is foreign, and rare, and full of accidents which hold in wonder and amaze all who hear them, and of such sort is the pleasure we have received in listening to it; and although to-morrow's day had found us entertained of the same story, we should have been delighted to have it begin again."

On saying that, Don Antonio[1] and all the rest offered themselves to serve him in all that was possible, in words and arguments so loving and true, that the captain was much satisfied of their good will. Especially did Don Fernando offer that if he would come with him, he would undertake that the marquis, his brother, should be godfather at the baptism of

Zorayda, and that he, for his part, would so accommodate him that he might enter his country with the display and comfort which was due to his person.

The captive most courteously thanked him for all, but would not accept any of their gracious offers.

The night was coming on, and as it closed a coach arrived at the inn, with some men on horseback. They asked for harbourage, but the landlady answered that there was not a hand-breadth of room unoccupied in the whole inn.

"Be that as it may," said one of the horsemen who had entered, "there must be room found for my lord judge, who has come."

At this name the landlady became all of a tremor, and she said, "Master, the matter is that I have no beds; if so be his worship the judge carries one, as no doubt he does, come in and welcome, for I and my husband will give up our room to accommodate his worship."

"It is well," said the squire.

And then there entered from the coach a man whose attire at once set forth the dignity and office which he held; for the long robe which he wore, with its flying sleeves, showed him to be a judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a maiden apparently of some sixteen years, in travelling dress, of such spirit, beauty, and grace that all were struck with admiration; so much that if they had not seen Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zorayda, who were at the inn, they could not have believed that a beauty like unto that of the maiden might be found.

Don Quixote found himself there on the entry of the judge and the maiden, and, on seeing them, said, "Assuredly may your worship enter and divert yourself in this castle, which although straitened and comfortless, yet is there no straitness and no discomfort in the world but will give place to arms and letters, especially when arms and letters have beauty for leader and guide, as the letters of your worship come, led by this beauteous maiden, to whom ought castles not only to open and offer their goods, but the steep rocks should themselves divide, and the mountains split asunder and bow to receive her. Enter, your worship, I say, into this paradise, for here shall you find stars and suns to company the heaven which your worship brings with you. Here shall you find arms in their perfectness, and beauty in its prime."

The judge marvelled at Don Quixote's oration, and attentively regarded him, and was no less surprised at his figure than at his words, and without finding any with which to reply to him, again returned to gaze upon him, when he saw before him Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zorayda, who, at the tidings of the new guests and of what the landlady had given them of the beauty of the maiden, had come out to see and to receive her; but Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest made more homely and more courteous offers of service.

In effect, the judge came in, confused as much by what he saw as by that to which he had listened, and the beauties of the inn gave welcome to the fair maiden.[2]

In the end, the judge perceived full well that all who were there were people of distinction; but the port, the visage, and form of Don Quixote perplexed him. After much courteous intercourse had passed between them all, and the judge had examined the accommodation of the inn, he ordered what had been ordered before, that all the women should occupy the room already referred to, and that the men should remain outside on guard. And the judge was happy that the maiden, his daughter, should go with those ladies, which she did right willingly; and with part of the spare bed of the innkeeper, and half of that which the judge brought with him, they passed that night better than they thought for.

The captive, who, from the instant when he first saw the judge, felt his heart awake with tokens that he was his brother, asked one of the servants who came with him how they called him, and if he knew where he was born.

The servant answered that he was called the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma, and that he had heard say that he was of a town in the mountains of Leon.

With this account, and with that which he had observed, he was convinced that that was his brother who had pursued letters by his father's counsel; and, overcome and happy, calling Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest on one side, he told them what had passed, and certified them that the judge was his brother.

The servant also told him how that he had been

appointed judge in the Indies of the *Audiencia* of Mexico, and also that the maiden was his daughter, whose mother had died in giving her birth, and that he had remained very rich with the portion she had left her daughter. He asked counsel of them how he might discover himself to his brother, or how to know first if, after the discovery, his brother, seeing him to be poor, would be offended, or would receive him with bowels of compassion.

"Leave it to me to make that experiment," said the priest, "for the simple reason that there is no cause why you should not be well received; for the courage and prudence which your brother bears about him give no signs of his being arrogant or forgetful, or unable to estimate the things of fortune aright."

"For all that," said the captain, "it is my wish that not suddenly, but by roundabout ways, he comes to know me."

"I tell you," answered the priest, "that I will so contrive that all shall remain satisfied."

Now was supper ready, and all were seated round the table, excepting the captive and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their room.

In the midst of supper, the priest said, "Of the same name as your worship, sir judge, had I a comrade in Constantinople, where he was many years a captive, which comrade was one of the most valiant soldiers and captains of the whole Spanish infantry; but, resolute and courageous as he was, so was he unfortunate."

"What was the name of the captain, my dear sir?" inquired the judge.

"His name," answered the priest, "was Ruiz Perez de Viedma, a native of some town in the mountains of Leon, who recounted to me an occurrence which befel him, his father, and his brother, which, if it had not been told me by a man so true as he was, I should have held for one of those fables which old women tell over the fire in winter; for he told me that his father divided his estate between his three sons, and that he gave them certain counsels better than those of Cato; and I am able to say that he who elected to go to the wars succeeded so well, that in few years, by his courage and resolution, without any arm but that of his great virtue, he rose to be captain of infantry, and on the way and in favour of soon becoming colonel. But fortune was contrary to him; for even there, where he did most expect her favour, he lost it, with the loss of liberty, in the ever-memorable conflict wherein so many gained theirs, which was at the battle of Lepanto. I lost mine in the Goleta, and afterwards, by diverse haps, we became comrades in Constantinople. From thence he came to Algiers, where there happened one of the sharpest things which ever did happen in the world."

And then the priest, with easy brevity, rehearsed all that had happened with the brother and Zorayda; to all of which the judge was so attentive, that never had he judged anything so closely as he did then.

The priest stopped at the point where the French despoiled the Christians, when they came in the barque, together with the poverty and necessity to which his comrade and the lady Moor were brought, of whom

he had learnt nothing since, nor whether they had come into Spain, or the French had carried them to France.

The captain stood somewhat aloof, listening to all that the priest said, and noting the emotion of his brother, who, seeing that the priest had concluded his story, giving a great sigh, and his eyes big with tears, exclaimed—

"O sir, thou canst not know how much the tidings which thou hast brought to me touch me in part, forcing me to yield up my tears, which, contrary to all my habits and caution, fall from my eyes! This captain, so valorous as thou sayest, is my eldest brother, who, stronger and of higher mind than I or my younger brother, chose the honourable and worthy exercise of war, which was one of the three courses which our father proposed to us, according to what thy comrade told thee when thou didst think him telling a fable. I followed letters, in which God and my own diligence hath placed me in the rank in which thou findest me. My younger brother is in Peru, so rich, that with what he hath sent to my father and to myself, he hath well proved how satisfactory hath been to him the part he selected to take, and has even poured into my father's hands sufficient to indulge his liberal nature; and I, too, have been able with more decency and authority to prosecute my studies, and to reach the office which I now fill. My father yet lives, but is dying with desire to see his elder born, and entreats God not to close his eyes in death until in life he has with them seen his son. My marvel is, he

being so wise, that among so many trials and afflictions or prosperous events, he has been so unmindful as not to inform his father of himself; for, had he or any of us known, he would have had no need to await that miracle of the cane to achieve his redemption. But what I dread is the thought whether those Frenchmen will have given him liberty, or have murdered him to conceal their robbery. All this will hasten my journey, not with that happiness with which I began it, but in all melancholy and sadness. O my noble brother, who can tell where thou art now, that I could go and search for thee and free thee of thy toils, although at the cost of my all! Oh, who will carry the news to our old father that thou livest, albeit hidden in the deepest dungeons of Barbary, that by his riches, mine, and my brother's, we could deliver thee! O Zorayda, beautiful and bountiful! who shall repay thee the good thou hast done a brother; who shall be so happy as to be present at the new birth of thy soul, and at thy marriage, which would bring so great pleasure to all?"

These and other similar words did the judge say, being full of compassion for the tidings which they had given him of his brother, while all who heard joined together in showing their sympathy with his grief.

The priest, perceiving the happy issue of his design, and the captain's desire, wished not to keep them all a longer time sad; therefore he rose from the table, and entering where Zorayda was, took her by the hand, and following her came Lucinda, Dorothea, and the daughter of the judge. The captain

was waiting to see what the priest wished to do; which was to take him by the other hand, and, with them both, to go to the judge and the rest of the gentlemen, and say—

"Dry your tears, my lord judge, and be your desires crowned with all the good you desire and deserve; here before you is your brother and your good sister-in-law. He whom you behold is Captain Viedma, and this the beauteous lady Moor who has done so much for him; the French of whom I spoke have brought him into the strait in which you see, in order that you may display towards him the generosity of your noble heart."

The captain went to embrace his brother; and he placed both hands on his breast to look at him a little apart, and, coming to know him, he embraced him so tenderly, shedding so many holy tears of content, that the rest of those present had to keep them company therein.

The words which the brothers spoke with each other, the feelings which they disclosed, could scarcely be believed, much less written down. There, in brief words, he gave account of what had befallen him; there did he show the excellent friendship of the two brothers in its prime. There did the judge embrace Zorayda; there did he offer her his estate; now did he make his daughter embrace her; there did the beautiful Christian and the most beautiful Moor maid renew the tears of all. There was Don Quixote in still attention contemplating these strange events, attributing all of them to the chimeras of knight-

errantry. There they concerted that the captain and Zorayda should return with his brother to Seville, and advise his father of his being found, and of his liberty, in order that he might order it so as to be present at the marriage and the baptism of Zorayda; for it was not possible for the judge to leave the road he had taken, on account of receiving news that from thence, within a month, the fleet would leave Seville for New Spain, and that it would be the greatest inconvenience to lose the voyage.

In effect, all were happy and joyous for the happy fortune of the captive; and two parts of the night being wellnigh spent, they agreed to retire and find repose for the rest which remained to them.

Don Quixote offered to keep guard over the castle, lest any giant or other errant miscreant should make some attack, covetous of the great treasure of beauty which that castle enclosed. Those who knew him gave him their thanks, and told the judge of Don Quixote's strange humour, which caused him not a little pleasure.

Sancho Panza alone was impatient of the delay of going to sleep, and he alone was better accommodated than all, throwing himself on to his ass's furniture, which will cost him dear, as we shall see farther on.

The ladies now retired to their chamber, the rest reposing as well as they could. Don Quixote sallied out of the inn to become sentinel as he had promised.

A little before the coming of day, it happened that there reached the ears of the ladies a voice so sweet and tuneful, that it compelled all to listen, especially

Dorothea, who was awake, and by whose side slept Doña Clara de Viedma—for so was the judge's daughter named. No one could imagine who it was who sang so well, and it was a solitary voice, unaided of any instrument. At one time it appeared that he sang in the courtyard,[3] at other in the stable, and they were in this listening perplexity, when Cardenio came to the door of the chamber, and said—

"Those who do not sleep, let them listen, and they shall hear the voice of a muleteer who chants after such manner that it is enchanting."

"We hear it, sir," answered Dorothea; and on that Cardenio went away, and Dorothea, giving all attention possible, understood that what he sang was this.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLII.

Note 1, *page* 268.

Don Antonio. No previous mention has been made of this name, observes the Royal Academy of Spain in its edition, and it might be a printer's error for Cardenio.

Note 2, *page* 270.

Gave welcome to the fair maiden. The words in the original are "gave la *bienllegada* á la hermosa doncella"—a new word in the Spanish tongue, invented by Cervantes, and used instead of the common *bienvenida.*

Note 3, *page* 278.

He sang in the courtyard. Our Spanish critic is unusually severe on this passage. In no other part of the story, he observes, is mention made of this inn having a courtyard or *patio;* it was simply provided with a *corral*—the straw or stable-yard, or compound, as it might be called both for its situation and extent. It is quite likely that Cervantes converted this *corral* into a *patio* for the occasion, and forgot to tell us how he wrought the alteration, where he found the bricks and mortar, and whence he gathered his flowers for its ornament.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN WHICH IS REHEARSED THE PLEASANT STORY OF THE MULETEER, WITH OTHER STRANGE ACCIDENTS WHICH HAPPENED AT THE INN.

A sailor I on love's deep sea,
Of all its waves the sport,
I sail, though not a hope there be
Of reaching any port.

My only guide a distant star
On which I gaze with awe,
More beauteous and resplendent far
Than Palinurus saw.

I know not where its rays shall lead;
I sail without a plan,
With careless heart, yet careful heed
Its brilliant light to scan.

But there be clouds that close it round
When I would see it clear:
Those cold reserves without a bound,
That modesty severe.

O Clara, bright and shining star,
For whose sweet light I sigh!
If thou thy light from me debar,
That moment I shall die!

When he that sang came to this point, it appeared to Dorothea that it would be unkind not to let Clara hear so excellent a voice; therefore, moving her from one side to the other, she woke her, saying, "Forgive me, little one, that I awake thee, but I do so that thou mayest have the pleasure of listening to the best voice which perhaps thou hast heard in all thy life."

Clara awoke all sleepy, and at first did not understand what Dorothea had said to her, and asked her again to tell her, which again she did, and Clara became attentive. But scarcely had she heard two verses which the singer went on singing, when she was seized with so strange a trembling, that it appeared as if she were stricken with some grievous quartan ague, and, clasping Dorothea tightly, she said—

"Alas! dearest lady of my life, why didst thou awake me? The greatest good which fortune could do now for me would be to close my eyes and ears, that I neither see nor hear this unhappy musician."

"What sayest thou, child? Didst not hear that they said he who sings is a muleteer?"

"He is none other than a lord of cities," replied Clara, "and so much lord of my soul as, if he reject it not, it shall be his for ever."

Dorothea wondered at the passionate words of the child, thinking them far beyond the wit which her tender age denoted; and so she said to her, "Thou speakest, Mistress Clara, after such sort that I do not understand thee; make thyself more clear, and tell what is this that thou sayest of soul and cities, and of this musician whose voice hath so disquieted thee.

But at present say no more; for I have no wish to lose, by attending to thy fright, the pleasure I receive in hearing him sing, and methinks he is about to sing again some new verses to a new tune."

"Be it so and welcome," answered Clara, who, not to hear him, covered both ears with her hands, which astonished Dorothea, who, attentive to what was sung, found that it was as follows:—

Sweet hope of mine, that, breaking through
The impenetrable wilderness of briars,
Dost tread the path both firm and true
That leads thee to the home of thy desires:
Let not the vision thee dismay,
Though death should track each footstep of thy way.

No sluggish soul shall e'er attain
To honoured triumphs, or to victory's crown;
Nor he the heights of bliss shall gain
Who never steels his heart to fortune's frown,
But tamely from the struggle flees,
And lulls his senses on the lap of ease.

It stands to reason, 'tis but just,
That love his glories should most dearly vend,
Since richest treasures are but dust
Compared with love's delights, that know no end;
For plain it is without disguise
That what costs little we but little prize.

How often does a lover true
Aspire to things impossible, and win?
So, though the love I have in view
Has mighty obstacles without, within,
To me I trust it will be given
To rise at length from earth and conquer heaven.

Here the voice ended, and Clara's sighs again began; all of which inflamed Dorothea's desire, who

longed to know the cause of such sweet song and so sad plaint. So she turned to ask her what it was she would have said before.

Then Clara, timorous lest Lucinda should overhear her, quickening her embrace of Dorothea, put her lips to Dorothea's ear, that she might speak securely without the others hearing; and thus she spake :—

"He that sings, dear lady, is the son of a noble, a native of the kingdom of Arragon, lord of two cities, who lived in front of my father's home in Madrid; and although the windows of my father's house were of linen in winter[1] and latticed in summer, I know not how it was or how it was not, but this gentleman saw me as he went to his studies—whether in church or otherwhere, I do not know. At last he fell in love of me, and so gave me to know from the windows of his house, with so many tokens and so many tears, that I came to believe, and even to love, without knowing what I loved. Among the signs he made was joining one hand with another, giving me to know that he would marry me; and although I would have been much delighted if so it could be, yet I, being alone, without mother, knew not whom to tell of it. And so I let it rest, without giving him any favour than (when my father was away from home, and his likewise) to raise a little the linen or the lattice, to let him see me; on which he would become so glad that he appeared to go mad for joy. Now came the time of my father's departure, which he knew, although not from me, for I was never able to tell him. He

fell ill, as I believe, of grief, so that on the day of our leaving I was never able to wish him good-bye, not even by a glance. But after we had been on the way two days, as we entered an inn in a village one day's journey from here, I saw him at the gate of the hostelry, dressed up like a muleteer so natural, that, did I not carry his picture in my soul, it would have been impossible to know him. I knew him, admired him, and was glad. He saw me by stealth, avoiding my father, from whom he flies when he crosses the roads or when we arrive at the inns; and as I know who he is, and think that it is for love of me that he comes on foot and with all that moil, I am ready to die of grief, for where he plants his feet do I plant my eyes. I do not know why he comes, nor how he has been able to escape from his father, who loves him extraordinarily, for he has no other heir, and because he is worthy of it, as you shall know when you see him. And, more, I can tell you that all that he sings he makes out of his own head, for I have heard say that he is a great student and poet; and, more still, each time I see him and hear him sing, I tremble all over, and am afraid for fear my father should know him, and come to know of our love. I have never spoken a word to him in my life, and yet I love him after such a manner that I cannot live without him. This, dear lady, is all that I can tell you of the musician whose voice has pleased you so much; by which alone you might well see that he is no muleteer, as you say, but lord of souls and cities, as I say."

"Say no more, lady Doña Clara," whispered

Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times; "say no more, I tell thee, but wait till the new day comes, when I hope in God so to direct thy affairs that they shall have the happy ending which such honest beginnings deserve."

"Alas! lady," said Doña Clara, "what ending can I hope for, if his father is so distinguished and so rich that he will not think me fit to be his son's servant, much less his wife? And to marry me unknown to my father, I will not for all that there is in the world. I wish for nothing but for this youth to go back, and to leave me; perhaps my not seeing him, and the great distance of the way we have to go, will take away the pain which I carry now, although I know that this remedy which I fancy will be of very little use to me. Nor do I know how the devil this happened, nor how this love which I hold got into me, seeing that I am such a girl and he is such a boy; and, in truth, I think we are of the same age, and I am not yet full sixteen until Michaelmas comes, when my father says that I shall be."

Dorothea could not help laughing at the childish way in which Doña Clara spoke, to whom she said, "Let us rest, lady, for the little of the night which remains; and, God bringing the morning, we will mend all, or ill will it be with my hands."

With that they became quiet, and the whole inn was wrapped in silence; only the daughter of the landlady and her servant Maritornes slept not, who knowing the humour which pricked Don Quixote, and that he was outside the inn, armed and mounted,

keeping guard, the two determined to play upon him some mockery, or at least to pass a little time in listening to his brainsick raptures.

It should be said that there was not in all the inn a window which looked out on the country, but only a hole in a loft, through which they threw their straw. At this hole the two demi-damsels placed themselves, and they saw Don Quixote on horseback, leaning on his lance, breathing ever and anon such sad and deep sighs, as seemed that with each one he would tear out his soul; and at the same time they heard him saying, in a soft voice, tender and loving—

"O my lady Dulcinea del Toboso! extreme of all beauty, end and aim of wisdom, archive of the chiefest grace, treasury of modesty, and, in fine, the idea of all that is useful, modest, and delectable in the world! what is your worship doing now? Hast thou, perchance, thy mind fixed on thy captive knight, who, into so many perils, and solely to do thy will, has placed himself to serve thee? Bring me tidings of her, O luminary of the three faces! Perhaps, with envy of hers, thou art now gazing upon her, either as she is sauntering through some gallery of her sumptuous palaces, or leaning on her breasts above some balcony she is considering how, saving her modesty and grandeur, she may mitigate the torment which for her this captive heart of mine doth suffer—what glory she will give for my pain, what repose to my care, what life to my death, and what guerdon for my worship. And thou, sun, who shouldst now be quickly saddling thy horses to be the first to go and behold my lady, when thou seest her, I entreat thee

to salute her for me; but beware that, on seeing her and saluting her, thou givest not the peace on her face, for, if thou dost, I shall become more jealous of thee than ever thou wert of that swift ingrate who made thee run and sweat so much upon the Thessalian plains, or by the banks of Peneus—for I recollect me not well by which it was thou then didst run jealous and enamoured."

Thus far had Don Quixote come in his pitiful argument, when the daughter of the landlady began to throw S's with her lips and say to him, "Sir knight, be pleased, your worship, to come a little closer."

At these tokens and the voice Don Quixote turned his head, and saw by the light of the moon, which was then in all its clearness, how they called him from the hole in the wall, which to him appeared a window, and even with gilt bars, like as certain rich castles have, and as he imagined that inn to be; and straightway on the instant it was represented to his insane fantasy again, as once before, that the fair maiden, the daughter of the lady of that castle, overcome of his love, had returned to solicit him; and with that thought, not to show himself discourteous or ungrateful, he turned Rozinante's reins and drew near to the hole, and as he caught sight of the two girls, he said—

"I pity you, beauteous lady, that you have fixed your amorous thoughts in a place where it is not possible they should find a return conformable to the merits of your high worth and beauty; whereof you are in no wise to condemn this wretched knight-errant, who hath a love disabled for the will of another, save

that one whom at first sight he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire you to your chamber, and make me not, by signifying further your desires, that I appear to you more ungrateful; and if, by the love you have for me, you can find in me any other thing by which to satisfy it, than love itself, demand it of me; for I swear by that sweet, absent enemy of mine to give it thee incontinently, even though thou pleadest for a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all of snakes, or even now the rays themselves of the sun, enclosed in a flasket."

"My lady has no need of any of that, sir knight," said Maritornes.

"Of what then, discreet duenna, hath thy lady need?" said Don Quixote.

"Only one of your beautiful hands," said Maritornes, "that by it she may temper the great desire which has brought her to this hole, so much to the peril of her honour; for, if her lord and father knew of it, the least slice he would take would be an ear."

"I would like to see that," responded Don Quixote; "but he will take care not to do so, if he would not come to the most disastrous end that ever father in this world came to, for having put his hands to the delicate members of his enamoured daughter."

It appeared certain to Maritornes that Don Quixote would give her the hand which she had asked for, and having contrived in her mind what she would do, she descended from the hole and went to the stable, from whence she took the halter off Sancho Panza's ass, and with much speed returned with it

to the hole in the wall, at the time when Don Quixote was standing on Rozinante's saddle to reach the barred window, where stood, as he imagined, the wounded maiden ; and reaching her his hand, he said—

" Take, lady, this hand, or, better be it said, this executioner of the evil-doers of the world—take this hand, I say, which hath never been touched of woman, nor even of her who hath entire possession of the whole of my body. Nor do I give it that thou mayest kiss it, but only for thee to observe the contexture of its nerves, the coalescence of its muscles, the breadth and spaciousness of its veins, wherefrom thou mayest collect how great should be the force of the arm to which such hand belongs."

" Now we shall see," said Maritornes ; and, making a running knot in the halter, she cast it over his wrist, and descending from the hole, she tied very firmly what remained of the halter to the bolt of the door of the straw loft.

Don Quixote, who felt the roughness of the cord on his wrist, said, " Methinks your worship doth rather grate than grace the hand ; I pray you, handle it not so ill. It is no fault of it that my will hath wrought ill for you, nor is it seemly that on so small a part you should pour your anger ; bethink you that they who love well never comport themselves so ill."

But to all this eloquence no one gave heed; for as soon as Maritornes had made him fast, she and the other ran away, dying of laughter, and they left him tied in such manner that it was not possible to free himself.

He stood, as has been said, his feet upon Rozinante, with all his arm thrust through the hole, and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, in the greatest fear and care lest, Rozinante turning from either one side or the other, he would be left hanging by the arm ; he therefore dared not to make any movement, although he might well expect from the patience and quietude of Rozinante that he would remain an entire century without moving a step.

In fine, Don Quixote seeing himself tied, and that the dames had now gone, he gave himself up to fancy that all that which had been done was by way of enchantment, as in time past, when in that same castle he was belaboured of that enchanted Moor of a muleteer; and he cursed within himself his lack of discretion and discourse, since, having come out so ill on the first occasion from that castle, he had adventured to enter it a second time; it being well known among knights-errant that when they have proved one adventure and not come out of it well, it is a token that it is not for them, but for others, and thus they have no need to prove it a second time. Thereupon he drew himself by the arm to see if he could get free, but he was so well tied that all his essays were in vain. It is true that he pulled warily, lest Rozinante should move; and although he much wished to sit by putting himself in the saddle, yet could he only remain on foot, or tear out his arm. Now came the desire for the sword of Amadis, against which no force of enchantment could stand; now followed the malediction of his fate; now the exaggeration of the want there would be in

the world of his presence, during the time that he might remain there enchanted, as without any doubt he believed that he was; then he remembered him again of his dear Dulcinea del Toboso; then came the calling for Sancho Panza, his good squire, who, buried in sleep and stretched upon the furniture of his ass, had not in that instant any recollection of the mother which bore him; then he called upon the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife, that they would help him; then he invoked his good friend Urganda that she would succour him; and there, finally, the morning found him, so despairing and perplexed that he roared like a bull: for he had no hope that even with the coming day would his case be cured, which he believed would be eternal, holding himself to be enchanted. And he was the more made to believe this, because he saw that Rozinante moved neither much nor little, and that after that fashion he and his horse would have to remain without eating, without drinking, without sleeping, until that evil influence of the stars had passed, or until some other and wiser sage should disenchant him.

But he was much deceived in his belief; for scarcely had the day began to dawn, when there arrived at the inn four men on horseback, of good condition and well dressed, with their arquebuses across the pommels of their saddles. They knocked loudly at the inn door, which was still closed; which being observed of Don Quixote from where he still kept guard, he cried out in a high and an arrogant voice, and said—

"Knights or squires, or whoever ye be, ye have no

right to knock at the gates of this castle; for it is abundantly clear that at such hours either those which are within are sleeping, or they hold it not the custom to open the fortresses until the sun is stretched across the whole of the floor. Stand aside, and wait till day clears, and then we shall see if it is right or not to open to you."

"The devil of a fortress or castle is this," quoth one, "that we should be obliged to keep these ceremonies. If thou beest the innkeeper, order them to open to us; we are travellers, and have no other want than to give our horses some corn, and to get on, for we are in haste."

"Doth it appear to ye, knights, that I bear the port of an innkeeper?" demanded Don Quixote.

"I know not of what port thou art," said the other, "but I know that thou talkest shallow follies in calling this inn a castle."

"It is a castle," retorted Don Quixote, "and even one of the best of all the province; and there be people inside it who have held sceptres in their hands and crowns on their heads."

"It would be better said the other way, sceptres on their heads and crowns in their hands," said the traveller; "and it may well be that inside is a company of players to whom it often falls to have these crowns and sceptres as thou sayest, because in an inn so small, and where they keep so still, I don't believe there lodge persons worthy of crowns and sceptres."

"Little knowest thou of the world," replied Don Quixote, "if thou ignorest the accidents accustomed to befal in knightly chivalry."

The companions of the questioner, wearied of the colloquy which passed between him and Don Quixote, turned to knock again at the door with great fury, so that the innkeeper and all that were in the inn awoke, and rose to inquire who knocked.

It happened, meanwhile, that one of the horses of the four travellers drew near to smell Rozinante, who, melancholy and sad, with his ears hanging, supported his stretched-out master without moving; and as he really was of flesh, although he seemed to be of wood, he began to relent, and turned to smell the newly arrived, and to give way to caresses; and scarcely had he stirred, when Don Quixote's feet shifting and sliding from his saddle, he would have fallen to the ground had he not remained hanging by the arm—a thing which caused him so much pain, that he believed either his wrist would be cut through, or his arm be torn away. Yet he hung so close to the ground that the extreme points of his feet kissed the earth, which caused him much grief; for, having felt the little which he wanted to bring his feet to the ground, he wearied and stretched himself as much as he could to reach the floor: much like those under the punishment of the strappado, who, being so placed as to touch and not touch, are themselves the cause of increasing their own torture, by the eagerness with which they stretch themselves, deceived of the hope that with a little more stretching they will reach the ground.[2]

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLIII.

Note 1, *page* 283.

The windows of my father's house were of linen. Evidence of the judge's homely manner of life, who was not able to afford the luxury of glass to his windows; or it might indicate his modesty. Hurtado, in his *Guerra de Granada*, observes, "Their Catholic majesties placed the administration of justice in the hands of men of the middle class, who professed letters, were of simple and incorruptible manners, were not given to making visits or receiving gifts, and who did not dress or live in extravagance." There is no harm in saying that the times have changed, and that corrupt judges of extravagant habits are now as common as glass windows.

Note 2, *page* 293.

They will reach the ground. A similar story is told in cap. 76 of the Third Part of *Don Florisel de Niquea.* Two maidens, daughters of the lady of a castle in the Island of Guindaya, were pursued by two ancient lords, who made to them signs of love. The damsels, moved by a playful spirit, after supper told these two old lords how they could reach their chambers. And it was so, when the night was far gone, they let down two ropes, which, being pulled up a long way above the portcullis, there stopped, and the two ancient fools were found by the morning, hanging midway on the castle wall, cursing their folly and their little discourse.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE PREPOSTEROUS EVENTS OF THE INN.

In truth, so great was the yelling noise which Don Quixote made, that, quickly opening the inn doors, the landlord, all aghast, ran to see who cried so loud; and those who stood without did also the same. Maritornes, already awaked by the same cries, fancying what it might well be, went to the loft and, unseen of any one, loosed the halter which held up Don Quixote, who at once fell to the ground in presence of the innkeeper and the travellers, who came to him and demanded what was the matter with him that he called so loud.

He, without answering a word, slipped the halter from off his wrist, and rising to his feet, mounted Rozinante, braced on his shield, put his lance in rest, and taking a good circuit of the field, returned at a half gallop, saying, "Whoever shall affirm that I have been fairly enchanted, if my lady the Princess Micomicona shall give me licence for the same, I give him the lie, impeach, and challenge him to singular combat."

The newly arrived travellers stood amazed at Don Quixote's words; but the landlord removed that amazement by telling them who Don Quixote was, and that they should take no account of him, for that he was out of his wits.

Then they inquired of the landlord if by chance there had come to that inn a stripling of some fifteen years, dressed like a muleteer, of such and such appearance, describing the lover of Doña Clara.

The landlord answered that there were so many people in the inn that he had not noticed him for whom they inquired. But one of them, who had seen the coach in which the judge came, said—

"He is here without doubt, for this is the coach which they said he had followed. Let one of us remain at the door, and let the rest enter to search for him; and it will even be better that one of us go round all the inn, that he escape not over the fences of the yards."

"We will do so," answered one of them, and two going inside, one remained at the door, and the other went round the whole place; all of which the landlord observed, and could not divine why they used all those endeavours, but he believed they were in search of the youth whose description they had given to him.

It was now clear day, and as much for this as the clamour which Don Quixote had made, they were all awake and abroad, especially Doña Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but poorly that night, the one for the tremor of having her lover so near, and the other for the desire to behold him.

Don Quixote, perceiving that not one of the four

travellers made any account of him, nor answered to his demand, was dying and running mad with anger and despite; and if he could have found in the statutes of his chivalry that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake and begin another enterprise after having plighted his word and faith not to attempt any until he had finished that which he had promised, he would have charged them all, and made them answer much to their disgrace. But because it seemed to him inconvenient and indecent to begin a new enterprise until he had restored Micomicona to her kingdom, he had to hold his peace, and to remain waiting until he saw what would become of the proceedings of those travellers.

One of these discovered the stripling he was in search of, sleeping by the side of a muleteer, full careless of any one searching for him, and more so of his being found. The man seized him by the wrist, and said—

"Truly, Master Don Louis, the dress you wear much befits whom you are, and the bed in which I find you speaks well for the care and tenderness in which your mother nursed you."

The youth rubbed his drowsy eyes, and steadily regarded him who held him, and presently he knew that he was his father's servant; on which he became so alarmed that he knew not how, nor was he able, to speak a word for a good space; and the servant continued, saying—

"There is nothing more to be done, sir Don Louis, but to have patience and come back home,

unless you would have your father and my lord make for the other world; for I may expect nothing else of the pain he suffers for your absence."

"Why," exclaimed Don Louis, "how did my father learn that I came by this road and in this dress?"

"It was a student," answered the servant, "to whom you betrayed your mind, who told, moved of compassion by the pain he saw your father suffer when he found you missing. So he sent four of his servants on the search; and we are all here at your commands, more happy than can be fancied for the good success which we shall go back with, carrying you to the eyes of those who love you."

"That will be as I please, and as Heaven shall ordain," replied Don Louis.

"What should you please, or what should Heaven order, than that you agree to go back with us? for there is nothing else that is possible."

All these arguments which took place between the two were heard by the muleteer who lay close to Don Louis and he arose from thence and went to tell what had passed to Don Fernando and Cardenio, and to the others, who were already dressed, to whom he told how yon fellow called that youth *Don*, and the words which passed between them, and how he wanted him to go back home, and that the youth would not.

Whereupon, and with what they knew of the excellent voice which Heaven had given him, they greatly desired to know more, particularly who he

was, and even to help him if any violence were offered to him. So they went to the place where he was still talking and contending with his servant.

Here Dorothea came from out her chamber, Doña Clara following, all-perplexed. Dorothea calling Cardenio aside, she told him briefly the story of the musician and of Doña Clara, while he related to her what had passed in the coming of his father's servants in search; and this he said not so low but Doña Clara heard it; on which she became so beside herself that, had not Dorothea caught her, she must have fallen to the ground.

Cardenio advised Dorothea that they should return to their room, and he would procure how to remedy all things; and they did so.

All the four who had come in search of Don Louis were now inside the inn, gathered round him, persuading him that straightway, and without delaying a moment, he should return to comfort his father. He answered that he could in no wise do so until he had concluded a business in which life, honour, and the soul were all held. Then the servants pressed upon him, and said that in no wise would they return without him, and that they would carry him home whether he would or not.

"This you shall not do," replied Don Louis, "unless it be in carrying me dead; and whichever way you take me, it shall be without life."

Now, at this time all were in the inn, having come together in the strife, especially Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, the priest, the

barber, and Don Quixote, to whom it seemed there was no need to guard more the castle. Cardenio, who knew the story of the youth, demanded of those who would carry him away what it was that moved them to remove that youth against his will.

"It moves us," answered one of the four, "to give life to his father, who, by the absence of this gentleman, is in peril of losing it."

On which Don Louis exclaimed, "There is no call to give account of my affairs here. I am free, and, if I please, I will return; and if not, it is not for any of you to use force with me."

"Let reason constrain your worship," answered the man; "and when it is not sufficient for your worship, it shall be sufficient for us to do that which we came for, and which we are bound to do."

"Let us know what this matter is from the root," said the judge at this juncture.

The man, who knew him as being neighbour of his house, answered, "Does not your worship, sir judge, know this gentleman to be your neighbour's son, who has run away from his father's home in a dress so indecent for his quality, as your worship may see?"

The judge then regarded him attentively, and recognized him; embracing him, he said, "What childish follies are these, sir Don Louis, or what weighty causes have moved you to come after this manner and in this dress, which answers so ill to your character?"

The tears started to the youth's eyes, and he could

not answer the judge a word, who spoke to the four that they should keep quiet, that all would be well; and, taking Don Louis by the hand, he led him aside, and begged him to say what was the meaning of that advent.

While making this and other demands, they heard loud clamours at the inn door; the cause of which was that two of the guests who had been lodged at the inn that night, observing that all the people were occupied in finding out who it was that the four were in search of, had a mind to leave the inn without paying what they owed; but the landlord, who attended more to his own affairs than those of others, seized them as they were in the doorway, and demanded his payment, censuring their ill intent in such words as moved them to respond with blows; and they gave him such a handling that the poor landlord had to cry aloud and beg for succour.

The landlady and her daughter seeing no one so unoccupied to give him help as Don Quixote, the daughter ran to him and cried, "Succour him, your worship, sir knight, by the courage which God hath given you—my poor father, who is being ground like beans by two bad men."

To which Don Quixote replied, very slowly and with much phlegm, "Beautiful maiden, your petition cannot prevail at this time, for I am hindered from intermeddling in another adventure until I shall give an end to one for which my word is engaged. What I can do in your service is that which I now say to you. Run and tell your father to maintain himself in

this fight the best he can, and not to allow him to be overcome in any way, whilst I go to the Princess Micomicona to ask for licence to succour him in his trouble, which if she give, hold it for certain that I will rescue him."

"Sinner that I am!" here exclaimed Maritornes, who was standing in front of him, "before your worship can get this licence you talk of, my master will be in the other world."

"Give me, lady, that I obtain the licence I speak of," answered Don Quixote; "as soon as I have it, no matter that he be in the other world, from thence will I take him in spite of the same world, would it contradict me; or, at least, I will take such vengeance on those who sent him thither, as that thou shalt remain more than half satisfied."

And, without saying more, he went and threw himself on his knees before Dorothea, begging, in chivalrous and adventurous words, that her greatness would be pleased to give him licence to run and succour the castellan of that castle, who was then placed in a grave disgrace.

The princess vouchsafed it with much pleasure; and he at once, bracing on his shield and drawing his sword, ran to the inn door, where even yet the two guests tugged the landlord with an evil tugging. But as he came up, he blushed and stood still, although the landlady and Maritornes asked him why he delayed, and urged him to save their lord and husband.

"I delay," said Don Quixote, "because it is not lawful to me to draw my sword against squirely people;

but call me here my squire Sancho, whom it touches and appertains to take this defence and vengeance."

This passed at the inn door, where in perfection went on the blows and cuffs, much to the damage of the landlord and the rage of Maritornes, the landlady, and her daughter, who became desperate at seeing the cowardice of Don Quixote and the ill which befel the master, the husband, and father.

But leave we him here awhile, who will not fail of some one to come to his help; or if not, let him suffer and be silent who dares to undertake what is beyond his strength; and let us return fifty paces, and see what it was that Don Louis answered to the judge, whom we left apart, asking him the cause of his coming on foot and dressed in that vile attire.

To whom the youth, wringing him strongly by the hand, as an argument that some great pain did wring his heart, and shedding tears in great abundance, said, "I know not what else to answer you, dear sir, but that from the instant it pleased Heaven to make us neighbours, and I beheld my lady Doña Clara, your daughter and my mistress, from that moment she became queen of my will; and if yours, my true lord and father, do not impede it, on this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left my father's house, for her I put on this dress, to follow her wherever she might go, like the arrow to its mark, or like the sailor to the polar star. She knows not of my wishes more than she might perceive when sometimes from afar she has seen mine eyes drop tears. You know, sir, of the riches and nobility of my parents, and how I am their only heir;

and if it seem to you that these be conditions on which you can venture to make me most happy, take me now for your son; for if my father, borne away of his own designs, like not so well this good which I have known how to find me, yet time hath more force to change and undo things than have human wills."

Having so said, the enamoured stripling held his peace; and the judge, on hearing him, was amazed, perplexed, and full of wonder, alike at hearing the discreet way in which Don Louis had discovered to him his mind, as at finding himself in such a pass, that he knew not what course he should take in a business so sudden and unexpected; so he answered him nothing, but that he should calm himself, and procure that his servants did not return that day, in order that he might have time to consider what might be best for all.

Don Louis kissed his hands perforce, and even bathed them in tears—a thing which might soften a heart of marble, let alone that of the judge, who, as a discreet man, said how blessed would be that marriage for his child; although, had it been possible, he would have wished to effect it with the consent of Don Louis's father, who, he knew, purposed to make his son a noble of title.

By this time the innkeeper and his guests were at peace, who, through the persuasion and good arguments of Don Quixote, more than by his threats, had paid him what they owed: the servants of Don Louis waited for the judge to end his discourse, and their master to resolve on what he should do; when the devil, who sleeps not, ordained that in that very

moment there should come into the inn the barber from whom Don Quixote took the helmet of Mambrino, and Sancho Panza the furniture of the ass, which he changed for that of his own; which barber, taking his ass to the stable, saw Sancho Panza, who was fettling I know not what of the pack-saddle, and the moment he saw him he knew him, and had the daring to encounter Sancho, saying—

"Ah, Don thief, here I have thee. Come, out with my basin and my pannel, and all my trappings thou didst rob me of."

Sancho, finding himself so suddenly attacked, and hearing the disgraceful words spoken of him, with one hand held on to the pannel, and with the other gave the barber such a cuff that he bathed all his teeth in blood. But not for that did the barber let go the prize he had made of the pannel; rather did he raise voice in such manner that all those of the inn ran to the noise and the fight, and he said—

"What ho! the king and justice! because I would recover me my own goods, this thief and highway robber would murder me."

"Thou liest," exclaimed Sancho, "I am no highway robber; for in fair fight gained my master Don Quixote these spoils."

There stood Don Quixote before them, very proud to see how well his squire defended and offended; and he held him for ever afterwards to be a man of mettle, and proposed in his heart to dub him a knight on the first occasion which offered, thinking that the order of chivalry would in him be well served.

Among other things which the barber said in the course of his contention, he affirmed, "Sirs, this pannel is mine, as the death which I owe to God, and I know it as well as if I had given it birth; and there is my ass in the stable, who will not allow me to tell a lie. If not, try it, and if it does not fit him like a glove, let me be held as infamous. And, more, the same day that they took that from me, they robbed me also of a brass basin, new, which had never been used, and was the mistress of a crown."

Here Don Quixote could contain himself no longer without replying, and putting himself between them, and parting them, placing the pannel on the ground, that all might see it until the truth should be cleared, he said, "In order that your worships may see clearly and manifestly the error in which this good squire stands, observe you, he calls that a basin which was, is, and shall be the helmet of Mambrino, which I took in fair war, and made me lord of it by legitimate and lawful possession. In that of the pannel I intermeddle not: all that I will say of the matter is that my squire begged licence of me to take the harness of the steed of that conquered coward, and with it adorn his own; I gave it him, and he took it; and for having converted this harness into a pannel I may know not any other reason than the common one, that we see these transformations in the fortunes of chivalry; in confirmation of which, run, Sancho boy, and bring hither the helmet which this good man says is a basin."

"'Od's body! sir," said Sancho, "if we have no

other proof of our intention than that which your worship says, such basin is as much Mambrino's helmet as this good man's harness is a pannel."

"Do what I command thee," answered Don Quixote, "for not all things of this castle are to be subjected to enchantment."

Sancho went for the basin, and brought it; which when Don Quixote saw, he took it in both hands, and said—

"Behold, your worships, with what face this squire can say that this is a basin, and not a helmet, as I have said; and I swear, by the order of chivalry which I profess, that this helmet was the same which I took, without having added aught to it or taken anything from it."

"Of that there is no doubt," quoth Sancho; "for ever since my master gained it, up till now, he never made more than one battle in it, when he delivered those chained ones which were out of luck; and if it had not been for this basin-helmet, he had not got off so well then, for there was a luckless bruising of stones in that wrangle."

CHAPTER XLV.

IN WHICH IS DECIDED THE DOUBT OF THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO AND THAT OF THE PANNEL, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES WHICH HAPPENED IN ALL VERITY.

"How seems all this to your worships," quoth the barber, "which these gentlefolk have affirmed, and do even contend, that this is no basin, but a helmet?"

"Whoso shall affirm the contrary," said Don Quixote, "I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lies, and if he be a squire, that he is a thousandfold a liar.

Our barber, who was all the while present, as one well knowing Don Quixote's humour, had a mind to encourage his lunacy and pursue the jest, to the end they all might laugh; and he said, speaking to the other barber, "Sir shaver, or whoever you may be, know that I also am of your office, and hold now more than these twenty years writ of licence, and I know very well all the instruments of barbery, without omitting one; and, what is more, I was a soldier in the days of my youth, and I therefore know what is a helmet, and what a morion, and casque with its beaver, and other things touching war—I mean the

arms common to soldiers; and I say, saving a better judgment, always submitting myself to a superior mind, that this piece which is here before us, and which this good gentleman hath in his hands, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so as white is from black, or the truth from a lie. I also say that, although this is a helmet, it is not an entire helmet."

"Truly not," said Don Quixote, "for it lacketh the half, which is the beaver."

"It is very true," said the priest, who now perceived the intention of his friend the barber; and Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his comrades confirmed the same. And even the judge, had he not been so pensive in the affair of Don Louis, would have taken his part in the jest; but the grave matters upon which he was thinking held his mind so busied, that he paid but little or no regard to these pleasantries.

"God save us!" now exclaimed the mocked barber, "is it possible that so many honourable men should say that this is not a basin, but a helmet? This is a thing to strike a whole university with wonder, be it never so learned. Enough; if it be that this basin is a helmet, it must needs be that this pannel must be a horse's harness, as this gentleman has said."

"It seems a pannel to me," observed Don Quixote; "but, as I have already said, with that I do not meddle."

"Be it a pannel or a horse's harness," said the priest, "no one knows better than sir Don Quixote,

for in these things of chivalry all these gentlemen and myself yield him the advantage."

"By God! good sirs," exclaimed Don Quixote, "so many and so strange are the things which have befallen me in this castle on two occasions when I have lodged in it, that I dare avouch nothing affirmatively of anything which shall be demanded of me concerning aught which it contains; for, as I imagine, the whole of its commerce is governed by enchantment. On the first occasion I was much vexed by an enchanted Moor that it hath, and Sancho fared not well with others, his followers; and last night did I hang by this arm for nearly two hours, not knowing how, nor how I fell into that mishap. So that for me to meddle now in a matter of such perplexity, to give my seeming of it, would be to fall into a rash judgment. In that which touches what they say of this being a basin or a helmet, I have already spoken; but as for declaring whether this be a pannel or a harness, I presume not to pronounce a definitive sentence, except that I leave it to the excellent opinion of your worships. Perhaps for not being armed knights, as am I, the enchantments of this place shall have no power over you, and your minds will be free, and you shall judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they are to my seeming."

"There is no doubt," said Don Fernando in answer to this, "that to-day Don Quixote has said well that to us belongs the decision of this case; and that we may proceed on the best foundation, I will take the

suffrages of these gentlemen in secret, and of the issue I will give a clear and full relation."

For those who knew of Don Quixote's humour, all this was matter of infinite jest, but to those who were ignorant of it, it seemed to be the greatest folly in the world, especially to the four servants of Don Louis; and neither less nor more to Don Louis, and to other three travellers who just then happened to arrive at the inn, who seemed to be troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, as in effect they were; but he who was most in despair was the barber, whose basin, there before his eyes, was turned into Mambrino's helmet, and whose pannel he thought, without any doubt, would be changed into a rich harness for a horse; and one and the others laughed to see Don Fernando going and taking the votes of one and the other, speaking in the ear that they should in secret declare whether that jewel about which they had contended so much was a pannel or a caparison. After he had taken the votes of those who knew Don Quixote, he said in a loud voice—

"The truth is, my good man, that I am weary of taking so many opinions; for no sooner do I ask what I desire to know, than I am told that it is absurd to say that this is the pannel of an ass, when it is the harness of a horse, and even of a gallant horse. So you must have patience; for, in spite of you and your ass, this is a harness and not a pannel, and you have argued and proved very ill on your part."

"May I have no part in heaven," said the poor barber, "if all your worships be not deceived; and so

may my soul appear before God, as this appears to me a pannel and no harness. But yonder go the laws[1]—— I say no more, and yet I am not drunk, for I have not broke my fast to-day, except it be to sin."[2]

The foppery of the barber caused no less laughter than the lunacies of Don Quixote, who on this exclaimed, "Here, then, there is nothing more to be done, but that each one takes his own; and may St. Peter bless what God has given."[3]

One of the four exclaimed, "If this be not a concerted jest, I cannot persuade myself that men of such right minds as are all these, or seem to be, can venture to affirm that this is not a basin, nor that a pannel; but as I see that they do say it and affirm it, I suppose there must be some mystery in contending for a thing being so contrary to that which truth itself and experience itself demonstrates, because I swear"—and here he rapped out a round oath—"that all the folk in the world should never make me believe anything else but that to be a barber's basin, and that the pannel of a he-ass."

"It might be of a she-ass," said the priest.

"It's all the same," said the servant; "and the case does not consist in that, but in whether this is a pannel or not, as your worships say."

One of the troopers, who had come in and had heard the quarrel and the dispute, fretful and full of choler, said, "This is as much a pannel as I am my father's son, and he who has said or wants to say the contrary is spirited with wine."

"Thou liest like a knavish villain," said Don Quixote; and, raising his lance, which had never left his hands, he discharged such a blow at the trooper's head that, if he had not avoided it, would have laid him flat.

The lance was shivered to pieces on the ground, and the rest of the troopers, seeing their comrade so evil entreated, raised their voices, calling, "Help the Holy Brotherhood!" The innkeeper, who was one of the band, ran in with his staff and sword, and put himself on the side of his comrades; the servants of Don Louis surrounded him, lest in the tumult he should escape; the barber, seeing the house in an uproar, again took hold of his pannel—so did Sancho; Don Quixote drew his sword and attacked the troopers; Don Louis called to his servants to leave him and go to the help of Don Quixote and Cardenio and Don Fernando, for they all favoured Don Quixote; the priest raised his voice, the landlady shrieked, the daughter cursed, Maritornes wept; Dorothea was perplexed, Lucinda amazed, and Doña Clara fainted. The barber mauled Sancho, Sancho pounded the barber; Don Louis, whom one of his servants presumed to seize by the arm that he should not escape, gave him a blow which bathed his teeth in blood; the judge defended him; Don Fernando had a trooper under his feet, whose body he was measuring much to his liking; the landlord again raised his voice, roaring, "Help the Holy Brotherhood!" So that all the inn was laments, cries, curses, shrieks, perplexities, affrights, fears, mishaps, slashes,

cuffs, cudgelings, kicks, and an effusion of blood; and in the midst of this chaos, concourse, and labyrinth of fury, it was presented to the memory of Don Quixote that he was plunged headlong into the discord of Agramante's camp, and in a voice which thundered through the inn, he cried—

"Hold, all! all put up their swords, all be calm; listen all to me, if all desire to remain alive."

At which potential voice, all became still, and he continued, saying, "Said I not, sirs, that this castle is enchanted, and that some legion of devils doth inhabit it? In confirmation of which I will that you see with your own eyes how what has passed here has been transformed into the discord of Agramante's camp. Behold, how there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle, here for the helmet; all fighting, and no one knowing for what. Come, then, your worship my lord judge, and your worship sir priest, and let one serve as King Agramante, and the other as King Sobrino, and pacify us; for, by Almighty God, it is great knavery that so many distinguished people, as we are, should be slain for causes so trifling."

The troopers, who did not understand the phrases of Don Quixote, and found themselves ill handled of Don Fernando and Cardenio and their companions, had no mind to keep quiet; the barber, yes, for both his beard and his pannel had been torn to pieces in the quarrel; Sancho, like a dutiful servant, became obedient at his master's voice; the four servants of Don Louis also remained quiet, seeing how little was

to be gained by being otherwise; only the innkeeper insisted that they ought to chastise the insolences of that madman, who at every step threw the inn into revolt. Finally, the bustling rumour was appeased; the pannel remained a harness until the day of judgment, and the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, in the fancy of Don Quixote.

All being now peace, and all made friends by the persuasion of the judge and the priest, the servants of Don Louis returned to insist that at once he should come with them; and whilst he and they settled their differences, the judge communicated with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest, as to what he should do in that case, rehearsing to them all the arguments which Don Louis had used. In the end it was agreed that Don Fernando should tell the servants who he was, and that it was his pleasure that Don Louis should go with him to Andalucia, where his brother the marquis would hold him esteemed according to Don Louis's worth; for that he knew Don Louis's intention to be such that he would not return at that time to his father's sight, even if they tore him to pieces.

The four, understanding the quality of Don Fernando and the determination of Don Louis, resolved among themselves that three of them should return to rehearse what had passed to his father, and the other remain as Don Louis's servant, who was not to leave him until they should return for him, or they had seen what his father should command.

After this manner was pacified all that complotted

quarrelling, by the authority of Agramante and the wisdom of Sobrino the king.

But the enemy of concord and adversary of peace,[4] finding himself slighted and mocked, and seeing how little fruit he had gotten by having brought all into a labyrinth so perplexed, resolved to prove his hand again, raising other discords and troubles.

Truth to tell, the troopers became appeased on hearing of the quality of those with whom they had fought, and they retired from the fight, it appearing to them that after what manner the battle might go they would gain the worst of it. But to one of them—the same whom Don Fernando trampled upon and buffeted—there came to his memory, among other orders to apprehend certain delinquents, he carried one against Don Quixote, whom the Holy Brotherhood ordered to be taken for having given liberty to the galley-slaves, as Sancho with very much reason had feared. Remembering this, he must needs certify himself of the signs given to him of Don Quixote, and if they agreed; so he took out of his bosom a parchment: he came on what he looked for, and putting himself to read softly (for he was not a good reader), at every word he would regard Don Quixote, and so went on comparing the signs of his warrant with Don Quixote's face, and found, without any doubt, that he was the man described there. Scarcely had he satisfied himself than, rolling up his parchment and holding his warrant in his left hand,[5] he strongly seized Don Quixote by the collar with his right, so that he could hardly breathe, and cried in a loud voice—

"Help the Holy Brotherhood! And that ye may see I demand it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein ye shall find that this highway robber must needs be apprehended."

The priest took the warrant, and saw that which the trooper said was true, and how the marks agreed with Don Quixote, who, finding himself so mightily abused by that vile highwayman, his choler mounting to its height, all his bones crackling, he seized the trooper by the throat as well as he could with both hands, and if it had not been for his comrades he would there have left his life ere Don Quixote had let go his grip.

The landlord, who perforce was bound to help those of his troop, ran to succour him; the landlady, who afresh saw her husband in the midst of quarrels, afresh raised her voice, the burden of which was taken up by her daughter and Maritornes, begging favour of Heaven and of those who were standing by.

Sancho, seeing what passed, cried, "As the Lord liveth, it is true what said my master of the enchantments of this castle; it is not possible to live an hour in it in peace."

Don Fernando parted the trooper and Don Quixote, and, to the pleasure of both, unlaced their hands from the doublet-collar of the one, and from the throat of the other, which had been well seized. But not for that did the troopers cease to demand their prisoner, and that they should help them, and get him bound and delivered over, with all their good will; for such the service of the king required, as well as

the Holy Brotherhood, on whose behalf they again asked help and succour to make prisoner of that robber, footpad, and highwayman.

Don Quixote smiled on hearing these words, and with much calm he said, "Come hither, vile people and base born! highway robbery call you it, to give liberty to those that are chained, to set captives free, to succour the distressed, to raise the fallen, and give relief to the needy? Ah! infamous folk, who, for your low and base minds, are not worthy that Heaven should reveal to you the valour which is contained in knight-errantry, nor give you to know the sin and ignorance in which you are sunk in not reverencing the ghost, how much more the help, of any knight-errant whatsoever! Come hither, thieves in troop, but who are no troopers; highway robbers by licence of the Holy Brotherhood; tell me, who was the logger-head that signed a warrant for the apprehension of a knight-errant such as I am? Who was he that denies that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial statutes; and that their law is their sword, their statutes their courage, their ordinances their own wills? Who was the fool, I ask again, who knows not that there is no patent of nobility which contains so many pre-eminences and exemptions as belong to a knight-errant on the day when, as an armed knight, he enters the hard service of chivalry? What knight-errant paid tribute, custom, queen's chopine,[6] carriage, or passage? What tailor ever had money for making his clothes? What governor who received him in his castle ever made him pay his scot? What king hath

not placed him at his table? What maiden hath not fallen in love with him, and yielded all to his will and pleasure? And, finally, what knight-errant has there been, is there, and will there be in the world, who hath not courage, himself alone, to give four hundred thwacks to four hundred troopers who will put themselves before him?"

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLV.

Note 1, *page* 312.

Yonder go the laws (Alla van leyes do quieren reyes). Or, as we say, *Might overcomes right.* An ancient proverb. The Archbishop of Toledo, Don Rodrigo Jimenez de Rada (lib. 6, cap. 25), records the dispute occasioned by the choice to be made in Castile of the liturgy then recently brought from France, or the ancient Muzarabic of Toledo. The King Alfonso VI., influenced by his wife Doña Costanza, who was French, favoured the Gallican liturgy, in spite of the other having been won in fair duel by Juan Ruiz de Matanzas, who was its champion. The king tossed the Roman prayer-book into the fire, and hence this old saying.— *Vide* Clemencin, iii. 318.

Note 2, *page* 312.

I have not broke my fast to-day, except it be to sin. Another form of this saying in Spanish comedy is, "Unless it be to pray."

Note 3, *page* 312.

May St. Peter bless what God has given (A quien Dios se la diera San Pedro se la bendiga). An allusion to the marriage ceremony performed under certain circumstances.

Note 4, *page* 316.

The enemy of concord and adversary of peace. This does not refer to any one of our friends at the inn, but, as all commentators agree, to the devil.

Note 5, *page* 316.

Holding his warrant in his left hand. An important emendation, made first in the Brussels edition of 1607. The

originals of 1605–1608 had *y quiza*, which would read, "And holding his warrant in his *perhaps*."

Note 6, *page* 318.

Queen's chopine (Chapin de la Reina), which Shelton renders "tallage;" on which Mabbe remarks, in a note on *chapin* in the original, "They have an old tale in Spain that the men, to keep their wives from gadding abroad, did persuade them to use *chapines*, that they might seem as tall and handsome as the men, and they made them of very heavy kind of wood. They made use of this invention of their husbands, but made them at first hollow within, and afterwards of cork, to lighten the load, and that they might be able to walk more nimbly."—*Guzman de Alfarache*, Book I. p. 164, edition 1630. Clemencin tells us this was a special tax to provide for the charges of the queen's wedding garments. Bluteau, quoted by Bowle, observes: "Chapins du Raynha, ou da Princesa. Certo tributo que se paga a estos pessos reales. Despois que Portugal teve Reyes, hum delles den Rainhas á villa de Alenquer para sens *chapins*."

See also *Hamlet*, Act ii. sc. 2, where Hamlet addresses the player queen: "By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine."

CHAPTER XLVI.

OF THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE WITH THE TROOPERS, AND THE GREAT FEROCITY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE.

As Don Quixote thus delivered himself, the priest was persuading the troopers that as Don Quixote was out of his wits, as they might see by his deeds and his words, they need give themselves no further trouble in carrying that business farther; for, even though they should apprehend and carry him away, they must soon let him go free for being a lunatic.

To which he of the warrant answered that it appertained not to him to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to do that which his superior had commanded him, and that being once a prisoner, they might, if they liked, free him three hundred times.

"With all that," said the priest, "for this once you must not take him, nor, according to my thinking, will he allow himself to be taken."

In brief, the priest said so much, and Don Quixote played so many mad pranks, that the troopers would have been greater fools than he if they had not discerned Don Quixote's defect; so they held it best

to keep quiet, and even to become peacemakers between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still kept up their quarrel with great rancour. At last they, as members of justice, arbitrated the cause, and adjudged it in such sort that both parties rested, if not wholly contented, at least somewhat satisfied, for they exchanged the pack-saddles, but not girths and head-stalls. Touching Mambrino's helmet, the priest, under a cloak and without Don Quixote perceiving it, gave a crown for the basin, and the barber gave him a parchment receipt and full discharge from thence and for ever and ever, Amen.

These two quarrels, which were the chief and of most consequence, being managed, it rested that three of Don Louis's servants should be content to return home, and that one should remain to go with him where Don Fernando might please to direct. And as good luck and better fortune had now begun to pave the way and smooth the frown of difficulty in favour of the lovers of the inn, and its gallants, so was it pleased to carry it to the end with a happy result to all; for the servants did willingly that which Don Louis required, which made Doña Clara so cheerful, as that no one could then behold her face and not perceive the joy of her soul.

Zorayda, although she did not well understand all the events she saw, became now grieved and now cheered, as she watched and saw the heart's meteors flit across the face of each, especially of her Spaniard, on whom she ever fixed her eyes, and on whom her soul did hang.

The innkeeper, who had overseen the gift and recompense which the priest had bestowed upon the barber, asked to be paid Don Quixote's scot, and the damage done to his skins, and the loss of wine, swearing that neither Rozinante nor Sancho's ass should leave the inn until they had paid the uttermost farthing.

The priest pacified him in all, and Don Fernando paid him, although the judge with very good will had offered to make the payment; and on such wise did all remain in peace and quiet, that now the inn seemed not to be the discordant camp of Agramante, as Don Quixote had said, but peace itself, and the calm of the days of Octavius; and it was the common opinion that all owed their thanks to the good intention and great eloquence of the priest, and to the incomparable liberality of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote perceiving himself free and clear of so many quarrels, as also his squire of his, deemed it meet to pursue the voyage he had begun, and give an end to that great adventure unto which he had been called and chosen; and so, with resolute determination, he went and threw himself at the feet of Dorothea, who would not suffer him to speak a word until he should arise, which, in order to obey her, he did, and he then said—

"It is a common proverb, beauteous lady, that diligence is the mother of good fortune; and in many and grave affairs, experience hath shown that the care of the merchant brings a doubtful contract to a good end. But in no cases is this truth more shown than in those of war, in which speed and despatch prevent

the designs of the adversary, and achieve a victory before the enemy can put himself in defence. All this I say, high and precious lady, because it seemeth to me that our estate in this castle is now without advantage, and may come to be of such damage as we may be compelled to see some day. For who knows but that your enemy the giant, by secret and active spies, hath learnt that I go to destroy him; and, time giving him opportunity, he may fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against which my labours and the strength of my unwearied arm can avail little. Wherefore, lady beloved, let us, as I have said, hinder his designs by our diligence, and depart we hence at once to where calls good fortune, which your greatness lacketh only so long as I delay to find myself before your enemy."

He was silent, and Don Quixote said no more, but awaited with much calmness the answer of the beauteous infanta, who, with courteous mien accommodated to Don Quixote's style, answered after this manner:—

"We are grateful, sir knight, for the desire you show to help us in this my great need, as befits a knight, to whom it belongs to succour the orphaned and the distressed; and may it please Heaven to grant your desire and mine, in order that you may see that there are grateful women in the earth. Touching my departure, let it be forthwith, for I have no will but yours. Dispose of me at your pleasure, in whatsoever guise and manner; for she who once committed to you the defence of her person, and

placed in your hands the restoration of her dominions, ought not to oppose herself to aught which your wisdom may ordain."

"By the hand of God," said Don Quixote, "since it is thus that a lady so humbles herself to me, I have no wish to let the occasion slip of raising her, and placing her on the throne of her inheritance. Be the departure prompt, because the desire and the way are spurring me on; for, as they say, in delay lies danger. And as heaven has not created nor hell seen aught that can affright or daunt me, saddle Rozinante, Sancho, and empannel thine ass and the palfrey of the queen, take we our leave of the castellan and these nobles, and get us hence instantly."

Sancho, who was present at all this, said, moving his head from side to side, "Ah, master, master! in the village which is vile, they go cheating all the while, with forgiveness, be it said, to those with kerchiefs on their head."

"What cheating, in any village or in all the cities of the world, can be dreamed of to my damage, villain?"

"If your worship be angered," answered Sancho, "I will be still, and will not say what I am bound to say, as a good squire should to his master."

"Say what thou wilt," replied Don Quixote, "so thy words run not in the way of making me afraid. If thou beest afraid, thou art but like thyself; and if I have no fear, I do what becomes me."

"It is not that," answered Sancho, "sinner as I am before God; but that I know for certain, and

have proved it, that this lady, who says she is queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother; because, if she were what she says she is, she would not go nuzzling at every turn, and billing at every corner, with one who belongs to this company."

Dorothea blushed at Sancho's words—for it is true that her husband, Don Fernando, did steal by stealth from her lips some part of the guerdon of his affection; which Sancho spying, it seemed to him that that beauteous freedom more became a courtesan dame than the queen of so great a kingdom—and she was not able, nor did she care, to answer a word to Sancho, but left him to go on with his speech; and he continued, saying—

"This I say, sir: if, after we have travelled highways and byeways, and passed evil days and worse nights, somebody has to come and pick the fruit of our labours, who is sporting himself in this inn, there is no need for me to be quick about saddling Rozinante, or empannelling the ass, or caparisoning the palfrey; it will be better for us to stop where we are; and, I say, let each wench mind her spinning, and let us eat and drink."

O God of mercy! how great was the anger which inflamed Don Quixote on hearing these disorderly words of his squire! I can only say that it was with a hurried and a stammering tongue, with living fire flashing from his eyes, that he exclaimed—

"O villain knave! evil-eyed, audacious, and ignorant dolt! foul-mouthed, rash-murmuring, and back-

biting peascod! Hast thou dared to use such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies; and such insolent and rash surmisings hast thou dared to hold in thy disordered fancy? Begone from my presence, unnatural monster, treasury of lies, armoury of falsehoods, sink of rogueries, inventor of villainies, publisher of follies, enemy of the decorum due to royal persons! begone! come not in my sight, on pain of my wrath."

And, saying this, he arched his brows, blew out his cheeks, stared on all sides, and gave a heavy stamp with his right foot on the floor—all signs of the wrath which raged in his bowels; at which words and furious gestures Sancho remained so shrunk and terror-stricken, that he could have wished in that instant that the earth had opened beneath his feet and swallowed him up; and he knew not what to do, but to turn his back and get him from the presence of his angered lord.

But Dorothea the discreet, now well schooled in Don Quixote's humour, to temper his ire, said, "Be not offended, good sir Knight of the Rueful Visage, at the idle words which your good squire hath spoken; for perhaps he hath not said them without occasion, nor of his good understanding and Christian conscience can it be suspected that he would bear false witness against any one; and therefore we must believe, without any doubt, that as in this castle all things come and happen by enchantment, it might well be, I say, that Sancho hath seen by this diabolical way that which he said he saw much in offence of my honesty."

"By the omnipotent God!" then exclaimed Don Quixote, "I swear that your greatness hath hit the mark, and that some evil vision appeared to this sinner of a Sancho, and made him see that which it had been impossible to see except by enchantments; for I know full well the goodness and innocency of this poor wretch, who knows not how to speak evil of any one alive."

"So it is, and so let it be," said Don Fernando; "wherefore let your worship, sir Don Quixote, forgive him, and restore him to the bosom of your grace, *sicut erat in principio* before these visions turned his brain."

Don Quixote said that he would forgive him, and the priest went to bring Sancho, who came very lowlily, and, going on his knees, begged the hand of his master, who gave it to him; and after he had allowed him to kiss it, gave him his blessing, saying—

"Now shalt thou know, son Sancho, the truth of that which I have told thee many times, that all things of this castle are ordered by way of enchantment."

"So I believe," said Sancho, "except that of the bed-quilt, which really happened in the ordinary way."

"Do not believe it," said Don Quixote; "for had it been so, I would have avenged thee then, or even now; but neither could I then nor now see any on whom to take vengeance for thy wrong."

They all wished to know what that of the bed-quilt might be, and the landlord told point by point Sancho Panza's tossing; at which they all laughed not a little, and Sancho would have been no less ashamed, but that

his master assured him that it was enchantment; albeit Sancho's simplicity was never so great as to believe that it was not pure and unsuspected truth, without any mixture of deceit whatever, that he had been tossed by persons of flesh and bone, and not by phantoms dreamed or imagined, as his master believed and affirmed.

Two days had now passed since all that illustrious company had lodged at the inn, and it seeming to them high time to depart, they devised how, without putting Don Fernando and Dorothea to the labour of returning with Don Quixote to his village under the pretence of restoring the Queen Micomicona, the priest and the barber could carry him back as they might wish, and get him cured of his lunacy at home. And their device was that, agreeing with a bullock-driver who by chance came that way, he was to be carried after this fashion: They made a cage of poles, latticed, capable of holding Don Quixote in comfort; then Don Fernando and his companions, with Don Louis's servants and the troopers, together with the landlord, all under the orders and direction of the priest, covered their faces and disguised themselves, some one way and some another, so that they might appear to Don Quixote to be other people to those whom he had before seen in that castle.

This being done, in the greatest silence they entered where he was sleeping and at rest from his recent toils. Drawing near to him, who slept free and secure against any such occurrence, they seized fast hold of him, and well tied his hands and his feet, so

that when he awoke with a start he could not move, nor do aught than wonder and admire at these strange shapes which he saw standing before him; and presently he fell into the conceit of that which his distracted fancy represented to him, believing that all these figures were phantoms of that enchanted castle, and that without any doubt he must now be enchanted, seeing that he could neither move nor defend himself—all falling out as the priest, the plotter of the stratagem, thought it would. Only Sancho, of all those who were present, was in his right mind and his proper shape, who, although he lacked little of being sick of the same disease as his master, yet knew who were all those counterfeit ghosts; but he would not venture to unsew his mouth until he should see how that assault and imprisonment of his lord might end. Neither did the knight utter a word, awaiting the issue of his misfortune, which was that they brought him to the cage, shut him up in it, and nailed the timbers so fast that they could not easily be unloosed.

They then took him on their shoulders, and on going out of the room there was heard a fearful voice, such as the barber might make (not he of the pannel, but the other), saying, "*O Knight of the Rueful Visage, be not much afflicted for the prison in which thou goest, because thus it must be that thereby the great adventure into which thy great might hath brought thee may be ended; and ended it shall be when the furious speckled lion*[1] *and the white Tobosan dove shall lie down together as one, their haughty necks being humbled to the soft*

yoke of marriage, from which unheard-of consorting shall issue to the light of the world fierce whelps, which shall outvie the rampant claws of their fierce father; and this shall be before the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have made two visits of the shining images in his swift and natural course. And thou, O most noble and obedient squire which ever had sword in belt, beard on chin, or smell in nose! let it not dismay or discontent thee to see carried away before thine own eyes the flower of knight-errantry; for quickly, if it shall please the Framer of the world, thou shalt see thyself so high and so sublimed that thou shalt not know thyself; nor shalt thou be defrauded of the promises which thy good lord hath made thee; and rest assured from the wise woman Tricksiana that thy wages shall be paid thee, as thou shalt see in deed; and, therefore, follow after the steps of thy valorous and enchanted knight, for it is meet that thou goest where ye both shall rest. And for that it be not lawful for me to say aught else, God be with you; I must go back, I well know whither."

On ending the prophecy,[2] he raised his voice on high, and then lowered it into so soft an accent, that even those who were in the secret of the jest almost believed that what they had heard was true.

Don Quixote was comforted by this prophecy, for he at once apprehended the whole sense of it, and perceived that it was promised that he should be joined in holy and lawful marriage with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose plenteous womb should come the whelps (which are her sons), to the perpetual glory of La Mancha; and believing this

well and firmly, he raised his voice, and heaving a great sigh, he said—

"O thou, whosoever thou beest, who for me hast prognosticated so much good! I beseech thee, entreat on my behalf the sage enchanter who hath charge of my affairs, that he leave me not to perish in this prison wherein they carry me, until I shall behold fulfilled the joyous and incomparable promises which here they have made to me; for so that this befal I will account the pains of my prison for glory, and for ease the chains which bind me, and this litter in which I lie, not a hard battle-field, but a soft couch, a happy marriage bed. And in that which touches the consoling of Sancho Panza, my squire, I trust in his goodness and honest procedure that he forsake me not, either in good or evil fortune. For though it should fall out, through his ill-hap or mine, that I be not able to bestow upon him the island, or other thing equivalent, which I hold as promised, at least his wages he cannot lose; for in my will, which is already made, I have set forth what is to be given to him—not, indeed, conformable to his many and good services, but according to what is possible to me."

Sancho Panza bowed with much reverence, and kissed both his hands, for one alone he could not through both being tied together.

Soon after, those ghosts took the cage on their shoulders and placed it on the ox-wain.[3]

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLVI.

Note 1, *page* 331.

The furious speckled lion (El furibundo leon Manchado), altered by the London edition into "Manchegan lion," which is followed by the Spanish Academy. The alteration would seem to be unnecessary, inasmuch as there is already a punning allusion in *Manchado* to La Mancha: it cannot be expressed in English.

Note 2, *page* 332.

On ending the prophecy. The artfulness of this admirable fooling can only be appreciated by those who are acquainted with the prophecy that Amadis of Gaul should come to reign over Great Britain in company with Oriana, together with the prophetic rhodomontade of Artidoro in the *Knight of the Cross* (lib. ii. cap. 64) and the *Cronica de Don Florisel de Niquea* (part iii. cap. 1). These and many other once famous books here receive that precise meed of satiré which was needed to bring them first into derision and then into contempt.

Note 3, *page* 333.

Placed it on the ox-wain. Guillen de Castro, of whose style Cervantes speaks in high praise for its sweetness and purity, who wrote the comedy of the Cid—of which some think Corneille did not fail to avail himself in his famous tragedy—wrote also a comedy of the *Don Quixote* which ends with this scene of the cage.

CHAPTER XLVII.

OF THE STRANGE MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA WENT ENCHANTED, WITH OTHER FAMOUS ACCIDENTS.

When Don Quixote found himself encaged and carted away after that fashion, he said, "Many and very grave histories of knights-errant have I read, but never have I read, nor seen, nor heard that they carried enchanted knights after this manner, and at the slow pace promised by these laboursome and tardy animals; for they were ever used to be carried through the air with strange speed, wrapped in some dappled and dark cloud, or in some chariot of fire, or now upon some hypogriff or other such-like creature. But to carry me now upon an ox-cart! God speed us! I am much perplexed. Yet perhaps the chivalry and enchantments of these our times may follow another way to those of the ancients; and it might also be that as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who hath revived the now forgotten exercise of voluntary chivalry, they have newly invented other forms of enchantment, and other modes of conveying

the enchanted. How does it seem to thee, Sancho, my son?"

"I don't know how it seems to me," quoth Sancho, "but that's because I am not so learned as your worship in the arrant scriptures; but, for all that, I dare to affirm and swear that these ghosts which go here are not altogether catholic."

"Catholics! my father!"[1] responded Don Quixote, "how should they be catholics, if they are all devils, who have taken fantastical bodies to come and do this, and put me into such case? And if thou carest to be convinced of this, do but touch and feel them, and thou shalt find them to have no bodies but of air, and how they consist in appearance only."

"'Fore God, sir, I have touched them already," quoth Sancho, "and this devil here who walks so carefully is plump of flesh, and has another property very different from what I have heard say belong to devils; for, according to what they say, they all smell of sulphur and other ill odours, but this smells of amber half a league off."

Sancho observed this of Don Fernando, who, being a gentleman of rank, had his clothes perfumed, as Sancho said.

"Marvel not at this, friend Sancho," responded Don Quixote; "for I would have thee know that the devils know much, and although they bring odours with them, they themselves smell not, because they are spirits, or if they do smell aught, are not able to perceive good savours, but vile and stinking; and the reason is that, let them be where they may, they bring

hell with them, and can receive no kind of ease in their torments, and a fine scent being a thing which delights and pleases, it is not possible that they should smell any good thing; and if it seem to thee that this devil, as thou sayest, smells of amber, either thou art deceived, or he would deceive thee, that thou mayest not take him for a devil."

All these discourses passed between master and man; and Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearful lest Sancho should fall on their plot, who was already close upon it, resolved to hasten their departure, and calling the landlord apart, directed him to saddle Rozinante and empannel Sancho's ass, which he did with much despatch.

The priest then concerted with the troopers that they should keep him company as far as his village, giving them so much a day. Cardenio hung from the pommel of Rozinante's saddle the target on one side and the basin on the other, and by signs ordered Sancho to mount his ass and take hold of the reins of Rozinante, and he placed two troopers with their firelocks on each side of the wain.

But before the car moved forward, there came out the landlady, her daughter, and Maritornes, to bid Don Quixote good-bye, feigning that they cried for grief at his misfortune.

To whom Don Quixote said, "Weep not, my good ladies, for all these mischances be annexed to the profession which I profess, and if these calamities had not befallen me, I should not have thought myself a knight of fame. For to knights-errant of little name

and reputation such similar things never come, since no one in the world calls them to mind; to the valorous, yea, who are envied for their virtue and their courage of many princes and many other knights, who procure by evil ways to destroy the good. But, for all that, virtue is so mighty that by herself alone, in spite of all the necromancy that its first inventor, Zoroaster, ever knew, she shall come off conqueror from every danger, and give light to the world as gives the sun in the heavens. Forgive me, beauteous dames, if by any carelessness of mine I have done you any displeasure, which of my will and knowledge I have never done to any; and pray God to deliver me from these fetters, in which I have been placed by some evil-minded enchanter; for, if of them I find me free, never will fail from my memory the many favours which you have done me in this castle, to requite, return, and recompense them as they deserve."

While this passed between the dames of the castle and Don Quixote, the priest and the barber bade farewell to Don Fernando and his comrades, and to the captain and his brother, and to all those happy women, especially to Dorothea and Lucinda. They all embraced, promising news of their fortunes; Don Fernando entreating the priest to write to him of what became of Don Quixote, assuring him that there could be nothing which would give him greater delight to know, and that, for himself, he would acquaint him of all that could give him pleasure—as of his marriage, so of the christening of Zorayda, the fare of Don Louis, and the return home of Lucinda.

The priest promised to do all that he was bid, with all certainty. Again they embraced, and again they made new offers of service.

The landlord came to the priest and gave him some papers, telling him that he had found them in the valise where was kept the novel of the *Impertinent Pry;* and as the owner had not returned there again, that he might take them all, for as he could not read, he did not care for them.

The priest thanked him, and opening the papers he found at the beginning of the writing the words—"The Novel of *Rinconete and Cortadillo;*"[2] from which he supposed that it was some story, and gathered that as that of the *Impertinent Pry* had been so good, so might this be—at least, it might well be so, both being by the same author; so he took care of it, intending to read it as he had opportunity. He then mounted his beast, as also his friend the barber, with their masks on, so that Don Quixote might not presently know them, and they placed themselves to travel behind the cart; and the order in which they went was this:—

First went the cart, guided by its owner; on both sides were the troopers with their firelocks, as has been said; then followed Sancho Panza on his ass, leading Rozinante by the rein; behind them all the priest and the barber, seated on their powerful mules, with covered faces, as has been said, with grave and solemn gait, not journeying faster than the measured pace of the oxen would allow. Don Quixote went seated in the cage, his hands tied, his legs stretched out, and leaning against the cross-bars, in so much silence

and so much patience as if he were not a man of flesh, but a statue of stone. And in that slowness and silence they travelled some two leagues, when they came to a valley, which the bullock-driver thought a good place to rest, and to find some grass for the oxen; and telling the priest of his purpose, it seemed better to the barber to journey a little farther, for he knew that beyond the dip of the hill which they saw close by was a valley of more grass, and much better than that at which they thought to stop. They followed the barber's advice, and continued on their way.

Here the priest, as he turned to look behind, saw coming along some six or seven men on horseback, well mounted and well dressed, who soon overtook them; for they journeyed not with the phlegm and repose of oxen, but as if they rode on canonical mules, and with pressing desire to pass high noon at the inn, which, it would seem, was not quite a league away.

The diligent overtook the lazy, and courteously they saluted each other, and one of them was none other than the Canon of Toledo and master of the rest who came with him. Beholding the concerted procession of the cart, troopers, Sancho, Rozinante, priest, and barber, and, more, Don Quixote caged and fettered, the canon could not forbear to ask what meant the conveying of that man in such fashion; although he had already conjectured, seeing the trappings of the troopers, that he must be some ferocious highwayman, or other offender, whose punishment belonged to the Holy Brotherhood.

One of the troopers to whom the question was put, answered thus: "Sir, what the meaning may be of this gentleman going after this manner, let him tell, for we do not know."

Don Quixote heard the saying, and said, "Perchance, gentle sirs, ye be conversant and skilled in matters of knight-errantry? Because, if so you be, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; and if not, I need not weary myself to give them tongue."

Here the priest and the barber, perceiving that the travellers were holding speech with Don Quixote de la Mancha, came near, in order to make such answer as that their device should not be discovered.

The canon made answer to what Don Quixote said by saying, "In truth, brother, I know more of books of chivalry than of Villalpando's epitomes;[3] so that if it be no more than this, thou mayest safely tell me all thy mind."

"By the hand of God," answered Don Quixote, "since that is so I would, sir knight, that you should know that I go enchanted in this cage by the envy and fraud of evil enchanters; for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked than loved of the good. I am a knight-errant—not one of those whose names fame has forgotten to make eternal in its memory, but one of those who, in spite and in the teeth of envy itself, and of as many Magi, Brahmins, and Gymnosophists as Persia, India, and Ethiopia ever bred, shall put his name in the temple of immortality, that it may serve as a model and pattern in the coming ages, wherein knights-errant may find the tracks which

they are to follow, if they would reach the pinnacle and glorious height of arms."

"The knight Don Quixote de la Mancha speaks the truth," said the priest at this moment; "he goes enchanted in this waggon, not for his sins or his faults, but through the evil design of those whom virtue frets and courage angers. This, sir, is *the Knight of the Rueful Visage*, whose name, perchance, you have already heard at some time, whose valorous exploits and heroic deeds will be written in enduring brass and in everlasting marble, however much envy may weary itself to darken, and malice to eclipse them."

When the canon heard the captive and the free alike talk after that manner, he was ready to cross himself in amazement, nor could he tell what had happened to him; and all those who were with him were equally amazed.

Here Sancho Panza, who had drawn near to listen to these discourses, came up to settle all things, and said, "Now, sirs, be it taken ill of me or well for what I am going to say, but the case is this, that my master Don Quixote goes there as much enchanted as my mother; he has all his wits about him; he eats and drinks and does his needs like the rest of men, and as he did yesterday before they put him in the cage. That being so, why should they try to make me believe that he goes enchanted? I have heard many people say that the enchanted neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor talk, and my master, if no one stops him, will talk more than thirty lawyers." And turning to regard the priest, he went on, saying,

"Ah, master priest! master priest! does your worship think I do not know you? and do you think that I do not know all, and whither go these new enchantments? Well I do know you, however much you may cover up your face; and let me tell you that I understand you, however deeply you smother your drifts. In brief, where envy reigns virtue cannot live; nor where there is pinching do you find liberality. Evil be to the devil! if it had not been for your reverence, this would be the hour which would see my master married with the Infanta Micomicona, and I would be count at least; for I could expect no less from the goodness of my master, him of the Rueful Visage, and the greatness of my services.

"But now I see that what they say is true —that the wheel of fortune turns swifter than the wheel of a mill, and those who yesterday were at the top are to-day stretched on the ground. I sorrow for my children and for my wife, who, when they might naturally expect to see their father come home made a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, will see him come made into a horse-boy. All this which I have said, master priest, is nothing more than to put your paternity in mind to make a conscience of the evil treatment which you have done my master; and see well that God does not call you to account in the next life for this prisoning of my master, and require at your hands all those succours and goods which you might have done to my lord Don Quixote at this time that he is in prison."

"Snuff me these candles!"[4] said the barber at this

point, "thou also, Sancho, art of the same kidney as thy master. As the Lord liveth, I begin to bethink me that thou oughtest to keep him company in the cage, and that thou art as much enchanted as he is in what touches his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour wast thou impregnated with his promises, and at a sad time entered thy skull the island thou dost long for so much."

"I am not pregnant by anybody," answered Sancho, "nor am I a man that would let the king himself impregnate me; and although I be poor, I am a Christian of the old sort, and owe nothing to nobody. And if I have longed for islands, others have longed for worse things, and each one is the son of his own works; and from being a man I may come to be pope, and how much more governor of an island, especially when my master may win so many that he will want somebody to give them to. You look how your worship answers, master barber, for it is not all trimming of beards, and there are Peters and Peters. I say that because we all know one another, and there is no putting me off with false dice: and in this of my master's enchantment, God knows the truth; and let us stop now, for it is all the worse for stirring."

The barber did not choose to answer Sancho, lest he should discover by his artlessness that which he and the priest so much procured to keep concealed; and for this fear, the priest desired the canon to prick on a little forward with his servants and himself, and he would tell him the mystery of the caging, with other things which would give him pleasure.

This the canon did, and rode on with his servants and the priest; and they listened to all that he told them of the condition, life, lunacy, and customs of Don Quixote, briefly rehearsing the beginning and cause of his distraction, and the whole progress of his adventures until the placing him in that cage, and the design they had of conveying him home, to see if by some way they might find a remedy for his madness.

The servants wondered the more on hearing the strange story of Don Quixote; and the canon, having heard it afresh, said—

"Most truly, sir priest, I find for my part that these which they call books of chivalry are very hurtful to the commonwealth; and although I have read the beginning of nearly all of them that were ever printed, carried away of an idle and false taste, yet never have I been able to read one from the beginning to the end; for to me it seems that they are all one and the same thing, and this hath no more than that, nor that more than the other. And, to my seeming, this kind of writing and composition falls under that of the fables which are called Milesian, which are extravagant tales that tend only to gratify and not to instruct the mind, contrariwise to those moral fables which gratify and instruct together. And allowing that the chief end of such books is to delight the fancy, yet I know not how they can attain to it, being full of so many and such monstrous absurdities. For the pleasure which is conceived of the soul must come of the beauty and conceit which it beholds or contemplates in the things which it sees, or which the

imagination places before it, and whatever holds within it ugliness or deformity cannot produce any joy. For what beauty can there be, or what proportion of parts to the whole, or of the whole to its parts, in a book, or novel, where a youth of sixteen deals a cut to a giant as big as a tower, and which divides him in two, as if he were made of sugar; or, when they would paint us a battle, after having said that on the enemy's side there were a million combatants, if only the lord of the story be against them, we must perforce, however little we like it, believe that some one knight achieved the victory solely by the valour of his mighty arm?

"Well, what shall we say to the ease with which a queen or an empress heiress[5] falls into the arms of an errant and unknown knight? What mind, if it be not altogether barbarous and unpolished, could be contented to read that a great tower, filled with horses, sails over the sea like a ship with a favouring wind, when as on to-night she is in Lombardy, and to-morrow morning in the land of Prester John in the Indies, or in others which neither Ptolemy ever described[6] nor Marco Polo ever saw? And if I am told that the authors of such books write them as fictitious things, and so are not bound to look to niceties or truths, I answer that fiction is better, as it most resembles truth; and the more it pleases, the more it has of the doubtful and the possible. We should marry gracious lies to the mind of him who reads them, writing on such wise as to make the impossible familiar, the grand plain; and, keeping minds

in suspense, they may surprise, delight, stir up, and entertain them in such manner that they shall together produce admiration and joy. And these things cannot be done by him who flees all likelihood and imitation, in which consists the perfection of what he writes. I have never seen a book of chivalry whose fable forms one entire body, with all its members, in a manner that the middle corresponds to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and the middle; but, on the contrary, they are formed of so many members that it seems to bear marks of the intention to make a chimera or a monster rather than a proportioned figure. Besides, in style they are harsh, in action incredible, in love lascivious,[7] in courtesy insolent, tedious in battle, fools in reasoning, senseless in travels, and, lastly, devoid of all discreet art; and, for this, worthy to be banished from the Christian republic as idle people."

The priest listened with great attention, and held him for a man of fine understanding, and who was right in all that he said; and so he told him that being of the same mind, and having a grudge against books of chivalry, he had burnt all those of Don Quixote, which were many, and he rehearsed to him the inquisition which they had made of them, and those which had been condemned to the fire, and those whose lives he had spared.

At which the canon laughed not a little, and said that with all the ill of which he had spoken of such books, he had found in them one good thing, which was the subject that they offered by which

a fine wit might display itself; for they gave a large and ample field where the pen without let could run, describing shipwrecks, storms, encounters, and battles: painting a noble captain with all the properties required of him, showing him prudent, prescient of the enemy's designs, and an orator, persuading and dissuading his soldiers, mature in council, quick in resolve, as courageous in awaiting as in attacking the enemy: drawing now a woeful and tragical incident, now a joyous and unexpected event; here a most beauteous dame, modest, wise, and reserved; here a Christian gentleman, valiant and courteous; on the other side a huge, inflated barbarian; there a prince, gentle, valorous, and good natured; now representing the goodness and loyalty of vassals, and now the greatness and generosity of nobles. He might show himself an astrologer, an excellent cosmographer, now a musician, now intelligent in matters of state; and perhaps there might come, if he so desired, occasion of showing himself a necromancer. He might set forth the astuteness of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the bravery of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treasons of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the courage of Cæsar, the clemency and truth of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the prudence of Cato, and, lastly, all those actions which are able to make perfect an illustrious man; now compacting them in one only, now dividing them among many: and this being done in a pleasing style and with an ingenious invention, inclining as much as may be possible to the truth,

without doubt he shall weave a web of varied and beautiful contexture, which, when it is finished, shall be of such perfectness and excellency as shall achieve the better end of all writing; which is to instruct and delight together, as has been said: because the entrammelled method of writing these books gives opportunity whereby the author may show himself in epic and lyric, in tragedy or comedy, with all those parts which are included in the most graceful and pleasing sciences of poetry and oratory; and an epic may also be as well written in prose as in verse.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLVII.

Note 1, *page* 336.

Catholics! my father! Clemencin is at a loss to define the meaning or use of "my father" in this place. It is of Eastern origin, and frequently occurs in the Scriptures, from which Cervantes delights to quote so much: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it?"—2 Kings v. 13. See also caps. ii. 12, vi. 21; Mal. i. 6; Matt. xxiii. 9. It is also English: "Shall I call you father?" (*Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3); and Cotton dedicated his book on angling to *his father*, Isaak Walton.

Note 2, *page* 339.

Rinconete and Cortadillo. Another novel of Cervantes, which was not published till eight years after the *Don Quixote*, which is held to be the best of the lighter works he wrote.

Note 3, *page* 341.

Villalpando's epitomes. Gaspar Cardillo de Villalpando, a theologian, who distinguished himself at the Council of Trent for his knowledge and eloquence, was a native of Segovia and Canon of Alcala.—Clemencin, iii. 365.

Note 4, *page* 343.

Snuff me these candles. A part of an old ballad, like many other phrases which occur in the *Don Quixote*. It is similar in sense to *atajáme esos pavos*.

Note 5, *page* 346.

A queen or an empress heiress. Such a queen was Angelica the Fair, only daughter and heiress of Galafron, who, after infinite adventures (as sung by Boyardo, Ariosto, Barahona, and Lope de Vega), gave her sceptre and hand to Medorus.

Note 6, *page* 346.

Which neither Ptolemy ever described. So the original, but altered by all the others into "*discovered.*"

Note 7, *page* 347.

In love lascivious. The reader will do well to ponder this exact criticism of the books of chivalry. Clemencin, it is gratifying to observe, starts the question why it was that the Holy Office did not interfere to put down these abominable books: many of which are so flagrantly vicious, that the most corrupted mind could not fail to feel a loathing in reading them; whilst others defied all attempts of the police, religious or civil, to suppress them. Clemencin, whose answer to his own question is of no importance, forgets to mention that among the authors of these hurtful books were many churchmen; whilst no less than five, it is well known, were written by priests, and are among those which could not now be reprinted for the superfluity of naughtiness with which they overflow. They are now very scarce, and the few copies which remain seldom exchange owners under enormous sums. The spurious *Don Quixote* of Avellaneda is an example. Its author was also a priest. Some of his incidents are taken from the early religious romances, and are so abominable that no English publisher would dare reprint them.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHEREIN THE CANON PROSECUTES THE MATTER OF BOOKS OF CHIVALRY, TOGETHER WITH OTHER THINGS WORTHY OF HIS FACULTIES.

"SIR canon, as your worship says, so it is," observed the priest, "and for this cause those are the more blameworthy who up till now have written such books, without regard for good discourse, for art, or for the rules, by following which they might have become as famous in prose as are the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry in verse."

"I, at least," answered the canon, "had a certain temptation to write a book of chivalry, looking to all the points which have been named, and, if the truth be told, I have written more than a hundred pages; and to test if they touched the top of my own estimate, I communicated with those who are affected to this reading, learned men and wise, as well as to others who are illiterate, and who care only for the pleasure of being fooled by foolery; and of them all I received applause and approbation. Yet, withal, I did not carry it further—as well because, to my seeming, it was a thing strange to my profession, as because there

are a greater number of fools than wise men; and although it is better to be praised of the few wise, than laughed at of many fools, I had no mind to submit me to the accidental judgment of the dizzy mob, who, for the most part, are given to the reading of such books.

"But that which most of all rid my hands, and even my thoughts, of finishing it, was an argument which I held with myself, drawn from the comedies which are now played. I said, 'If these which are now acted—those of fiction as well as those of history—are all, or most of them, manifest fopperies, things without head or feet, and yet, for all, the multitude hear them with pleasure, and hold and approve of them for good, being far therefrom; and if the authors who write them, and the players who act them, say that such they must be, because so the mob will have them, nor after any other form; and if those which are well digested in the scenes, and follow a plot as art demands, serve only to please some three or four of taste who understand them, and all the rest must go fast for lack of knowledge of the play; and if for authors and players it is better to earn bread by the many than respect with the few: in this fashion would it come to fare with my book, and, that after great and painful study in keeping the aforesaid precepts, I should be like the hedge tailor, who sewed for nothing and found his own thread.'[1] And although I have tried several times to persuade authors that they are deceived in holding this opinion, and that they would attract more people and win more fame by acting

comedies which are written according to art, than by means of such trumperies; yet are they so tied and married to their opinion, that there is no reason nor evidence which can deliver them from it.

"I remember me one day saying to one of these headstrong ones, 'Dost remember that a few years ago they played three tragedies in Spain, which were written by a famous poet of these kingdoms, which were such as surprised, delighted, and appalled all, as many as heard them—the simple as well as the wise, the many as well as the select—and these three alone brought more money to the player than have thirty of the best which have since been written?'

"'It is most true,' said the player of whom I speak. 'Doth not your worship refer you to *The Isabella*, *The Phyllis*, and *The Alexandra?*'

"'The same,' I answered him; 'and, I pray you, see how well they followed the laws of art, and whether for this they failed to appear what they were, or to give pleasure to all the world. So that it is not the fault of the multitude who ask for fripperies, but of those who know not how to play anything else. There is no such fond stuff in the *Ingratitude Avenged*, nor did it stain *The Numancia*,[2] nor was it to be found in *The Merchant Lover*, and still less in *The Gracious Enemy*, and in some others, which were written by instructed poets to their own fame and renown, and for the profit of those who played them.' To these things I added others, which, to my seeming, left him somewhat perplexed, but not satisfied, nor convinced to confess him of his error."

"Truly, your worship, sir canon," said then the priest, "hath touched upon a matter which hath roused in me an ancient rancour against the comedies which they play now, and is even equal to that I have against books of chivalry. For it becometh comedy, according to Tully, to be the mirror of human life,[3] an ensample of manners, and an image of truth; while those which are now played are mirrors of vanity, ensamples of folly, and images of naughtiness.

"What greater folly can there be in the subject of our debate, than to see a child appear in swaddling-clothes in the first scene of the first act, and in the second a goodly aged man with a beard; and what more silly than to make an old man valiant, youth a coward, a lacquey rhetorical, a page a counsellor, a king a porter, and a princess a scullion? What shall I say also of their observance of the time in which are to happen the acts which they present, except that I have seen a comedy in which the first act opened in Europe, the second in Asia, the third in Africa; and, had there been four acts, the fourth would have ended in America, and the play would have travelled to all the four parts of the world? And if likeness be the principal attribute of comedy, how is it possible to satisfy a common mind by feigning an action which passed in the time of King Pepin or Charlemagne, wherein they make the leading player the Emperor Heraclius, who entered Jerusalem bearing the cross, or Godfrey of Bouillon, who recovered the holy sepulchre, there being infinite time between the one and the other? The comedy all the while

being founded on a fiction, they invest it with the truths of history, and mingle with it bits of other accidents, and differing persons and times, and this with no seeming or likelihood, but with gross and vulgar errors at all points. And the evil is that there are some so ignorant that they say this is perfection, and that all besides is daintiness of ear.

"If now we come to sacred plays, what miracles do they feign in them, what apocryphal things and ill understood, attributing the miracles of one saint to another? And even in the profane, they dare to work miracles, without more respect or consideration than that it appears to them that such a miracle—or show, as they call it—will do well in such a place, so that ignorant people may admire and come to the play; all of which is to the prejudice of truth and the discredit of history, and even to the disgrace of our Spanish wits: for foreigners, who with much punctuality keep the laws of comedy, hold us as barbarians and illiterate, seeing the absurdities and extravagances of those comedies which we produce. And it is no sufficient excuse to say that the chief intention of well-ordered commonwealths, in permitting public comedies, is that the common people may be entertained with some honest recreation, to divert at times the ill humours which are wont to be bred of idleness; and that, seeing this may be achieved by any play, be it good or bad, there is no need to prescribe laws, or to confine those who write or act them to set methods, since, as I have said, with any one of them they will compass the end they set before

them. To which I would answer that this end is gained much better, beyond any comparison, by good comedies than by those which are not good; for after listening to a cunning comedy, well contrived, the hearer would come away joyous for its jests, instructed by its reflects, in admiration of its incidents, prudent for its arguments, warned by its frauds, wise by its examples, hating vice, and in love with virtue. All these passions it is the office of good comedy to awaken in the soul of him who listens to it, be he never so gross and clownish. Of all impossibilities, it is the most impossible not to be joyous and pleased, satisfied and delighted, much more with that comedy which holds all these qualities than by one which lacketh them, as is the case with the greater part of those which are now played. Nor are the poets to be blamed who write them; for there are some among them who know full well in what they err, and know to the very utmost degree what they ought to do; but as plays are now made vendible commodities, they say, and say full well, that the players would not buy them if they were not of that quality, and thus the poet is fain to accommodate himself to the player who pays him for his work.

"That this is true may be gathered from the infinite number of comedies written by a happy genius of these kingdoms, with so much gaiety, with such elegant verse, with such fine arguments, with such grave epithets, and, finally, so full of elocution[4] and loftiness of style, as hath filled the world with his fame; and yet, for having framed himself to the taste of the players, the plays

have not all come, as some have, to the desired point of perfectness. Others there are who write comedies so little considering what they do, that after they have been acted, the players have had to fly and absent themselves, fearful of being chastised, as has many times happened, for having represented things which have been to the prejudice of certain kings and the dishonour of certain families.

"All these inconveniences, and even many more which I have not named, would cease if there were in the capital some wise and learned person to examine all comedies before they are played—not only those which are given in Madrid, but all that they may wish to play in Spain—without whose licence, seal, and authority, no justice should allow any comedy to be played in his town. After this manner comedians would have care in sending comedies to the metropolis, having assurance that they will be able to play them; while those who write them would take more pains and study in what they produce, fearful of having to pass their works through that rigorous inquisition which they understand full well. In this manner we should get good comedies, and most happily should we secure the end which they profess—the entertainment of the people, the credit of the wits of Spain, the profit and security of the players, and the saving of trouble in having them chastised.

"And if some other, or the same, should be charged to examine books of chivalry which shall be written in time to come, no doubt but that some might come to light as perfect as your worship speaks of, enriching

our language with the pleasing and precious wealth of eloquence—causing the old books to be obscured by the light of the new, which appear to give honest pastime, not only to the idle, but to the most occupied; for it is not possible that the bow should be always armed, nor the quality and weakness of human nature be able to subsist without some lawful pastime."

The canon and the priest had arrived thus far in their discourse, when the barber, pushing on and coming up to them, said to the priest—

"This is the spot, sir licentiate, in which I said it would be good for us to pass the heat of the day, and where the oxen will find fresh and plentiful grass."

"So it appears to me," said the priest; and told his purpose to the canon, who also wished to keep them company, invited by the situation of a beautiful dingle which offered itself to the view; desiring to enjoy it, along with the converse of the priest, whom he began to like, as well as to hear more particularly of the feats of Don Quixote. He ordered some of his servants that they should go to the inn, which was not far from thence, and bring from it what they could find to eat for all of them, as he intended to pass the afternoon in that place.

To which one of the servants answered that the sumpter-mule, which by this time must have arrived at the inn, carried provisions enough for all, so that there would be no need to bring anything from the inn except barley.

"Very well," said the canon; "take thither all the beasts, and bring you back the sumpter-mule."

While this passed, Sancho, perceiving that he could speak with his master without the continual presence of the priest and the barber, whom he held to be suspicious, came to the cage in which his master went, and said to him, "Sir, to purge my conscience, I wish to tell what goes on in the matter of your enchantment, and it is this: that these two who come along with their covered faces are the priest of our village and the barber, and I fancy that they have played you this trick of carrying you in this way out of pure envy, as your worship has gone ahead of them in doing great things. Supposing this to be true, it follows that you do not go enchanted, but deceived and befooled. In proof of which I would ask one thing, and if you answer me, as I believe you have only to answer, you shall feel the deceit with your finger, and see that you do not go enchanted, but only with your head turned arsie varsie."

"Ask what thou wilt, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "I will satisfy thee, and answer thee in all good will; but what thou sayest in regard of those who go and come with us being the priest and the barber, our neighbours and acquaintances, it may very easily seem that they are the same, but that they are so, really and truly, do thou not believe in any manner. What thou hast to believe and understand is, that if they do so seem to be as thou sayest, it will be that those who have enchanted me have taken this appearance and likeness; for it is easy for enchanters to take whatever figure they like, and they will have taken those of our friends to give thee occasion to

think as thou dost think, and to put thee in a labyrinth of imaginings, that thou shalt not be able to find thy way out of it, even though thou hadst hold of the rope of Theseus. And they might also have done it to make me waver in my mind, and that I may not conjecture how this damage comes to me. For if, on the one hand, thou tellest me that the priest and the barber of our village keep us company, and on the other I behold myself encaged, and know of myself that no human force, but only supernatural, could suffice to imprison me, what wouldst thou have me say but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds all that I have ever read of in all the histories which treat of knights-errant which have been enchanted? So that thou mayest set thyself at rest and in peace in what thou believest these to be, for they are just as much these as I am a Turk; and in what touches thy desire to enquire something of me, ask it—I will answer thee, although thou questioned me from now till to-morrow."

"Body of Our Lady!" exclaimed Sancho, in a loud voice, "and is it possible that your worship is so numskulled and so lacking of brains that you cannot see that it is pure truth what I have said, and in this of your prison and misfortune there is much more of malice than enchantment? Well, it is so, and I want to prove it plainly how that you are not enchanted. If not, tell me, as God shall save you from this misery and as you hope to find yourself in the arms of my lady Dulcinea, when you least think for——"

"Cease from conjuring me," said Don Quixote,

"and ask what thou wilt; as I have said, I will answer thee with all punctuality."

"This I ask," quoth Sancho, "and what I wish to know is, and that you tell me without adding or taking away a single thing, but with all truth, as it is expected all those should tell and declare which profess arms, as your worship professes, under the title of knights-errant——"

"I say that I will not lie in anything," answered Don Quixote. "Cease this questioning, for, in truth, thou weariest me with thy so many provisions, prayers, and preparations, Sancho."

"I say that I am certain of the goodness and truth of my master, and so, because it belongs to our business, I ask, speaking with reverence, if by chance, after your worship was mewed up and, as you think, enchanted in this cage, you have had the desire and will to raise water by wholesale or retail, as they say?"

"I understand nothing of this raising of water, Sancho; make thyself more clear if thou wouldst have from me a straight reply."

"Is it possible that your worship does not understand raising water by wholesale or retail? Why, the boys in school are weaned with it. Know, then, that I wish to inquire if you have had the desire to do that which cannot be helped?"

"Now, now, I understand thee, Sancho; yea, frequently, as even now. Deliver me out of this strait; all is not quite as clean as it should be."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLVIII.

Note 1, *page* 353.

Like the hedge tailor, who sewed for nothing and found his own thread. An ancient proverb, in much use by old writers and humorists; but its origin does not appear to be well known.

Note 2, *page* 354.

The Numancia. A tragedy by Cervantes, not published until sixty-eight years after his death.

Note 3, *page* 355.

The mirror of human life. Not because the reader requires to be reminded of the words of Shakespeare, but because I cannot forego the pleasure of bringing Cervantes and Shakespeare together, I quote the lines from *As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 7 :—

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

See also the lines from *Hamlet* (Act iii. sc. 2): "The purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

Note 4, *page* 357.

Full of elocution. The Spanish critics ask how a play can be full of elocution. English readers acquainted with Dryden and Milton will be able to supply an answer.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE EXCELLENT DISCOURSE WHICH SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE.

"HA!" cried Sancho, "now have I caught you. This is what I have longed to know with all my life and soul. Come now, master, can you deny that which they commonly say when a body is ill disposed, 'I don't know what is the matter with So-and-so, for he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor gives a straight answer to anything he is asked; he seems to be nothing else but enchanted?' From all of which it is found out that those who do not eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor do the necessary things I talk of, are enchanted; but not those who have the inclination that your worship has, who drinks when they give to him, and eats when he can get it, and replies to all they ask him."

"Thou sayest true, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "but I have already told thee that there are divers kinds of enchantments, and it might be that with time they change one from another, and that now they procure that the enchanted do as I do,

although in times past it was not so; therefore there is no arguing or drawing conclusions on the fashion of the times. I know and am certain that I am enchanted, and this suffices for the discharge of my conscience, which would be greatly burdened if I could think that I was not enchanted, allowing myself to be carried in this cage, slothful and a coward, withholding from the weak and oppressed the succour which I can give them, and who, even at this hour, are in extreme need of the help and protection which I can bestow."

"Well, with all that," answered Sancho, "I say that for more health and satisfaction it will be well for your worship to try and get out of this jail, which I bind myself with all my strength to make easy—yea, and to get you out of it; and do you try once more to mount your good Rozinante, who also seems to be enchanted, so sad and melancholy he goes. And this done, we may try our luck once more in the search after adventures; and if they do not turn out well, there will be time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a good and loyal squire, to shut myself up with your worship, if by chance your worship should be so unfortunate, or I such a fool, as not to be able to do what I say."

"I am content to do what thou sayest, brother Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and when thou seest occasion to obtain my liberty, I will obey thee in all and for all; but thou, Sancho, wilt see how thou deceivest thyself in the conceit which thou hast of my misfortune."

The knight-errant and the arrant squire beguiled the time in these discourses until they came to the place where already the priest, the canon, and the barber had dismounted and were waiting for them. Presently the bullock-driver unyoked his oxen, and turned them loose in that green and pleasant spot, whose coolness invited to its enjoyment, not only those who were enchanted like Don Quixote, but such heedful and discreet folk as his squire, who begged of the priest that his master might leave the cage for a little while; for, if they refused this, that jail would not be so clean as became the decency due to such a knight as his master.

The priest understood his meaning, and said that with very great pleasure he might do what was asked, if he did not fear that when his master saw himself at liberty he would give them the go-by, and fly there where people might not see him.

"I will answer for the flight," said Sancho.

"And I and all of us," said the canon, "and especially if he will give me his word as a knight not to separate from us without our consent."

"Yea, I give it," answered Don Quixote, who was listening to all, "and all the more because he who is enchanted, as am I, is not free to do with his person what he would; for he who enchanted him can order it that he cannot move from the place in three centuries, or, if he should escape, can bring him back through the air. This being so, they might well permit him to alight, for that it would be to the advantage of all; but if they did not allow him, he

protested that he could not but offend them, if they did not get further out of the way.

The canon took one of his hands, although they were bound, and, upon his word of honour, they uncaged him, which rejoiced him greatly, and greatly was he pleased to find himself outside the cage. The first thing he did was to stretch his whole body, and then to go up to Rozinante, and giving him two slaps on the haunches, he exclaimed—

"I still hope in God and his Blessed Mother, Flower and Mirror of horses, that we two shall soon see that which we both desire—thou with thy master mounting, and I on the top of thee, exercising the ministry for which God sent me into the world."

So saying, Don Quixote, with Sancho, retired to a remote place, from which he returned with increased desire to put in execution that which his squire had designed.

The canon gazed at him, wondering at the strangeness of his great madness, and how that in whatever he said or answered he showed a most excellent understanding, only coming near to losing his stirrups, as has been before said, when treating of chivalry. Moved, therefore, of compassion, after all were seated on the green grass to wait for the sumpter-mule of the canon, he said to Don Quixote—

"Is it possible, sir knight, that the base and idle reading of books of chivalry can have so infected you as to turn your reason upside down, and that you believe you are enchanted, with other things of like quality, as far off from being true as falsehood itself

is from verity? How is it possible that any human brain can imagine that there have been in the world that legion of Amadises, and such a host of famous knights, so many emperors of Trebizond, so many Felixmartes of Hyrcania, so many palfreys, so many errant damsels, so many serpents, so many dragons, so many giants, so many strange adventures, such variety of enchantment, so many battles, so many impossible encounters, so much bravery of attire, so many enamoured princesses, so many county squires, so many witty dwarfs, so many love-letters, so many challenges, so many valiant women, and, finally, so many and such strange and preposterous events, as are contained in books of chivalry?

"For my own part, I may say that when I read them without reflecting that they are all lies and levity, they yield me some mirth; but when I consider what they are, I dash the best of them against the wall, and would even pitch it into the fire (if it were here or I had it at hand), so well do they merit the pains of impostors and liars, that are without natural affection, or as authors of new sects and new ways of living, and as men who give occasion to the vulgar ignorant to believe and hold for truths the many absurdities which they contain; and so insolent are they that they dare to perplex the wits of wise and well-born knights, as it is very plain to be seen they have done with your worship: for they have brought you to this, that it is needful to shut you up in a cage and carry you in an ox-wain, as they carry some lion or some tiger from village to village, to earn something by the

show. Go to, sir Don Quixote, have compassion on thyself, and return to the pale of discretion, and learn how to use the much that Heaven hath been pleased to bestow upon thee, employing the blessed talent of thy genius in other reading, that shall redound to the health of thy conscience and the increase of thine honour. If, yet carried away of your natural disposition, you would read of deeds and chivalries, read in the Holy Scriptures the Book of Judges, and there shalt thou find grand truths and deeds as true as they are heroic. Lusitania had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Ferdinand Gonzalez, Valencia a Cid, Andalucia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estramadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xeres a Garci Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, Seville a Don Manuel de Leon,[1] the reading of whose valiant deeds shall entertain, instruct, and delight, and be admired of the highest genius that shall read them. This, verily, shall be a study worthy of the excellent understanding of your worship, my dear sir Don Quixote, from which you shall come forth erudite in history, enamoured of virtue, instructed in goodness, improved in morals, brave without rashness, cautious without cowardice; and all this for the glory of God, your own advantage, and the fame of La Mancha, whence, as I understand, your worship derives your birth and origin."

Most attentively did Don Quixote listen to the discourse of the canon; and perceiving that he had brought it to a close, and after beholding him for a good space, he said, "It seems to me, sir hidalgo, that

the gross and scope of your worship's speech is that I am to understand that there never have been knights-errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, evil-doers, and mischievous to the commonwealth, and that I do wrong in reading them, worse in believing them, and still worse in imitating them, having determined to follow the painful profession of knight-errantry which they teach; denying to me that there was ever in the world the Amadises, whether of Gaul or of Greece, or all the other knights of which the scriptures are full."

"All is exactly as your worship has set forth," said the canon; to which Don Quixote replied—

"In addition, also, your worship said that these books had done me much harm, that they had turned my brain and put me in a cage, and that it would be better to amend and alter my studies, reading others more true, and which yield more delight and instruction."

"Quite true," said the canon.

"Well, I," replied Don Quixote, "for my part, find that the crack-brained and the enchanted one is none other than your worship, who hath set yourself to utter so many blasphemies against a thing so accepted of the world, and held to be so true, that he who denies it, as your worship has denied it, deserves the same punishment which your worship says you give to the books when you read them and when they offend you; because to wish to persuade any one that Amadis never existed in the world, nor all the other knight-adventurers which fill the histories, would be to

try to prove that the sun does not shine, nor frost chill, nor the earth sustain. For what genius could the world produce that is able to prove to another that the story is not true of the Princess Floripes and Guy of Burgundy, and that of Fierabras, with the Bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, and which, I swear by Christ, is as true as it is now the hour of day? And if it be a lie, then there was no Hector, nor Achilles, nor Trojan War, nor the Twelve Peers of France, nor King Arthur of England, who goes yet about in the form of a raven, but whose return is expected every hour in his kingdom. And they will dare to say that the history of Guarino Mezquino, and that of the Quest of the Holy Grail, are also lies, and that the loves of Don Tristan and Queen Iseo, as those of Guinevere and Lancelot, are apocryphal; and yet we have persons who almost remember to have seen Quintañona the duenna, who was the best wine-mixer that Great Britain ever had.[2] And so certain is this, that I remember my grandmother on my father's side, when she saw any duenna in a reverend coif, would say to me, 'Yon woman, grandson, is like the Duenna Quintañona;' from which I argue that she must have known her, or, at least, had seen some portrait of her.

"Again, who is able to deny the truth of the history of Peter and the beautiful Magalona? And even this day may be seen in the Royal Armoury the peg by which he turned the wooden horse on which the brave Peter was mounted as he went through the air, and which is a little larger than a

waggon-pole, and close by the pole is Bavieca's saddle ; and in Roncesvalles there still hangs Orlando's horn, in size like unto a great beam. From which it is to be inferred that there were Twelve Peers, that there was a Peter, that there were Cids, and other such knights as people say go on adventures. If not, they will tell me also that the valiant Lusitanian, Juan de Merlo, was no knight-errant, who went to Burgundy and fought in the city of Ras, with the famous lord of Charni, called Monseigneur Pierres, and afterwards in the city of Basil, with Monseigneur Enrique de Remestan, and came off victor from both conflicts, clothed in honourable fame ; together with the adventures and challenges which were celebrated in Burgundy between the valiant Spaniards, Pedro Barba and Guitierre Quixada (of whose lineage I am by the direct male line), who vanquished the sons of the Count de San Pablo. They will also deny to me that Don Fernando de Guevara ever went to seek adventures in Germany, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the house of the Duke of Austria. They say that the jousts of Suero de Quiñones, he of the Pass, were all a farce, and the emprises of Monsieur Luis de Fálses against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Spanish knight, with many other feats, and done by Christian knights ;—these, and those of foreign kings, so true and authentical, that I repeat what I have said before, that he who shall contradict them is lacking of all reason and good discourse."

The canon was appalled to hear the mingling which Don Quixote made of truths and falsehoods, and to

observe the knowledge which he possessed of all those things touching and concerning the deeds of his errant chivalry; and he replied to him thus :—

"I am not able to affirm, sir Don Quixote, that there is no truth whatever in what your worship has said, especially in that which relates to the Spanish knights-errant; and in like manner I concede that there were Twelve Peers of France. But I do not care to believe that they did all those things which Archbishop Turpin writes of them; for the truth of it is that they were knights selected by the kings of France, and called peers, for that they were all equal in valour, in quality, and worth—at least, if they were not, they ought to have been so—and were not unlike the religious orders, of the nature of those now in use, as that of Santiago and Calatrava, which presupposes that those who belong to them are, or ought to be, valiant knights, courageous, and well born; and as they say now a knight of St. John or of Alcantara, so they said then knight of the Twelve Peers; because those who belonged to that military religious order were twelve in number, and all equal. In that there was a Cid there is no doubt; still less a Bernardo del Carpio; but that they did the deeds ascribed to them, I think there is very great doubt[3] In regard to the peg of Count Peter, which your worship mentioned, and that it is close by the saddle of Bavieca in the Royal Armoury, I confess my sin that I am so ignorant, or so short-sighted, that although I did see the saddle, the peg I did not see, which is strange, seeing it is as big as your worship describes."

"Well, it is there, without any doubt," answered Don Quixote; "and, as a greater proof, it is enclosed in a leathern case, to prevent its becoming mouldy."

"It may be so," answered the canon, "but, by the orders which I have received, I do not remember to have seen it; and although I concede that it is there, not for that am I obliged to believe the histories of so many Amadises, nor those of such a host of knights as we hear of; nor is it rational that a man like your worship, so upright, of such good parts, and endowed with so fine an understanding, should give himself up to believing as true so many and such weaved-up follies as are written in the absurd and reasonless books of chivalry."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLIX.

Note 1, *page* 369.

Seville a Don Manuel de Leon. The following ballad records the exploit by which the name was won.

DON MANUEL DE LEON.

It is Don Manuel de Leon, a knight of noble name,
And he has done a deed at court shall hand him down to fame;
'Tis Lady Anna de Mendoza with whom he had to do,
A lady she of rank and worth, and thus the matter grew.

She wandered through the palace halls, the evening feast was done,
And ladies fair were by her side, and gay knights many a one;
Within a spacious gallery they stood with looks amazed,
For down into the lion's den the Lady Anna gazed;

So did they all with fluttering hearts to see the lions four—
Such fearful heads, such powerful limbs, and such an angry roar!
The lady fair let fall her glove, it was with wily art,
For she would prove the gallant knight who had the boldest heart.

"My glove has fallen!" she exclaimed, "and sore against my will;"
She cast around a burning glance, made every heart to thrill:
"Now who will be the gallant knight, for honour or for love,
Who dares to face the lions four, and bring me back my glove?

"My word of honour here I pledge, good luck shall him befal,
I'll hold him as the bravest knight, and love him best of all."
Don Manuel hears the taunting words, a knight of honour true,
And while the rest with shame decline, he dares the deed to do.

He from his girdle plucks his sword, his mantle round his arm,
And enters straight the lion's den, nor shows the least alarm;
The lions look with glaring eyne, but ne'er a muscle move,
He passes scathless through the gate, and bears away the glove.

He mounts the stairs with hasty stride—his wrath he cannot smother,
With one hand he presents the glove, and smites her with the other:
"Take, take the glove, and never more, in such a worthless strife,
Dare ask a gentleman to risk his honour or his life;

"And if perchance the knights around should think the deed ill done,
Then to the field as knights should do, and fight me one by one!"
"Stir not a step!" the lady cried, "enough of proof we have
That thou, Don Manuel de Leon, art bravest of the brave;

"And if, sir knight, thou be content, to be thy wife I'm glad,
For well I like a gallant man who dares to smite the bad;
The old refrain is very true, I know it to my cost—
That he who loves you best of all will oft chastise you most."

To see with waht a manful heart she bore his angry stroke,
Tosee with what a winsome grace and dignity she spoke,
The knight was charmed and much content, and hastened to her side,
He took her hands, and kissed her cheek, and won his noble bride.

Note 2, page 371.

The best wine-mixer that Great Britain ever had. The following ballad—from the collection of Miguel Martinez—throws a new light on the character of Quintañona, the famous go-between of Guinevere and Lancelot. The name of this woman was given generally to all duennas in the time of Cervantes.

THE WHITE-FOOT DEER.

Three tender striplings had the king, three striplings and no more,
And for the wrath he bore to them, he cursed them loud and sore;
The first of them became a deer, the next a dog turned he,
The last he turned a Moorish man, and sailed across the sea!

Upon a time Sir Lancelot among the dames did play:
"Sir knight," quoth she, the boldest one, "be on thy guard this day;
For wer't my luck to wed with thee, and thine to wed with me,
I'd ask the bonnie white-foot deer as wedding gift from thee!"

" With all my heart, my lady fair, I'd bring him safely here,
Gif I but knew the far countrie where herds that bonnie deer!"
Sir Lancelot he rode along for many a weary day,
His boots hung at his saddle-bow, and all to hunt the prey;

He clambered up among the hills, and there he found a cell,
Where far from any living man an eremite did dwell:
" God keep thee!" quoth the eremite, " thou'rt welcome here to me,
And by the boots thou bearest there, a huntsman thou may'st be."

" Now tell to me, good eremite, thou holy man austere,
Now tell to me where I may find the bonnie white-foot deer!"
" Come, take thy rest with me, my son, until the night hath flown,
I'll tell thee all that I have seen, and all that I have known."

And as they talked the livelong night, and whiled the time with cheer,
There passed two hours before the light the bonnie white-foot deer;
And with him seven lions and a lioness with young,
Full seven counts had she laid low, and many a knight and strong:

" Wherever be thy home, my son, God shield thee with his arm,
Whoever sent thee here this day had thought to do thee harm;
Shame, Lady Quintañona, shame! hell-fire thy portion be,
If such a brave and gallant knight should lose his life for thee!"

Note 3, *page* 373.

That they did the deeds ascribed to them, I think there is very great doubt. The following ballads illustrate the canon's remark so far as the Cid is concerned. The first of them has reference to the oath administered to King Alfonso, *El Bravo*, after the murder of his brother, Sancho II., and records one of those daring deeds which made the Cid the idol of the common people, but which all true-hearted Spaniards reject as unworthy of their great hero. In its leading features the ballad is evidently antique, and our version is taken from the oldest undated *Cancionero de Romances*. The remaining two, from the text of Escobar, are merely rhyming versions of ecclesiastical legends taken from the *Chronica del Cid*, which

was compiled by the monks of Cardeña. This monastery, containing the tombs of the Cid and his wife Ximena, was at once the storehouse and manufactory of the current legends regarding them. That of St. Lazarus, apart from its miraculous character, is quick with a simple touching piety more characteristic of a martyr than a man of blood; that of the Miracle at the Tomb reveals its origin and motive too obviously to need comment.

THE EXPURGATION OF KING ALFONSO.

In Santa Gadea of Burgos, where the knights were wont to swear,
Alfonso has come before the Cid, to take a strong oath there;
He has placed his hand on the iron bolt, and eke on the wooden bow,
So strong are the oaths that sudden fear strikes all the crowds below.

"Alfonso, may villains slay thee, not noble men and leal,
Asturian boors of Oviedo, not gentry of Castile!
May they slay thee with cattle-goads, and not with lance in fight,
With their horny-hefted crooked knives, and not with daggers bright.

"On their feet be sandals of hide, not shoes of leather gay,
On their shoulders be mantles of straw, not broad-cloth of Contray!
Their shirts be made of the flaxen tow, not holland fine and wide,
On asses, and not on mules or steeds, may they go forth to ride!

"Their bridles be of the hempen cord, and not of the leather brown;
And may they slay thee in the fields, and not in a peopled town!
Out by the sinister side may they pluck thy heart away,
If when the oath is put to thee, thou tell not truth this day!

"Alfonso, hadst thou art or part in that foul deed and blow,
That sent thy brother to his death, make answer, Yes or No!"

So strong the oaths and fearful, the king declined to swear,
When up and spake a noble knight, his favourite standing there:
"Take thou the oath and fear not, it is the wiser plan,
For never king was perjured yet, nor pope beneath the ban!"

Then cried the king, "No, on my oath!" and three times he hath sworn,
And from the altar to the Cid he turned with mickle scorn:
"Right badly hast thou sworn me, Cid, right badly to thy sorrow,
The hand upraised in oath this day thou hast to kiss to-morrow!

"To kiss a kingly hand at all, doth not beseem my race,
And if my father kissed it once I hold it as disgrace!"
"Cid, quit these realms of mine in haste, thou knight of evil fame,
And see that for a year from this thou enter not the same!"

"Señor, to obey thy first command doth please me to the core,
Thou send'st me for a single year, I banish myself for four!"
With this the good Cid left the king, nor deigned to kiss his hand,
And with him thrice a hundred knights, all gentry of the land.

They all were youths of mettle and might, no greybeard to be seen,
They all bore lances in their hands, of tempered steel and keen;
They all had bucklers on their arms, with bosses crimson bright,
The Cid, I trow, had a gallant band within his camp that night!

THE CID AND ST. LAZARUS.

The marriage festival is done, and all the feasting fine,
The Cid will go to pay his vow at Santiago's shrine,
And with him twenty gentlemen ride forth in close array;
Much alms for God and Mary's sake they scatter by the way.

When they had gone but half the road, a leper came in sight,
Who struggled in a slimy pool, and cried in woeful plight:
"Good gentlemen, for love of God, now help me in my need,
Release me from this fearful place, and Heaven send ye speed!"

Rodrigo 'lighted from his horse, while thus the leper cried,
And drew him from the miry pool, and placed him by his side;
He took him to the stranger's inn, and gave him meat and bread,
He led him to his chamber fine, and shared with him his bed.

At midnight, while Rodrigo slept, and all around was still,
Lo! from the leper came a breath that made his shoulders thrill—

A breath so sudden and so sharp, that through his heart it ran,
Alarmed, Rodrigo started up and sought the leper man.

He could not find him in the bed, for light aloud he cried;
But when the lighted lamp was brought no leper man they spied;
He turned again unto his bed, in great alarm and fright,
When, lo! a man stood by his side all dressed in garments white:

"Rodrigo, dost thou sleep or wake?" "I do not sleep," he said,
"But tell me, stranger, who thou art, with glory round thy head?"
"I am St. Lazarus, my son, and come to speak with thee,
That leper man whom thou didst treat with Heaven's own charity;

"Rodrigo, God doth love thee well, thy fame shall aye increase,
And all that thou beginn'st to do, in battle or in peace,
That shalt thou end with honour great, no foe shall strike thee down,
And Moorish folk and christen'd men shall tremble at thy frown;

"And thou shalt die an honoured death, unconquered in the strife,
Thou shalt be victor to the last, and Heaven crown thy life."
The gracious words are hardly said when forth the vision flees;
Rodrigo raised him from his bed, and fell upon his knees;

He praised aloud the God of heaven, and Blessed Mary's name,
And thus he knelt alone in prayer, until the morning came.
And when the sun began anew o'er hill and dale to shine,
He went with joy to pay his vow at Santiago's shrine.

MIRACLE AT THE TOMB OF THE CID.

To San Pedro of Cardeña the Cid embalmed they bore,
The victor never vanquished by Christian or by Moor;
By King Alfonso's orders they placed him on his seat,
His fine and valiant figure arrayed in garments meet;

Uncovered was his visage, majestic it appeared,
And on his bosom rested his long and hoary beard;
And at his side was girded Tizona, his good sword—
He looked as he was wont to be, a great and honoured lord.

For seven years he rested there, and once a year at least,
For his soul that is in glory they held a solemn feast ;
And on a certain year it fell, when all the crowd had gone,
The church was empty, and the Cid sat in his chair alone ;

When, slowly pacing up the aisle, there came a stranger Jew ;
And when his eyes beheld the sight, full great his wonder grew :
" It is the Cid ! " quoth he, " the Cid, by all the world revered,
Who, when a living man, 'tis said, none ever touched his beard ;

" But, by my faith, I'll pluck it now, dead men can never harm ;
I fain would see what he will do when I stretch out my arm ! "
But ere his fingers touched the beard, the Cid with sudden hand,
A span length from its scabbard, drew out his famous brand !

A mortal terror seized the Jew, that chilled him to the core—
And backward in his fright he fell half dead upon the floor ;
The folk that came and saw him lie, poured water on his face,
And when his senses came, they asked what meant his woeful case ;

And when they heard the wondrous tale, they praised their God anew,
Whose power had saved the Christian Cid from the foul touch of a Jew !
But the Jew he was an altered man, a Christian he became,
And, when baptized, Diego Gil they gave him for his name,

Within San Pedro's cloister he passed a life of prayer :
And like an honest Christian his days he ended there.

CHAPTER L.

OF THE PLEASANT CONTENTION WHICH DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH THE CANON, AND OTHER MATTERS.

"EXCELLENTLY well,"[1] answered Don Quixote, "that books which are printed with the king's licence, and the approval of those to whom they are sent for judgment, which are read with universal delight, and applauded of great and small, rich and poor, wise and unwise, of plebeians and nobles, and, finally, of all sorts and conditions of men, should be held as lies; and more so when they carry such an appearance of truth, telling us, as they do, of the father, mother, country, kindred, age, and place, recounting to us the deeds, point for point and day for day, which such knight or knights enacted. Soft, your worship; breathe forth no such blasphemy, and believe me that I advise in this what you as a sensible person ought to do. Only read them, and you shall find the pleasure that may be derived from their study. For, tell me, is there greater pleasure than to see, as one might say, here put before our eyes, a great lake of pitch, boiling and bubbling, and in it, swimming and writhing, many

serpents, snakes, and lizards, and many other kinds of fierce and frightful animals; and that from out of the middle of the lake there comes a most touching voice, which cries, '*Thou knight, whoever thou mayest be, that art beholding this fearful lake, if thou beest wishful to gain the good which lies hidden beneath these ebon waters, show the valour of thy dauntless breast, and plunge into the midst of its black and burning liquor; for if so thou doest not, unworthy shalt thou be to gaze on the mighty marvels deposited and enshrined in the seven castles of the seven nymphs, who rest beneath this darkness?*' And scarcely shall the knight have heard the fearful voice, when, without thinking of himself, without allowing himself to consider the danger to which he goes, and even without stripping him of the weight of his heavy armour, commending him to God and his mistress, he throws himself into the boiling lake; and when he neither knows nor cares what will become of him, he finds himself in the midst of flowery meads, with which not those of Elysium can compare in anything.

"There it seems that the sky is more transparent, and that the sun shines with newer lustre; there offers to the sight a pleasant forest of such green and leafy trees that their verdure ravishes the eye; and the ear is charmed by the sweet and artless song of the infinite pretty little birds which go flitting through the intricate branches. Here he discovers a little brook, whose limpid waters seem like liquid crystals, and run over yellow sands and snowy pebbles, which are like dust of gold and purest pearls. Yonder he

sees spring a fountain, wrought of mottled jasper and polished marble; there he beholds another, rustically framed, where the little shells of the mussel, with the twisted houses, white and yellow, of the snail, placed in disordered order, and being mixed among pieces of shining crystal and feigned emeralds, make a piece of variegated skill in such form that art, imitating nature, appears there to excel it. On the other side, of a sudden, he spies a mighty castle, or magnificent palace, whose walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, the gates of hyacinth; finally, it is of such workmanship, that albeit the materials of which it is made are nothing less than diamonds, carbuncles, pearls, gold, and emeralds, yet is the goodliness of its frame held in greater esteem.

"And if there be more to see after having seen this, it is to behold, sallying out by the castle gates, a goodly number of maidens, whose brave and splendid dresses, if I were to set myself to tell them as they are recounted in the histories, I should never have done. And afterwards she who appears to be the principal one of all, taking by the hand the daring knight who hurled himself into the fervid lake, conducts him in silence within the gorgeous palace or castle, and makes him strip as his mother bore him, and bathes him in soothing waters, and then doth she anoint his whole body with sweet ointments, and clothes him in a shirt of the very finest sendal,[2] all scented and perfumed; and another maiden comes and throws over his shoulders a robe, which at the very least, they say, is worth a city, or even more.

"What a sight is it then, when, after all this, as they tell us, they carry him to another hall, where he finds the tables so furnished that he is astonished and amazed! when we behold him wash his hands in water all of amber and sweet-scented flowers distilled! when he is seated in a chair of ivory! when we see all the maidens waiting upon him, keeping most wonderful silence! when they bring him an infinite variety of food, so pleasantly dressed that the appetite knows not which hand it will have obey it! And then to hear the music which warbles while he eats, without his knowing who sings it, nor whence come the sounds! And after dinner be ended and the cloth removed, and the knight is reclining in his chair, picking his teeth, perhaps, as is the custom, to see entering through the door of the hall another much more lovely maiden than any of the others, who, seating herself by the knight's side, will begin to tell him of that castle, and how she is confined in it, enchanted, with other matters that amaze the knight, and strike with wonder the readers who continue reading his history!

"I have no wish to enlarge me more on this, since, from what has been said, it may be collected that, whichever part is read of whatever history of a knight-errant, it will cause delight and wonder to whosoever may read it. Therefore, your worship, take my word for it, and, as I have said before, read these books and you shall see how they will banish the melancholy you may have, and sweeten your temper, if it happen to be in an ill mood. For myself, I can say that since

I am a knight-errant, I am valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, gentle, daring, good-natured, patient, a bearer of toils, of prisons, of enchantments; and although so little while has passed since I found myself shut up in a cage like one mad, yet do I intend by the valour of my arm, Heaven helping me, and fortune not being against me, in a few days to see myself king of some kingdom, wherein I may be able to display the gratitude and liberality which are enclosed in my breast. For, upon my faith, sir, the man who is poor is disabled from showing the virtue of liberality with any one, although he possess it in the highest degree; and the gratitude which consists only in intention is a dead thing, as faith is dead without works. For this cause I would that fortune offered me quickly some occasion in which I could make myself emperor, in order to show my heart, doing good to my friends, especially to poor Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the best man in the world, and to whom I would give a province, which I have promised him these many days, except that I fear he will not have ability to rule his state."

Scarcely had Sancho heard these last words of his master, when he cried, "Strive, your worship sir Don Quixote, to get me this province, as much promised by your worship as longed for by me, and I promise that I will not be wanting in ability to govern it; but if I should lack it, I have heard it said that there be men in the world who take on rent the states of lords, and give them so much a year, and they take care of the government, and the lord takes his ease, enjoying

the income they yield him, without giving himself further concern. And thus will I; and I will mind things as little as possible, except how, by-and-by, to retire from all, and I shall enjoy fortune like a duke, and let the world slide."

"That, brother Sancho," said the canon, "is good so far as the enjoyment of income; but the administration of justice has to be undertaken by the lord of the state, and here are required ability and sound judgment, and, above all, a fervent desire to do right. For if these be lacking in the beginning, the means and ends will go awry; and thus God is wont to help the good design of the simple, as well as to frustrate the cunning of the wise."

"I know nothing of these philosophies," answered Sancho Panza; "but this I would like, that I should get this province as soon as I could learn how to manage it. For I have as much soul as another, and as big a body as the best of them, and such a king would I be of my state as any is of his; and, being such, I would do what I please; and doing what I please, I should have my pleasure; and, having my pleasure, I should be satisfied; and in being satisfied, a man has nothing more to desire; and having nothing more to desire, there's an end; and let the state come; and good-bye till we see one another again, as one blind fellow says to another."

"These are not bad philosophies, as thou callest them, Sancho," said the canon; "but, withal, there is much to be said upon this matter of provinces."

To which Don Quixote answered, "I know not

what more is to be said. I am guided solely by the many and divers examples which could be given in proof of knights of my profession having, in response to the loyal and distinguished services which they had received from their squires, conferred upon them notable favours, making them lords absolute of cities and islands; and he who managed that his favours were of such and such importance aimed at a crown. But why waste time in this?—the grand and never sufficiently extolled Amadis of Gaul affording me so signal an example, who made his squire governor of the Immovable Island; and thus can I, without scruple of conscience, make Sancho Panza a governor, who is one of the best squires that knight-errant ever had."

The canon was amazed at the concerted ravings (if ravings can be concerted) which Don Quixote had uttered; the manner in which he had painted the adventures of the Knight of the Lake; the impression which had been made upon him by those deep-designed lies of the books which he had read; and, lastly, he wondered at the idiotcy of Sancho, who with so much eagerness desired the possession of that province which his master had promised to him.

Now, by this time the canon's servants had returned from the inn, whither they had gone for the sumpter-mule; and they made their table of a carpet and the green grass of the meadow, where, under the shadow of some trees, they seated themselves, and there did they eat, that the bullock-driver might not lose the pasture of the place, as

hath been said. And as they were eating they heard suddenly a rude noise, and the tinkling of a cattle-bell, which sounded from out some briars and shrubs which were close by. At the same moment they saw come out of those thickets a beautiful she-goat, all her hair sprinkled black, white, and grey; after her came a goatherd, calling to her, and using words according to his custom, to make her stop or return to the fold. The truant goat, trembling and terrified, ran to the company as if to seek their protection, and there she stopped. Up came the goatherd, and taking her by the horns, said to her, as if she were capable of discourse and reason—

"Ah, brindled harlequin, why hast thou been hopping these days? What wolves have frightened thee, daughter? Wilt thou not tell me what the matter is, pretty one? But what can it be, but that thou art a female, and not able to be quiet? Cursed be thy temper, and that of all those whom thou dost imitate! Come back, come back, darling; if thou art not so happy, at least thou wilt be safe in thy cot and with thy companions; for if thou, who shouldst guard and guide them, goest guideless and wandering, what shall stop them from doing so likewise?"

The words of the goatherd delighted those who heard them, especially the canon, who said to him, "Prithee, good fellow, have patience a little, and be not in such haste to drive back this goat to her fold, for seeing that she is a female, as thou sayest, she will follow her natural instinct in spite of all thou doest to oppose it. Take this mouthful, and a drink, with

which thou shalt cool thy choler, and the goat meanwhile will get some rest." The saying those words, and giving him on the point of a knife a piece out of the back of a cold rabbit, was the work of a moment.

The goatherd took it, and was grateful; he drank and was rested, and presently he said, "I would not have you, my masters, take me for an idiot, because I have spoken sense to this creature; for, in truth, the words that I used are not without meaning. I am a clown, but not so much of one as not to know how to discourse with men as well as with beasts."

"That I very well believe," said the priest; "for I know by experience that the mountains breed men of learning, and philosophers may be found in shepherds' huts."

"At least, sir," replied the goatherd, "they contain men who have learnt by experience; and that you may believe this, and have it at the finger's end, I, who, without being bidden, find myself your guest, if it be not tiresome to you, and you grant me for a brief space your attention, will recount a fact which shall confirm what I and this gentleman" (pointing to the priest) "have said."

To this Don Quixote answered, "In order to see whether this matter has some (I know not what) shadow of knightly adventure, I, for my part, will hear thee, brother, with very great pleasure; and so will all these gentlemen, who are persons of taste and friends of curious novelties, which surprise, delight, and entertain the mind, as will, I have no doubt, thy story. Begin then, friend; we will all listen."

"By your leave," said Sancho, "I will betake me to yonder brook with this pie, where I intend to lay in a store for three days; for I have heard my master Don Quixote say that the squire of a knight-errant has to eat when he can, until he can no more, for the reason that it often happens that they get into a forest so entangled, that not in six days may they get out of it; and if a fellow does not go stuffed, or his bags well provided, he remains there, as he often does remain, turned into a mummy."

"Thou art in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "go where thou wilt, and eat what thou canst. I am already satisfied, and only care for that refreshment of the mind which it will obtain in listening to the story of this good man."

"We will all listen," said the canon, and presently he begged the goatherd to begin, as he had promised.

The goatherd gave two slaps on the back of the goat, which he held by the horns, saying, "Lie down at my side, brindled one; there will be time enough to get back to our flock."

It seemed as if the goat understood him, for as her master seated himself, she quietly stretched herself close by him, and, looking him in the face, gave him to understand that she was attending to what the goatherd was saying, who began his story in this manner.

NOTES TO CHAPTER L.

Note 1, *page* 382.

Excellently well. The same argument was used by Juan Palomeque in chapter xxxii.; it was also used by many others of a very different class, as the good priest Melchor Cano tells us, as related by Pellicer, *De Locis*, lib. xi. cap. 6. The "divine" art of printing not only multiplied the means of knowledge, it created a new belief; and when to this was added, to every book that was printed, the authority of the king, which at that time was held as sacred as that of God—at least in Spain—and the approval of bishops, canons, and doctors of the Church, we are not to wonder at the faith in which the Spanish people received and read their evil books: it would have been a miracle of reason had they doubted them. Nor were the books of chivalry the only corrupters of the mind, and the promoters of incredulity. There were hundreds of histories, accounts of miracles, books of travel, personal narratives, and lives of the saints printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which contain extravagances even more dreadful and shocking than those contained in the most extravagant of the stories of chivalry. Some of the recently printed histories of the world newly discovered by Columbus contained such facts as that, in one part of the coast of El Nombre de Dios, the inhabitants had such long ears, that one ear served them for a bed on which to lie down, and the other as a counterpane to cover them up; in another, the people lived on sweet scents, and were killed only by foul smells, their noses being so long as to enclose all the five senses, and, in short, formed the entire head. In the interior of these countries, also, were giants who were blessed with only one eye, but this was so large and bright that it shone like the moon at night. There were monsters of other kinds, too disgustful to name; and all these were overcome and subdued,

not by the sword of rude settlers or valiant soldiers, but by helpless priests, armed with nothing but a pocket crucifix. As late as 1586 there was printed in Medina del Campo a book of four hundred pages, called the *History of the Prodigies and Marvels which have happened in the World*, and it is a collection of the most dangerous lies set forth as truths, which may be warranted to turn a whole nation into drivelling idiots that would receive and read it. In this there are many facts which relate to women: one gave birth to a child, to whose spine was attached a serpent; other women, it is well known, "were converted into men," and so on. This book, as all the others, is declared by the king himself (Philip II.) to be of use and great profit, and by a great doctor of the Church to be full of "sweetness and truth." It should be said that it also contains the lives of three notorious *courtezanas* of ancient history, written with a plentiful amount of detail which could not now be printed and circulated in public, and which has been thought by some to have been the chief cause of the book finding a ready and ample sale. But grave "histories" had as great a sale, and were quite as popular; indeed, they were evidently written to promote religion, to excite wonder, and to convert men and women into little children. One example will suffice.

"ATAULFUS AND THE BULL.

"Three servants of the church at Santiago, whose names were Jado, Cado, and Ensio, accused their lord, the Bishop Ataulfus, of a grave crime. The king, like the foolish man he was, gave a ready ear to the foul lie, and believed it. Then he sent messengers to tell the Bishop of Santiago that, after consecrating the chrism on Palm Sunday, he must leave Compostella and come to Oviedo, where the court was. Meanwhile, the king caused many wild bulls to be gathered together, and out of these he chose the fiercest, and had it kept until the bishop should arrive. So the prelate, on the day appointed, came to Oviedo; and when the soldiers bade him wait upon the king before going to church, he, trusting

in the Lord, answered, 'I shall first wait on our Saviour, the King of kings, and afterwards I will visit your tyrant king.' Then he entered the Church of our Saviour, put on his vestments, celebrated the divine mystery, and in the same vestments went to the place before the king's palace, where the bull was, and where most of the Asturians were collected to see the spectacle. Then the king commanded the bull to be let loose. Straightway the bull made at the holy man; but, instead of hurting him, it left its horns in his hands, and, turning round, trampled on and killed many scoffers; afterwards it sought the woods whence it had been brought. Then the bishop returned to the church, laid the horns (which he kept in his hands) on the altar of our Saviour, and excommunicated Jado, Ensio, and Cado. He prayed, and said that unto the world's end, some of their seed should be leprous, some blind, others lame, by reason of this false crime which they had charged upon him; and he cursed the king, and said that in his seed should the curse be made manifest to all beholders. At length the bishop died, and they who were with him made a bier, on which they intended to carry him for burial in the church. But our heavenly King made it so immovable, that a thousand men could not stir it the breadth of a hair. Whereupon they held a council, and then they buried him in the excellent stone sepulchre in the sacristy of the Church of St. Eulia."—*España Sagrada*, tom. xiv. 466.

Note 2, *page* 384.

The very finest sendal. A delicate fabric still known in the East and by that name: it is often mentioned in the early poets:—

Of cloth of Tarse, and rich Cendall.
Guy of Warwick.

Lined with taffata and sendall.
Chaucer, *Prol. C.T.*

CHAPTER LI.

WHICH TREATS OF THAT WHICH THE GOATHERD REHEARSED TO ALL THOSE WHO CARRIED OFF DON QUIXOTE.

"THREE leagues from this dingle there stands a village, which, although small, is the most notable in all these parts, in which lived a farmer who was greatly esteemed, and so much so that, although to be rich is to be honoured, yet he was respected more for the virtue he possessed, than the wealth he had gained. But what made him most happy, as he himself was wont to say, was in having a daughter of such exceeding beauty, rare discretion, comeliness, and virtue, that all who knew and beheld her were struck with admiration on seeing the passing fair endowments with which Heaven and nature had enriched her. As a child she was most fair, and she continued to grow in comeliness till she was sixteen, when she became most beautiful. The fame of her beauty began to extend to all the neighbouring villages ;—why do I say neighbouring villages ? it reached to far-off cities, and even entered the halls of kings, as well as the ears of all

kinds of people, who flocked from all parts to behold her, as a rare thing or as a miraculous image.[1] Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself; but there are no padlocks, guards, or iron bars that better guard a damsel than those of her own prudence.

"The wealth of the father and the beauty of the daughter moved many, as well those of the place as strangers, to demand her to wife; but he to whom belonged the disposal of so rich a jewel became perplexed, without knowing to whom of the infinite number who importuned him he should confide the keeping thereof. Among the many who so loved her, I was one, and I had many and great hopes of good success, knowing that her father knew who I was—a native of the same village, pure in blood, flourishing in years, in estate fairly rich, and no less rich in gifts of the mind. Possessed of all the same parts was another, also of the same village, who likewise sought her; which brought the father to a stand, and made his will to waver, for it seemed to him that his daughter would be well bestowed on either of us. To escape from this perplexity, he resolved to tell it to Leandra (for such was the name of the rich maiden who has brought me to misery), considering that, as both of us were equals, it was right to leave to his beloved daughter the will to select according to her taste—a thing worthy to be minded of all fathers who wish to marry their daughters. I do not say that they should leave them to select in things that are base and evil, but that they should put good ones before them, and from the good let them select according to their

liking. I know not which Leandra preferred; I only know that her father put us off by pleading the tender age of his daughter, and with general words that neither obliged nor yet disobliged us. They call my rival Anselmo, and me Eugenio; for it is right that you know the names of the persons who are concerned in this tragedy, the end of which is even yet pending, but which, one cannot fail to see, will be disastrous.

"At this time there came to our village one Vicente de la Rosa, the son of a poor farmer of the same village, which Vicente had returned from the Italies and other foreign parts, where he had been soldiering. He was carried away from our village, when he was a lad of some twelve years, by a captain who happened to pass by there with his company; and, twelve more years afterwards, the youth returned thence, dressed in the fashion of a soldier, daubed with a thousand colours, and bedizened with a thousand glass beads and flimsy steel chains. To-day he would put on one suit of clothes, to-morrow another, but all mere gewgaws: daubs of little weight and less worth. The farming folk, who are naturally full mischievous, and, idleness giving them occasion, are mischief itself, marked and counted point by point his robes and jewels, and found that the dresses were three of different colours, with their garters and hosen; but with these he made so many frounces and tricks that, if one had not counted them, it might be sworn that he had appeared in more than ten suits of clothes, and more than twenty plumes. And let not what I am recounting of the dresses seem an impertinence

or an extravagance, for they play a principal part in the story. He would seat himself on a stone bench, which was under a great poplar tree in our square, and there would he hold all of us with gaping mouths, hanging on his lips, as he told us of his exploits. There was no land in the whole globe which he had not seen, no battle in which he was not to be found; he had slain more Moors than Morocco or Tunis contain, and engaged in more single combats, according to his reckoning, than either Gante or Luna, or Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand others whom he named, and out of them all had come off victorious, without having spilled a single drop of blood. On the other hand, he would show signs of wounds which, although we could not distinguish, he would lead us to fancy were gunshots received in different skirmishes and actions. Finally, with incredible arrogance, he *thou'd* his betters equally the same as those who knew him, and said that his father was his own arm, his works his lineage, and that, under the quality of a soldier, he was as good as the king himself.[2] To these boastings he added that of being something of a musician, and could flourish his hand over the guitar in such manner that some said that he could make it speak. But his talents did not stop here; he also figured as a poet, and thus on every silly thing that happened in the village he would make a ballad a league and a half long.

"Now, this soldier which I have described, this Vicente de la Rosa, this brave, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and observed by

Leandra from a window of her house, which looked on to the square. The golden glitter of his gaudy clothes captivated her; she was enchanted by his ballads (twenty copies of each one he made would he give away); her ears were filled with the deeds which he told of himself; and at last, as the devil would have it, she fell in love with him before the presumption had been born in him to seek her favours; and, as in the affairs of love there is not one so easy of success as that in which the lover possesses the heart of his mistress, with much ease did Leandra and Vicente come together; and before that any one of her many lovers guessed her inclination, already had she gratified it, having fled the home of her dear and beloved father—mother she had none—and ran away from the village with the soldier, who came off with more glory from this enterprise than from any of the numerous others of which he had boasted. The event amazed the whole village, and even all who heard of it. I was appalled, Anselmo astonished, the father cast down, her kindred insulted, the justices vigilant, the troops ready: they scoured the highways, and searched the woods and every hiding-place, and at the end of three days they found the capricious Leandra in a mountain cave, naked to her smock, despoiled of much money and many most precious jewels, which she had carried away from home. They brought her back to her most unhappy father, they questioned her of her disgrace, and she confessed, without being urged, that Vicente de la Rosa had deceived her, and that, under the promise of being

her husband, he persuaded her to leave her father's home; that he would carry her to the richest and most delightful city that ever was in the world, which was Naples, and that she, badly advised and worse deceived, had believed in him; and after robbing her father, she gave herself up to him on the same night that she was missed; and that he conducted her to a bleak mountain, where he had shut her up in that cave where they had found her. She confessed, also, how that the soldier, without touching her honour, had stolen all else that she possessed, and had fled and left her alone in that cave—a result at which all were again lost in wonder. Very difficult was it, sir, to believe in the continence of the young man; but she affirmed it with so many truths that the unhappy father was consoled, taking no note of the riches they had carried off, since his daughter had not been despoiled of the one jewel which, if once lost, there is no hope of its ever being recovered.

"On the same day that Leandra appeared, her father made her disappear from our eyes, and he took and shut her up in the convent of a village not far from hence, hoping that time would disperse some of the bad odour into which his daughter had brought him. The tender age of Leandra seemed to excuse her fault, at least among those who had no interest in knowing if she were bad or good; but to those who knew her for her discretion and good sense, her sin was not attributed to ignorance, but to her boldness, and to the native disposition of women, who, for the most part, are inclined to be froward and to run astray.

"Leandra shut up, the eyes of Anselmo became blind—at least, without having anything to behold which could yield him delight—and mine were in darkness, without light, since nothing with the absence of Leandra could yield me pleasure. Our sadness increased, our patience was exhausted; we cursed the gewgaws of the soldier, and we detested the little prudence of Leandra's father. At length Anselmo and I agreed to quit the village, and to come to this valley, where he, breeding a large flock of sheep which belong to him, and I, a goodly herd of goats which belong to me, pass our lives among these trees, giving vent to our passionate feelings, or singing together the praises or the blames of the beauteous Leandra; or we sigh in solitude, and breathe out apart our grievances to Heaven.

"Following our ways, many other of the lovers of Leandra have come to these barren hills to follow the same calling as ours; and so many are they, that it would seem that this place has been turned into a pastoral Arcadia, seeing that it is made up of shepherds and sheep-folds, and no part of it is there where the name of Leandra is not heard. This one curses her, and calls her capricious, inconstant, and dishonest; that one condemns her as frail and frivolous; another absolves and forgives her, and another condemns and despises her; one praises her beauty, another execrates her condition; and, in fine, all blame and yet all adore her. And this madness so affects them all, that there be those who complain of disdain who never spoke with her, and those who deplore and feel

the raging fever of jealousy which she gave to no one; for, as I have said, her sin was known before her inclining. There is no cleft of rock, nor margin of brook, nor shade of tree, which is not taken of some shepherd, where he breathes his misfortune to the silent air; echo, where it can start a sound, answers the name of Leandra; the hills resound Leandra; Leandra murmur the brooks; and Leandra holds us all amazed and enchanted, hoping against hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear. Among these desperate ones, he that shows the least and has the most wit is my rival, Anselmo, who, having so many things to complain of, complains only of her absence, and to the sound of a rebeck, which he plays excellently well to verses which show us his fine intellect, he sings his plaints. I take another and more easy way, and, to my seeming, the truest, which is to rail on the lightness of women, their inconstancy, their double dealing, their unminted promises, their broken faith, and, finally, the little discourse they have in knowing where to fix their affections and their wills. This, sirs, was the occasion of the words and arguments which I used to this she-goat when I came here, which, for being a female, I esteem her in little, albeit she is the best of all my herd.

"This is the story I promised to tell to you, and, if in telling it I have been somewhat tedious, I will not be stint of service in serving you. Close by is my farmstead, and there shall you find fresh milk and delicious cheese, with other varied and excellent fruit, no less agreeable to the sight than pleasing to the taste."

NOTES TO CHAPTER LI.

Note 1, *page* 396.

A miraculous image. As in the village of Leandra in old time, so in the cities of Spain to-day, these miraculous images are dressed and shaped after the day's fashion. Coronation robes and jewels deck the great image of the Atocha, and many precious stones, the gift of queens, adorn the waxen fingers of images in the little chapels of the glorious church at Seville, which call to mind the words of Dugald Stewart: "It is not merely against Books of Chivalry that the satire of Cervantes is directed. Many other follies and absurdities of a less local and temporary nature have their share in his ridicule, while not a single expression escapes his pen that can give offence to the most fastidious moralist."—"Preliminary Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, p. 96, eighth edition.

Note 2, *page* 398.

As good as the king himself (Al mismo rey no debia nada). The ancient form is, "An hidalgo owes all to God, and to the king nothing"—a boast generally indulged in when there was nothing else to boast of.

CHAPTER LII.

OF THE SCUFFLE WHICH DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH THE GOATHERD, WITH THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE PENITENTS, AND THE LUCKY ISSUE HE ACHIEVED AT THE COST OF HIS SWEAT.

THE story of the goatherd gave general delight to all who had listened to it, especially to the canon, who with marked curiosity noted the manner of his rehearsal, which made him seem much less a rustic goatherd than an accomplished courtier; and he declared the priest to be right when he said that the mountains produced men of wit. All tendered their services to Eugenio; but he who showed himself most liberal in this was Don Quixote, and he thus addressed him :—

"Certes, brother goatherd, if the power were possible to me wherewith to undertake any adventure, I would at once set forward on your behalf; I would recover your Leandra from the convent (where, without doubt, some fair one is confined against her will), in spite of the abbess and as many more as might try to hinder me, and I would place her in your hands,

that you may do with her according to your will and good pleasure, alway observing the laws of chivalry, which demand that to no maiden shall wrong of any sort be done; and I trust in God our Saviour that the force of any malicious enchanter shall not prevail against the power of another enchanter better minded; and when that time shall come, I promise you my favour and help, as my profession obliges me to do, which is no other than to protect the helpless and distressed."

The goatherd looked at him, and as he saw Don Quixote's scurvy dress and ill-favoured countenance, wondered, and asked the barber, who happened to be near him, "Sir, who is this man of such shape and manner of speech?"

"Who should he be," answered the barber, "but the very famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the protector of maidens, the terror of giants, and the thunderbolt of war?"

"It seems to me," answered the goatherd, "that what your worship says of this man is what we read of in books of knights-errant, who do all this; but I cannot but think that either your worship is joking, or that the chambers of this gentleman's skull are empty."

"Thou art a great villain," then cried Don Quixote, "and thy skull is vile and empty; mine is more pregnant than ever was the gill-flirt drab which bore thee;" and, with a word and a blow, he snatched up a loaf of bread which was at hand, and with it struck him such a furious blow in the face as to flatten his nose.

The goatherd, who did not understand the jest, finding himself mauled in so much earnestness, without any care for the carpet or the tablecloth, or all those who were eating, sprang upon Don Quixote, and seizing him by the collar with both hands, would certainly have strangled him, if Sancho Panza had not come up at that moment, and, taking him by the shoulders, tumbled him over the table, breaking plates and smashing cups, and spilling and scattering all that was upon it.

Don Quixote, finding himself free, rushed to fling himself on the goatherd, who, his face covered with blood, and much kicked of Sancho, went about on all fours in search of a table-knife, in order to take some bloody revenge. But the canon and the priest threw themselves in his way, and the barber so managed that the goatherd got Don Quixote underneath him, upon whose face he showered so many blows that there rained from it as much blood as from his own.

The canon and the priest burst with laughter,[1] the troopers danced for joy, and the bystanders hounded them on as they do dogs in a scuffle; Sancho Panza only was mortified, because he could not get himself out of the grip of one of the canon's servants, who held him from going to help his master. In a word, they were all full of joy and revelry, save the two fighters, who clawed each other: when suddenly they heard the clang of a trumpet, so piercing sad that it made them turn their faces towards the place whence it seemed to sound. But he who was most agitated on hearing it was Don Quixote, who, although much

against his will, was lying under the goatherd, more than indifferently mauled, and who said to him—

"Brother demon (for it is not possible that thou canst be anything else, seeing thou hast had the valour and might to overcome mine), I pray thee, let us have a truce for not more than an hour, because the sorrowful sound of that trumpet which reaches our ears calls me, I think, to some new adventure."

The goatherd, who by this time was as weary of pummelling as of being pummelled, left off at once; and Don Quixote stood up, and turning his face towards where he heard the sound, suddenly he saw a number of men, dressed in white like penitents, descending a slope.

The case was this. During that year the clouds erstwhile had withheld their dew from the earth, and in all the towns of that region they made processions, prayers, and humiliations,[2] begging God to open the hands of his mercy, and give them rain; and for this purpose the people of a village which was close by, came in procession to a holy hermitage which stood on a hill in that valley. Don Quixote, who beheld the strange dresses of the penitents, without calling to mind the many times when he must have seen them, imagined it to be a thing of adventure, and that it pertained to him alone to undertake it. He was the more confirmed in this fancy by supposing that an image which they carried, covered with mourning, was some illustrious lady, whom those miscreants and wicked padders were carrying off. And no sooner had this entered his brain, than with great agility he ran to

Rozinante, who was browsing about, and taking the reins and the shield from the bow of the saddle, he put on the bridle in a trice, and, demanding his sword of Sancho, mounted upon Rozinante, and bracing on his shield, called out in a loud voice to all who were there—

"Now, brave comrades, shall you behold the worth in the world of gentlemen who profess the order of knight-errantry; now, I say, shall ye see by yon good lady being set free, who there goes captive, whether knights-errant are worthy to be esteemed;" and, so saying, he urged Rozinante with his heels, because spurs he had none, and at a hand gallop (for in this faithful history it is nowhere read that Rozinante ever went at full speed) he set off to encounter the penitents.

The priest and the canon would have stopped him, but it was not possible; still less did the cries of Sancho, who exclaimed—

"Where are you going, sir Don Quixote? What demons do you carry in your heart which drive you to go against our Catholic faith? Have a care—plague upon me!—for that is a procession of penitents, and that lady which they are carrying on the frame is the most blessed image of the Virgin without stain. Have a care, sir; this time, I am sure, one may say that ye know not what ye do."

In vain did Sancho weary himself; for his master was so bent in getting at the men in sheets, and in liberating the mourning lady, that he heard not a word; and although he had, yet he would not have

turned back if the king himself had commanded him. Having overtaken the procession, and pulled up Rozinante, who would gladly rest a little, in an agitated and hoarse voice he cried—

"You who, perhaps because they are not worthy to be seen, cover up your faces, give ear, and listen to what I wish to tell you."

The first who came to a stand were those who carried the image; and one of the four clergy who chanted the litanies, seeing the strange aspect of Don Quixote, the scragginess of Rozinante, and other laughable circumstances which he discovered and noted in Don Quixote, answered him, saying—

"Good brother, if you wish to say anything to us, say it quickly; for these brethren are wearing their flesh to the bone, and we cannot stay, nor is it reasonable to detain us, to listen to anything, unless it be so short that it may be said in two words."

"In one will I say it," answered Don Quixote, "and it is this: that now, on the instant, you set free that beauteous lady, whose tears and face of sorrow give clear signs that she is being carried away against her will, and that some notorious injustice has been committed; and I, who am born into the world in order to avenge all such wrongs, will not consent that she passes one single step further without giving her the liberty she so much desires and deserves."

From these words all those who heard them came to the conclusion that Don Quixote was some madman, and they began to laugh with right good will, which laughter added gunpowder to Don Quixote's

choler; for, without saying another word, drawing his sword, he fell on the bier. One who helped to carry it, leaving his share of the load to his companions, went out to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a forked stick, or rest, on which he supported the bier when they rested. Don Quixote, with a furious stroke, cut it in two; but with the piece which remained in the penitent's hand, he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder, above the sword-arm, that his shield not sufficing to guard him against brute force, poor Don Quixote came to the ground in evil plight.

Sancho Panza, who had followed him panting, seeing him fall, called out to his assailant not to give him another blow, for that he was a poor half-witted gentleman, who had never done harm to any one in all the days of his life; but what made the rustic hold his hand were not the cries of Sancho, but seeing that Don Quixote moved neither hand nor foot; and so, believing that he had killed him, he hastily tucked up his smock to the waist, and fled over the plain like a buck.

Now, in the midst of this, all those of Don Quixote's companions came to where he had fallen; and those of the procession seeing them coming at speed, and with them the troopers with their cross-bows, dreading some disaster, gathered round the image, and covered their heads with their hoods; the penitents clenched their fists, and the clergy their candlesticks, awaiting the assault with determination to defend themselves, and even to attack their assailers

if possible. But fortune ordered it better than they expected, for all that Sancho did was to throw himself on the body of his master, making over him the most sorrowful and ludicrous lament in the world, believing him to be dead. Our priest was known to another priest who came in the procession, which acquaintance appeased the quick-conceived fear of the two squadrons. The first priest gave to the second, in two words, an account of who Don Quixote was; and he, as well as the whole mob of penitents, ran to see if the poor gentleman was dead, and they heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, cry—

"O flower of chivalry, who at one single blow of a cudgel endest the career of thy well-spent years! O honour of thy race, honour and glory of all La Mancha, and even of all the world, which, failing to hold thee in it, will be full of evil-doers, who have no fear of being punished for their wicked deeds! O liberal beyond all the Alexanders! for, only for eight months' service, thou wouldst have given me the best island that the sea doth engird or surround. O humble one with the proud, and haughty with the humble! tempter of dangers and sufferer of insults, enamoured without cause, follower of the good, scourge of the bad, enemy of the base; in a word, knight-errant, and that is all that need be said!"

With the cries and groans of Sancho, Don Quixote revived, and the first word that he uttered was, "He who from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, lives absent, is subjected to greater miseries than these. Help me, friend Sancho; put me into the enchanted

wain, for it pertains not to me to oppress Rozinante's saddle, seeing that this shoulder is cut to atoms."

"This will I do with right good will, my dear sir," replied Sancho; "and return we to my village in company with these gentlemen, who wish you well, and there will we lay a scheme for another sally, which shall be to more profit and renown."

"Thou sayest well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and great prudence will it be to let pass over the evil influence of the stars which at present reigns."

The canon, the priest, and the barber told him that he would do very well in doing what he said, and so, having received great diversion from the simpleness of Sancho Panza, they placed Don Quixote in the cart, as he had come before; the procession re-formed itself, and continued its progress; the goatherd took his leave of all; the troopers cared not to go any further, and the priest paid what he owed them; the canon begged the priest to give him tidings of Don Quixote, if he recovered him of his madness, or if he continued in it, and with this he begged to be allowed to continue his journey; in short, they all divided and separated, excepting the priest and the barber, Don Quixote and Panza, and the good Rozinante, who bore all through which he passed with as much patience as did his master.

The bullock-driver yoked his oxen, and accommodated Don Quixote with a truss of hay, and with his accustomed phlegm went on the way which the priest directed.

At the end of six days they arrived at Don Quixote's village, on a day which happened to be Sunday. All the people were standing in the square, through the middle of which passed Don Quixote's waggon. All came together to see who it was which came therein; and when they knew it to be their countryman, they marvelled, and a boy ran to carry the tidings to his housekeeper and his niece that their uncle and lord, scraggy and yellow, had come stretched on a heap of hay, and drawn in an ox-wain.

It was a pitiful thing to hear the cries which the good ladies raised, the blame which they gave themselves, and the curses which afresh they heaped upon the wicked books of chivalry, all of which they repeated when they saw Don Quixote pass through his own doors.

At the news of Don Quixote's coming came the wife of Sancho Panza, who now knew that he had gone with him, serving him as esquire; and when she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked him was if the ass had come all well. Sancho answered that the ass came better than his master.

"Thanks be given to God," replied she, "for all his mercies. But tell me now, friend, what good hast thou got by thy squiring? What farthingale hast brought for me, and what pretty shoes for thy children?"

"I have brought nothing of that sort, dear wife," said Sancho, "although I bring other things of more moment and consideration."

"This gives me much pleasure," replied the wife.

"Show me these things of more moment and consideration, dear friend; I would like to see them, that this heart of mine may rejoice, which has been so sad and unhappy all the centuries of thy absence."

"At home I will show them to thee, wife," said Panza; "and for the present be happy that, God being willing, we set out on another journey in quest of adventures; then thou shalt see me quickly a count, or governor of an island, and not one of those out yonder, but better than any that can be found."

"Heaven grant it, dear husband, for we stand in much need of it. But tell me, what is this about islands? for I do not quite know."

"Honey is not for the ass's mouth," replied Sancho; "in good time shalt thou see it, wife, and even thou shalt wonder to hear thyself called ladyship by all thy vassals."

"What is this thou sayest, Sancho, of ladyships, and islands, and vassals?" replied Juana Panza—for such was the name of Sancho's wife, although they were not kinsfolk; but it was the custom in La Mancha for the wives to take the surnames of their husbands.

"Do not be in a hurry, Juana, to know all this. Enough that I tell thee the truth; and sew up thy mouth: all that I care to tell thee just now is, that there is not a more pleasant thing in the world than for an honest man to be the squire of a knight-errant out in search of adventures. It is true that the greater part of them do not turn out as a man might wish; for, in a hundred which he meets with, ninety-nine generally come to be unlucky and cross

(I speak from experience, for from some of them I have come out blanketed, and from others pummelled); but, for all that, it is a fine thing to hope for events, scaling mountains, searching woods, climbing rocks, visiting castles, lodging at inns, all free, and the devil a maravedi to pay."

All this talk passed between Sancho Panza and Juana Panza, while the housekeeper and his niece received Don Quixote, whom they undressed and put in his ancient bed. He looked at them with eyes askance, without being able to comprehend in what place he was.

The priest charged the niece to nurse her uncle with great care, and that they should be on the watch that he did not again escape, telling her what had been necessary to do to bring him home.

Here the two raised again their voices to heaven, there they renewed their curses on the books of chivalry, and there they prayed Heaven to consign to the centre of the abyss the authors of so many lies and absurdities. Finally, they remained full of trouble and fear, lest they would again be left without master and uncle at the same instant that he found himself any better; and so it fell as they imagined.

But the author of this history, although with attention and diligence he searched for the deeds which Don Quixote performed in his third sally, yet was unable to find any notice of them, at least in authentic writings; only that fame has kept in the remembrance of La Mancha that Don Quixote, on the third time that he set out from his home, was to

go to Saragossa, where he was found in some jousts which were celebrated in that city, and that many things happened there worthy of his valour and excellent understanding. Nor of his ending and death was it possible to know anything, nor even to guess it, but that good luck made our author acquainted with an antique doctor, who had in his keeping a leaden box which, according to him, was found in the ruins of an ancient hermitage while it was rebuilding. In this box were found some parchments, written in Gothic characters but in Spanish verses, which contained many of his exploits, and gave account of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the figure of Rozinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of the said Don Quixote, with divers epitaphs and eulogies on his life and manners; and such as could be read and copied out were those which are here set forth by the faithful author of this new and never before seen history; which author asks from those who read it no other guerdon for the immense labour which the examination and searching of all the Manchegan archives cost him in bringing it to light, than the same credit that the learned usually give to books of chivalry, which are of such rate and pitch in the world. With that he will be well paid and satisfied; and be incited to search for and publish others, which, if they prove not so true, shall be at least of equal pastime and invention.

The first words written on a parchment found in the leaden box were these :—

The Academicians of Argamasilla, a village of La Mancha, on the life and death of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, Hoc scripserunt.

PRIG, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE BURIAL OF DON QUIXOTE.

The frantic Brain, that made La Mancha gay
With richer spoils than Jason brought to Crete;
The Wit, whose weather-vane was incomplete,
And showed its sharp end where its broad should play;
The Arm, that from Gaëta to Cathay
Did pass with mighty force on pinions fleet;
The Muse, the oddest and the most discreet
That ever graved on brass distracted lay;
He who, of love and gallantry the sum,
Led all the Amadises by the neck,
And kept the puny Galaors in check,
And all the Belianises struck dumb;
He, who with Rozinante stumbled on,
Lies buried here beneath this frozen stone.

SPONGE, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN LAUDEM DULCINEÆ DEL TOBOSO.

She, whom thou seest with rough and rosy face,
With towering breasts, and bright and sprightly mien,
Is Dulcinea, famed Toboso's queen,
Who in great Quixote's heart held chiefest place;
For her dear sake he up and down did pace
The great Black Mountain, and the field, I ween,
Of Montiël; on to the plains so green
Of Aranjuez; footsore, in dismal case;
'Twas Rozinante's fault; O star unkind!
That shone so weird on this Manchegan dame,
And this unconquered knight! While young in fame,
She, dying, left her loveliness behind;
And he, whose name is writ on marble blocks,
Could not escape Love's passion, rage, and shocks.

CROTCHET, THE WITTIEST ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF ROZINANTE, CHARGER OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

Upon that hardened trunk so proudly lying,
Where Mars with bloody feet hath left his stain,
The mad Manchegan, fever in his brain,
With matchless vigour sets his standard flying;
He hangs his armour up, and sword defying,
With which he shatters, rends, and cleaves in twain:
New prowess this; but art invents with pain
New style, for this new Paladin undying.

Her Amadis may be the pride of Gaul,
By whose brave progeny illustrious Greece
Gains thousand triumphs, sees her fame increase;
But now doth Quixote in Bellona's hall
Receive the crown, and proud La Mancha sees
Her hero stand unmatched in Greece or Gaul;
O'er fame like his Oblivion casts no pall,
Since gallant Rozinante swells its stores,
Outstrips the Bayards and the Brilliadors.

CATSO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, TO SANCHO PANZA.

This Sancho Panza is, in stature lowly,
But great in valour; miracle most clear!
The simplest squire, and eke the most sincere
The world e'er saw, I swear by all that's holy;
An earl he might have been, but was not wholly;
For why, the spitfires of an age severe
Conspired to thwart him in his grand career—
Even in an ass we pardon not such folly.
On such he rode (excuse me if I lie),
The meekest squire behind the meekest roadster,
Hight Rozinante, and behind his master.
Vain hopes of men! that soar up to the sky,
Ye promise rest and blessings without number,
But die away in gloom, in smoke, in slumber!

SQUIRT, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE BURIAL OF DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

Underneath there lies a knight,
Badly errant, sadly battered;
Rozinante bore his weight
Here or there, it little mattered.

Sancho Panza, rude and crusty,
By his side is also laid;
Never squire more true and trusty
Exercised the squirely trade.

DING DONG, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE BURIAL OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

Dulcinea rests below;
Though a buxom lass, I trow,
Dust and ashes is she now:
Horrid death hath made her so.

She was born of chastest race,
Bore the marks of gentle dame,
Was the mighty Quixote's flame,
And the glory of her place.

These were the verses which might be read: the rest, through the letters being worm-eaten, were given to an academician, that he might conjecture their meaning. We have intelligence that he hath done this at the cost of much labour and many nights of watching, and that he hath intention of publishing them, together with the hope of a third sally of Don Quixote.

"*Forsi altro canterá con miglior plectro.*"[3]

NOTES TO CHAPTER LII.

Note 1, *page* 406.

The canon and the priest burst with laughter. "This," observes our good Clemencin, "is what happens among the low and vulgar. For me, although I am neither canon nor priest, I know that such a spectacle could not make me laugh." Let us hope that in the course of time all men in Spain will come to enjoy the same cultivated feelings as this our gentle critic, and that the day is not far distant when a priest shall not be seen at a cock-fight, nor a canon at what is improperly called a bull-bait—rather should it be called a horse-torture—nor popes and bishops blessing books which contain revolting cruelties, each and all of them finding much fun and profit in the business; and let men and priests read *Don Quixote* more, and other kind of books less.

Note 2, *page* 407.

They made processions, prayers, and humiliations. In this only readers of the grave and earnest works of the day, as well as some of the playful, will see how valiantly Cervantes set himself to rebuke and reform abuses of his generation. This matter of "covering up their faces because they were not worthy to be looked upon" had grown into a gross scandal that cannot now be named more particularly, but which will raise the author of this satire in the esteem of all those who know the times in which he wrote, and the shameful excesses done in the name of the Christian religion, which only he had the manliness to stand up and hoot down.

Note 3, *page* 419.

Forsi altro canterá con miglior plectro. Ariosto, *Orlando*, canto xxx.

THE SECOND PART

OF THE

INGENIOUS KNIGHT,

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

O VOI, GH' AVETE GL' INTELLETTI SANI,
MIRATE LA DOTTRINA, CHE S' ASCONDE
SOTTO 'L VELAME DEGLI VERSI STRANI.

DANTE, *Il Inferno*, ix. 61.

'TWAS IN THE FIGHT
* * * THAT ENVIOUS FATE WITH CRUEL STROKE
STRUCK DOWN CERVANTES AND BEMAIMED HIS HAND;
WHEN LO! HIS GENIUS IN ITS STRENGTH AWOKE,
AND CHANGED DULL LEAD TO PUREST DIAMOND,
CHANTING SUCH SWEET, REFINED, SONOROUS VERSE
AS AFTER AGES WILL FOR AYE REHEARSE;
FOR MEN WILL TELL HOW ONE HAND MAIMED IN STRIFE
COULD GIVE ITS MASTER AN IMMORTAL LIFE.

LOPE DE VEGA, *El Laurel de Apolo*.

Madrid, 1629-30.

THE SECOND PART

OF THE

INGENIOUS KNIGHT,

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

COMPOSED BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

AUTHOR OF THE FIRST PART.

DEDICATED TO

DON PEDRO FERNANDEZ DE CASTRO,

COUNT DE LEMOS, DE ANDRADE Y DE VILLALUA, MARQUIS DE SARRIA,
GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD,
COMMANDER OF THE ENCOMIENDA OF PEÑAFIEL Y LA ZARZA,
OF THE ORDER OF ALCANTARA,
VICEROY, GOVERNOR, AND CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF NAPLES, AND
PRESIDENT OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF ITALY.

A NEW TRANSLATION FROM THE ORIGINAL OF 1615, BY ALEXANDER JAMES DUFFIELD, WITH SOME OF THE NOTES OF THE REVEREND JOHN BOWLE, A.M., S.S.A.L., JUAN ANTONIO PELLICER, DON DIEGO CLEMENCIN, AND OTHER COMMENTATORS.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY C. KEGAN PAUL & CO.,

No. 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE TO THE SECOND PART.

SECOND Parts are never good, exclaimed the worshipful Sampson Carrasco, a contemporary of the priest and the barber, and all three of Don Quixote's village. Clemencin, who can see some things a hundred miles off if they are as small as motes, and yet has no eye for a rose if it is dabbled in dew and under his nose, observes that these words—which occur in the fourth chapter of this part—are aimed at the *Guzman de Alfarache* of Matheus Aleman; for which there is not the least evidence in existence, while there is much to show that Aleman and Cervantes were great friends. It is also certain that Cervantes read with much profit his friend's wonderful book: and that a book of such excellence should be so little known in our own day is a thing to cause much sadness and reflection. No mention is made of it in the *Don Quixote*, but there are several quotations from it. Doubtless the words in question have a general application: Second Parts were much in fashion in those days, and that of *Guzman* is not so good as the First; while the like may be said of the *Diana de Montemayor*, *La Carcel de Amor*, and numerous books of chivalry. It is plain, however, that the words of the joking bachelor are aimed, partly in banter and partly in earnest, at this Second Part, and at no other in particular.

But no one who reads it at the right time of day, or in

the purple evening, and in the right humour—which should be one of gentle mirth, mingled with goodness and compassion, or it might be a mood of melancholy—will agree with the statement. To many the Second Part has a perennial freshness which makes aged readers young again, and gives to raw and proud youth a sweet mellowness, which can be felt but not expressed. Godwin says, "At twenty I thought the *Don Quixote* laughable; at forty I thought it clever; now, at sixty, I look upon it as the most admirable book in the whole world." The reason is not only to be found in the change of our minds from criticism to praise, and from curiosity to faith and trust, but in the quality and difference of the two parts into which the work is divided, and which were written at an interval of some ten years. In the First Part Cervantes speaks through the Tales of Chivalry; he constantly uses their words, occasionally adopts their style, and is even cribbed by preserving that verisimilitude which ended in the whole swarm of those pernicious books being laughed out of existence, which made all their readers unnatural and vain, and some of whom they drove mad. But in this Second Part we hear Cervantes himself speaking to us at all times; and what he says throws a fresh light on what he has said before in the First Part, and also gives us a new spirit by which to judge, and read, and inwardly digest the whole. Nor that only; he supplies us with a way of life which is as safe to follow as it is delightful, perhaps attended with abundance of danger, but which, at the same time, is bright with honour. In short, he gives us himself; and to such as are worthy it is vouchsafed to become his friends, and there grows up between them an ever-increasing tenderness, from which springs fresh light, an unbounded confidence, a clear understanding, and an ever-crescive love.

A. J. D.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY TO THE COUNT DE LEMOS.

WHEN, some days agone, I sent your Excellency my comedies, printed before they were played, I said, if I remember me aright, that Don Quixoté was ready booted and spurred to go and pay his worship to you. I must now inform you that he is on his way, and if he arrives I shall, to my seeming, have done your Excellency some service; for I have been much importuned on all sides to despatch him, that he may clear away the bitterness and loathing caused by the other *Don Quixote*, which, under the name of the Second Part, has been masquerading and plying through the world.

He who has shown most desire to receive my *Don Quixote* is the great Emperor of China; and about a month ago he sent me a letter in the Chinese tongue, by special post, asking, or much rather beseeching me, to send him on, for that he wished to found a college for teaching the Castilian language, and that the book to be read should be the History of Don Quixote, at the same time appointing me rector of the college.

I demanded of the messenger if his Majesty had sent anything to help me in charges. He answered that his Majesty had not even thought of it.

"Then, my brother," said I, "thou canst go back to thy China on the tenth or the twentieth, or on the selfsame day

of the month on which thou wert despatched, for I am not in health to proceed on so long a voyage; and besides being very sick, I am quite without money: and emperor for emperor, and king for king, I have in Naples the great Count de Lemos, who, without so many fine college titles and rectories, sustains and protects me with more favour than I ventured to expect."

On that I despatched him; and with this I take my leave of your Excellency, making an offering to you of the *Travail of Persiles and Sigismunda*—a book which within some four months I shall, God helping, be able to finish, which will be or the best or the worst which hath been writ in our language —I mean of those for pastime.

No, I take back that word "the worst;" for, according to the seeming of my friends, it will reach the extreme of possible excellence.

All good health be to your Excellency.

Persiles is waiting to kiss your hands, and I the feet of

Your Excellency,

Your servant,

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

Madrid, the last day of October, 1615.

PROLOGUE TO THE READER.

GOD shield me! with how keen a longing hast thou now, reader illustrious, or, if it please thee, plebeian, been awaiting this Prologue, thinking to find in it revenge, and wrangling, and censure of the author of the second *Don Quixote*—him, I mean, of whom it is said that he was begotten in Tordesillas and born in Tarragona. Well, in sooth, it befits not me to yield thee that content; for, although offences stir anger in the most humble breast, yet mine must suffer an exception to this rule. Thou wouldst have me call him ass, dolt, and swaggerer. I give it not a thought. Let his own sin flog him; let him eat it with his bread, and there an end.

What I cannot help feeling is, that he charges me with being old and handless; as if it pertained to my hand to hold back time from passing over me, or as if my maiming was tavern-gotten, and not of the most high occasion seen of past or present times, and which those to come may not hope to see. If my wounds find no lustre in the eyes of those who behold them, at least they are held esteemed by those who know where they were received; for the soldier is better seen dead in battle than free in flight. And so much does this tally with my temper, that could the impossible be proposed and made easy to me, I would rather be found in that glorious action, than sound to-day and woundless without having shared therein. What the soldier shows on his face and on his breast are stars which guide the rest to the heaven of honour, and to the love of righteous praise. It may also be

observed that men do not write with grey hairs, but with mind, which is commonly bettered by years.

I also felt for his calling me envious, and for describing to me, as one ignorant, what the thing envy is. Now, in honest truth, of the two kinds I only know the holy, the noble, and well inclining. That being so, as indeed it is, it is not for me to pursue any priest, especially if he holds in addition the title of Familiar of the Holy Office; and if he said it for whom it would seem that he said it, I declare that he deceives himself absolutely; for I adore the genius of such a one, and wonder at his works and his virtuous and long-continued labours.

But I have to acknowledge what this honest author says of my novels being more satirical than exemplary, and yet are good, which could not well be if they partook not of both.

Methinks thou wilt say that I address myself with little force, and curb me much within the limits of my modesty, knowing that we should not add grief to the afflicted; and this man's grief must be great indeed, seeing that he dare not appear in open field, or come to the clear day, but hides his name and feigns his country, as if he had done some treason of leze-majesty. Shouldst thou, perchance, come to know him, tell him from me that I do not hold myself aggrieved; that I know well what are the temptations of the devil; and that one of the greatest is the putting it into a man's mind that he can write and print a book which shall win him as much fame as money, and as much money as fame. For the confirmation of which I would have thee with mirth and grace rehearse this story.

There was a lunatic in Seville, who fell into one of the most ridiculous of follies and conceits into which ever madman fell in the world. It was this: he made him a tube of cane fined to a point, and catching hold of some dog in the street, or otherwhere, he set his foot on one of the legs, raised the other with his hand, adjusted the tube as he could to the part, by which he blew him up as round as a ball, and so holding him gave him a slap with both hands on the ribs,

and let him go, observing to the bystanders, who were always many, "Do your worships fancy that it is easy to inflate a dog?"

Does your worship still fancy that it is a light thing to write a book?

And if this story square not with him, tell him, friend reader, this one, which is likewise of a dog and a man who was mad.

There was in Cordova another lunatic, which had for custom the carrying on his head a slab of marble, or some stone not very light; and in coming on a careless dog, he would steal up close, and let the weight fall plump upon him. The dog, enraged, howling and barking, runs away without stopping for three streets. But it happened that among the dogs on whom he discharged his load was a dog much liked by his master, who was a maker of caps. Down came the stone, which fell on the head; up rose the cries of the bruised dog, which was observed and resented of his master, who seized his measuring cane and ran to the lunatic, and left not a whole bone in his body; and at each blow which he gave him, he exclaimed—

"Dog! thief! what, on my pointer? Didst thou not see, cruel one, that my dog was a pointer?" And, repeating the name pointer many times, he sent the madman away ground to powder.

The lunatic took his chastening and went, and for more than a month did not go again to the market-place. At the end of that time he returned with his invention and a heavier weight. Coming to where a dog lay, and regarding it with very close attention, and not wishing nor daring to discharge the stone, he would say, "This is a pointer; beware!" In effect, all as many dogs which he encountered, whether they were great mastiffs or curs, he declared them to be pointers, and so no more let fall the stone. Perhaps after like manner it may fare with this historian, who will not again dare to discharge the stones of his wit in books which, when bad, are heavier than the beetling rocks.

Tell him also that I care not one farthing for the threat he makes of depriving me of gain by his book; but helping myself with the famous farce of the *Perendenga*, I cry—

Long live my lord the governor,
And Christ be with us all.

Long live the Count de Lemos, whose Christian worth and liberality are well known, and by whom against all the slings of my poor fortune I hold my stand; and ever lauded be the love of his most illustrious grace of Toledo, Archbishop Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Roxas; and, for aught that I care, let there be as many printing-presses in the world as can print as many books against me as there are letters in the rhymes of Mingo Revulgo. These two princes, without any solicitous adulation or any kind of praise from me, have, solely of their own goodness, taken upon them to show me kindness and favour, in which I hold me for richer and happier than if fortune by her common ways had raised me to her highest top. The poor man can hold him in honour, but not the vicious; poverty may becloud nobility, but not fully hide it. And as virtue shines by its own light, even through the obstructions and crannies of straitness, so does it win the esteem and protection of exalted and noble spirits.

Say no more to him; nor care I to say more to thee, only to mind thee thou reflect that this Second Part of the *Don Quixote* which I offer to thee is cut after the same art, and from the same cloth as the First; and that in it I give thee Don Quixote at full length, and at the last dead and buried, so that none may dare to raise him up with fresh memorials, since those of the past suffice. Suffice it also that a man of honour hath made report of these cunning follies, having no desire to return to them afresh; for the abundance of things, although they be good, lessens our esteem for them, and scarcity even of the bad begets some liking.

I had forgotten to tell thee to expect *Persiles*, which is drawing to a close, and the Second Part of *Galatea*.

NOTE TO THE PROLOGUE.

In this Prologue the reader obtains fresh glimpses into the character of Cervantes. Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, the author here referred to, was a native of Tordesillas, probably a Dominican friar, certainly a person very religious and of scandalous morals. His abuse of Cervantes is only equalled by the filthiness of some parts of his book, notably chapters xvii., xviii., xix., xx., and which I have further referred to in the notes to chapter lix. The two first of these four chapters could not now be printed in this country without breaking the law which forbids the publication of obscene books; but I will give a very brief account of the other two chapters, or rather of a legend on which they are grounded. This publication appeared in 1614, at the time that Cervantes was writing his concluding chapters of this Second Part; and it is morally certain that its author had surreptitious access to the manuscript of Cervantes, then partly in the printer's hands. It received the public approbation of the "Most Reverend Don Juan de Moncada, by the grace of God Archbishop of Tarragona," who declared that he "found nothing in it that was immodest, or that was prohibited by the Church, and that it was a quaint book (*libro curioso*), and a book of entertainment." Its appearance was made to resemble as much as possible the first *Don Quixote*, published in Valencia in 1605. Its title-page has upon it the same hieroglyphic, and the pages contain the same number of lines, and the tint of the paper is the same. Its purpose was not merely to bring Cervantes into discredit, and to destroy the influence of his *Don Quixote*, but also, if possible, to restore the taste for those infamous books which Cervantes had already abolished; but chiefly those which are known as the spiritual romances—such, in sooth, as were in fashion during the most believing and the most ignorant age of the Church: the *Legenda Auri*, the *Tresor de l'Aimé*, the *Contes Devotes*, and the tales of Farsi, which, including the miracles of the Virgin, were trans-

lated into French by Comsi, for an account of which the reader may consult Dunlop. One of these miracles refers to a handsome young nun, who was a vestry-keeper, and part of whose daily employment was to ring for matins. On her way to the chapel for this purpose, she must needs pass through a gallery where there stood an image of the Virgin, which she never failed to salute with an *Ave*. The devil, meanwhile, who had plotted the ruin of this nun, insidiously whispered in her ear that she would be much happier in the world than detained there in perpetual banishment; that, with the advantages of youth and beauty which she possessed there were no pleasures which she might not procure; and that it would be time enough to immure herself in a nunnery when age should have withered her charms. At the same time, the wicked one made the chaplain of the convent to be enamoured of her whom he had been thus seducing, who, having been already prepared for love solicitations, was easily persuaded to elope with him. For this purpose she appointed the chaplain a rendezvous on the following night at the nunnery gate. She came to the place of assignation; but having, as usual, said an *Ave* to the Virgin in passing through the gallery, she met at the gate a lady of severe aspect, who would not permit her to proceed. On the following night, the same prayer having been repeated, a similar obstacle was presented. The chaplain, becoming impatient, sent an emissary to complain; and, having learned the reason of his mistress not holding her appointment, he advised her to pass through the gallery without saying her wonted *Ave Maria*, and even to turn away from the image of the Virgin. The nun was not sufficiently hardened to follow these instructions literally, but proceeded to the rendezvous by a different way, and of course met with no impediment in her elopement with the chaplain. Still, the *Aves* which she had said were not to be thrown away. Our Lady was mercifully resolved that the shame of so faithful a servant should not be divulged. She assumed the clothes and bodily form of her votary, and during the absence of the fugitive assiduously discharged all her employments, guarding

the vestments, ringing the bells, lighting the lamps, and singing in the choir. After ten years spent in the dissipations of the world, the delinquent nun, tired of libertinism, returned, and what follows need not be stated at length. The nun made her confession to the Virgin, who, in return, said, "I am Mary, whom thou didst once faithfully serve, and who in return has here concealed thy shame from the world."

It is on this foundation that Avellaneda rests the "adventures" contained in chapters xix. and xx. of his hurtful work, adapting the fable to modern times and uses, and rendering it attractive by the mention of innumerable exciting details; and those who read it will no longer wonder at the indignation with which Cervantes speaks of this publication. Although printed anonymously, there are evidences which go to show that Cervantes knew who the real author was; while it is tolerably certain that the Church, or some of its officious members, was anxious to make use of the fame of Cervantes in order to regain the influence which it had lost over the minds of reading people, and so secure for itself the sweet influence of the new-born literature of which Cervantes was the father. This could only be done by means of lying, fraud, forgery, and the darkness of concealment, and all these means were used. They ignominiously failed. Only one edition of this detestable book appeared in the space of one hundred and eighteen years, and only two editions have seen the light in Spain; it has never been translated into English. Le Sage, perceiving that it had the materials of a new story, took it in hand, transposed various passages, cut out others, modified its filthiness, curtailed the miracles of the Virgin, and otherwise made of it a readable book, but one which cannot live in the same atmosphere as the original *Don Quixote*. This adaptation by Le Sage has been twice translated into English, and it had the singular honour of being noticed by Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, as the continuation of the work of Cervantes, which might have been the mistake of ignorance or the design of malice.

A. J. D.

APPROOF.

UNDER the warrant of Master Doctor Gutierre de Cetina, vicar-general of this good town of Madrid, the court of his Majesty, I have examined this book of the SECOND PART of THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT, DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA, by MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, and find in it nothing unworthy of a Christian observance, or aught that divides decorum from good example or the moral virtues. On the contrary, I find much learning and profitable instruction in the subject-matter of its well-executed design to uproot the vain and lying books of chivalry, whose contagion has spread abroad more than is convenient; in the purity of the Castilian tongue, undefiled by nauseous and studied affectation—a thing abhorred by men of good taste; together with the correction of vices, censured in the course of his discreet observations: wherein he observes with so much wisdom the laws of Christian reproof, that those who may be affected with the malady he desires to cure will have imbibed, before they are aware of it, the sweetness and savouriness of his physic, without minishing their detestation of the vice in question, and so shall find themselves at once pleased and chastened, a matter the most difficult to achieve.

There have been many who, through not knowing how to mingle seasonably the useful and the pleasant, have spent their laborious toil in vain. For, not being able to imitate Diogenes in his character of philosopher and sage, they have sought in an arrogant, not to say licentious and blind, way, to imitate him as the cynic; becoming thereby foul-mouthed

babblers, inventing accidents which show them to be expert in the vice they so sharply censure, and in a chanceable way divulge new paths for its pursuit which were till then unknown, whereby they stand forth revealed as professors, instead of reprovers, of the same. Thus do they become hateful to prudent men; their writings lose credit with the people, if they ever had it, and the very vices which they would so arrogantly and with so much unwisdom correct, remain in a worse state than before. For not all aposthumes admit at the self-same time the treatment of strong doses or cauterics; rather there be some that are more amenable to gentle and soothing simples, by whose application the discreet and learned doctor succeeds at last in resolving them—an end which many times is more wholesome than that which is gained by dint of sharp steel.

A different and better estimate has been formed of the writings of Miguel de Cervantes by our own and other nations, so that a strange desire has gone abroad to become acquainted with the author of the books which, for the delicacy of their substance and the delightful smoothness of their style, have been received with general applause in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders.

And I hereby truly certify that on the twenty-fifth day of February of this year one thousand six hundred and fifteen, when my lord the most illustrious Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Roxas, Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, went to return the visit which the ambassador of France—who was charged with matters touching the espousals of his princes and those of Spain—had paid to his grace, there were present many French gentlemen of the suite of the ambassador, as courteous as they were warm, and well read in matters of polite literature, who came to me and other chaplains of my lord cardinal, and begged to know of us what books of wit were held most in reputation. As I by chance made mention of that which was then under my examination they no sooner heard the name of Miguel de Cervantes than they gave voice to their feelings, setting forth

the high esteem which his works had gained in France and the neighbouring kingdoms, especially the first part of *Galatea*, which some of them almost knew by heart, as also the Novels. So great were their laudations, that I offered to take them to visit the author of these works, which they extolled with a thousand tokens of a lively interest. Amongst other things, they questioned me of his age, profession, quality, and condition. I was obliged to tell them that he was old, a soldier, a gentleman, and poor; whereupon one of them replied in these terms :—

"*How comes it to pass that Spain doth not keep such a man wealthy and in good estate out of the public purse?*"

On which another of the gentlemen remarked with much subtlety, "*If poverty constrains him to write, I pray God that he may never have plenty, so that he, remaining poor, may make all the world rich with his works.*"

Full well do I know that in all this I have overstepped the bounds of my examination. Some one may say that I have reached the limits of flattering eulogy : but the truth of what I have written may well rid the critic of suspicion, and me of care ; especially as now-a-days we do not flatter any one who has not wherewithal to grease the palm of the flatterer, who, although affectedly and falsely he speaks in jest, would fain be rewarded as one who speaks in earnest.

THE LICENTIATE MARQUIS TORRES.

At Madrid, the twenty-seventh day
of February, one thousand six
hundred and fifteen.

*** The ambassador referred to in the foregoing official document was the Marquis de Fontenay-Mareuil. Some curious and interesting knowledge of the Spanish Court and capital of the time of Cervantes may be learned in the *Petito Mémoires*, tome I. 193.

THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT,

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

CHAPTER I.

OF THAT WHICH PASSED BETWEEN THE PRIEST AND THE BARBER WITH DON QUIXOTE, TOUCHING HIS INFIRMITY.

CID Hamete Benengeli relates, in the Second Part of this history and the third sally of Don Quixote, that the priest and the barber were almost a month without seeing him, for that they would not renew and recall to his memory the things of the past; yet not for that did they refrain from visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to nourish him, give him comforting things to eat, suited to the heart and brain, from whence, according to good reasoning, all his disorder sprang. They answered that they did, and would do so with all possible good will and care, because they saw that at times he gave tokens that he was possessed of all his senses. From which the two received great joy, it seeming to them that they had done well in bringing him enchanted in the ox-wain, as hath been recounted in the

last chapters of the First Part of this history which is as minute as it is great. So they determined to visit him, and make proof of his recovery, although they held it to be scarcely possible that it could be complete; and they agreed not to touch in any point upon knight-errantry, for the danger of unsewing the stitches of a wound which was yet tender.

At last they visited him, and found him seated in bed, dressed in a sleeved waistcoat of green baize, a red Toledo cap; and so dry and withered that he seemed to be a mummy. They were very well received by him, and asked after his health. He told them of it, and of himself, with much shrewdness and elegancy of words. In process of their discourse, they came to treat on what they call reasons of state and modes of government, correcting this abuse and uprooting that, reforming one custom and banishing another, each of the three making of himself a new statesman, a modern Lycurgus, or a flaming Solon; and after such manner did they new-create the republic, that it seemed nothing else than that they had put it into a forge, and taken out a different one to that which they had put in. Don Quixote spoke with so much discretion on all matters which they touched upon, that the two examiners believed, beyond all doubt, that he was quite well, and possessed of all his reason.

The niece and housekeeper were present during their converse, and knew not how enough to give God thanks for seeing their master with so fine a mind. But the priest, changing his first intent, which was

not to touch the string of chivalry, would now make proof of Don Quixote's cure being true or false, and so, casting about, he told some news which had come from the capital; and, among others, he said that it was held for certain that the Turk had descended with a mighty armada, and that no one knew his design nor where that great cloud would burst, and that all Christendom was up in arms, as indeed it was wont to be almost every year, and that his Majesty had already ordained for the defence of the coasts of Naples and Sicily and the island of Malta.

To this Don Quixote answered that his Majesty had done like a most politic warrior in providing for his estates in time, so that he be not surprised of the enemy; "but, if he would take my counsel, I would advise the use of a fit device of which at this hour he is far from thinking."

Scarcely had the priest heard this, when he said within himself, "God help thee, poor Don Quixote! for methinks thou art plunging from the top of thy madness to the profound abyss of thy simplicity."

But the barber, who had already been struck with the same thought as the priest, questioned Don Quixote of the steps which he thought it would be well to take: "Perhaps, after all, it might be put in the list of the many impertinent advisements which it is common to give to princes."

"Master shaver," said Don Quixote, "mine will not be impertinent, but pertinent."

"I meant no displeasure," replied the barber, "but experience hath shown that all or most of the

projects which they give to his Majesty are either impossible or absurd, or to the prejudice of the king or the realm."

"Well, mine," answered Don Quixote, "is neither impossible nor absurd, but the most easy, the most fitting, and the most skilful and ready that ever entered the mind of any promoter soever."

"You delay, your worship sir Don Quixote, in telling it," said the priest.

"I have no mind to rehearse it here now," said Don Quixote, "that at daybreak to-morrow it may reach the ears of the lords of the council, and another reap the praise and reward of my labour."

"For me," said the barber, "I give my word, both here and before God, not to tell that which your worship may say, either to king or Roc or terrestrial man—an oath which I learned from the *Romance of the Priest*, who, in his preface, advises the king of the thief who robbed him of the hundred crowns and his gadding mule."

"I know nothing of fables," said Don Quixote, "but I know that this oath is good, inasmuch as I know that master barber is a man of means."

"Though it were not," said the priest, "I would make it good, and be bound for him in this, that he shall speak no more of it than the dumb, under pain of paying that to which he shall be judged and sentenced."

"Who shall be bound for your worship, sir priest?" demanded Don Quixote.

"My profession,"[1] answered the priest, "which obliges me to ward a secret."

"By God's body!" then exclaimed Don Quixote, "hath his Majesty need to do more than order, by public proclamation, that all knights roaming through Spain shall repair together to the capital on a certain fixed day? And if there come but half a dozen, yet such an one might there be among them who alone would suffice to break the whole of the Turkish power. Be your worships attentive, and follow me. Is it a strange thing for a single knight-errant to destroy an army of two hundred thousand men, as if altogether they only had one throat, or were made of sugar? If not, tell me, how many histories are full of these marvels? Should the famous Don Belianis be living now (though it would be an evil hour for me; I say not for another), or were some one of the innumerable lineage of Amadis of Gaul alive this day, and would confront the Turk, by my faith, I would not be bound for the issue. But God will be mindful of his people, and will send a man who, if he be not as stout as the knights-errant of the past, at least will not fall short of them in courage. God knows my heart, and I say no more."

"Alas!" here his niece exclaimed, "may I be killed if my master does not wish to turn knight-errant again!"

"A knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "I will die; and fall or rise the Turk when he will, and be as mighty as he may—again I say, God knows my heart."

On this the barber said, "I pray you, gentle sirs, give me leave to tell a short story of what happened

in Seville, for it comes pat to our purpose, and I would fain tell it."

Don Quixote and the priest gave him leave, the rest lent him their attention, and he began after this manner :—

"A man was put in the mad-house at Seville by his kindred, for that he had lost his reason. He was a graduate in canon law of Osuna ; and though he had been of Salamanca, it is the opinion of many that he would still have gone mad. This bachelor, at the end of some years of his confining, came to think that he was sane and in his right mind ; and with this fancy he wrote to the archbishop, earnestly praying him, and with well-concerted arguments, that he would order his release from the misery in which he lived, for that, by the mercy of God, he had recovered him of his reason ; only his kindred, in order to enjoy that share of the estate which had fallen to him, held him there, and, in spite of truth, would hold him for mad till his death. The archbishop, persuaded by his many and touching letters, ordered a chaplain of his to inform himself from the superior of the mad-house if what the licentiate had written were true, and that he should himself speak with the madman, and if it seemed to him that he was in his wits, to release him and set him free. The chaplain did as he was told, and the superior assured him that the man was still mad ; for albeit he spoke many times like a person of excellent mind, yet in the end he would break out into many and great lunacies as absurd as the first part of his discourse was rational. The chaplain would needs

make the trial, and going to the madman, talked with him for an hour and more, and in all that time the madman never showed a tortured or disjointed reason; rather he spoke with such prudence that the chaplain was forced to believe that the man was sane. Among the rest, he told him that the superior, having some ill will against him, or not to lose the presents which his kinsfolk sent him, continued to say that he was still mad, but with lucid intervals; and that the greatest wrong of his misfortune was his much wealth; since his enemies, in order to enjoy it, judged ill of him, and doubted of the mercy of our Lord in having restored him from a beast to a man; finally, he conversed after such sort that he made the superior to be suspected, his kinsfolk to be esteemed as covetous and merciless, and himself to be so discreet that the chaplain resolved to carry him away with him, that the archbishop might see him, and himself be satisfied of the truth of that business. The good chaplain, possessed of this gracious faith, begged the superior that the clothes in which the madman had come as a licentiate might be given up to him. The superior again reminded him to look well to what he did, for, without any doubt, the licentiate was still mad. But these precautions and monitions of the superior availed nothing with the chaplain, who was bent on carrying him away. The superior, seeing that this was by the archbishop's order, obeyed. They gave the licentiate his clothes, which were new and handsome; and when he found himself dressed as a man of sense, and stripped as an idiot, he entreated the

chaplain for pity to allow him to go and say good-bye to his companions, the madmen. The chaplain said that he would go with him and see the madmen who were in the house. So they went up, and with them some persons who were present. The licentiate came to a cage where was a staring madman, although at that time he was calm and quiet, and he said to him—

"'Brother mine, can I do aught for you? I am going home; God has been pleased of his infinite goodness and mercy, without desert of mine, to restore me to my mind. I am now sound and well, for to the power of God nothing is impossible. Put thy hope and trust in him; for since he hath restored me to my first estate, so also will he restore thee, if thou confide in him. I will take care to send thee some good things to eat, and be thou sure to eat them; for I would have thee know that, to my seeming, as one who has suffered the same, all our lunacies come from having our stomachs empty and our brains full of air. Courage, courage; to be dejected in misfortune impoverishes the health and hastens death.'

"To all these arguments of the licentiate there listened another madman in another cage, which was in front of the raving one; and raising himself from an old mat where he was stretched, stark naked, he demanded who it was that was going away sound and sane.

"The licentiate answered, 'I am he, brother, who is going; I need stay here no longer; for which I give infinite thanks to Heaven for the great mercy it hath wrought for me.'

"'Look thou what thou sayest, doctor; be not deceived of the devil,' answered the madman; 'stay thy foot; keep quiet in the house, and spare thyself the pains of going and coming back.'

"'I know that I am well,' answered the licentiate, 'and shall have no more need to walk the holy stations.'

"'Thou well?' said the madman. 'We shall see. God be wi' ye! But I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on the earth, that solely for this sin which this day Seville commits in taking thee from this house, and holding thee as sane, I will work on it such a chastening that the memory of it shall endure for ever and ever, Amen. Dost thou not know, little doctor without brains, that I can do this? For, as I tell thee, I am Jupiter Tonans, that hold in my hands the fiery bolts with which I can, and do use to, threaten and destroy the world. But with one only plague do I wish to smite this ignorant town; and it is that it shall not rain in it, nor in the whole of its district and confines, for three whole years, to count beforehand from the day and hour in which this threat hath been made. Thou free? thou cured? thou sane? and I mad, and I distracted, and I bound? I will rain as much as I think of hanging me!'

"All the bystanders gave attention to the cries and ravings of the madman. But our licentiate, turning to our chaplain, and taking him by both hands, said—

"'Be not your worship afraid, nor take any notice of what this madman has said; for if he be Jupiter, and

will give no rain, I, who am Neptune, father and god of waters, will rain as many times as I will, and as often as it is necessary.'

"To which the chaplain answered. 'For all that, Sir Neptune, it will not be well to anger Sir Jupiter. Remain here, your worship, another day in the house; at a more convenient season we will call for you.'

"The superior and those who were present laughed, for which laughter the chaplain was half ashamed. They undressed the licentiate, who remained in the house; and so endeth the story."

"So this is the story, master barber," exclaimed Don Quixote, "which, because it comes so pat, you could not help telling? Ah, sir shavist, sir shavist! he must indeed be blind who cannot see through the meshes of a sieve; and is it possible that your worship doth not know that comparisons which are made of genius with genius, of valour with valour, of beauty with beauty, of lineage with lineage, are always odious and ill received? I, sir barber, am not Neptune, god of waters, nor procure that any esteem me wise, not being so; I labour only to make the world know the error in which it stands, in not restoring to it the happy time when the order of knight-errantry was glorious within it. But this depraved age of ours is not worthy to rejoice in so great a good as rejoiced the ages when knights-errant took in charge, and on their own shoulders, the defence of kingdoms, the protection of maidens, the succour of orphans and the young, the chastening of the proud, and the reward of the lowly. The most of the knights of our time rustle rather in damasks and

brocade than armed mail; there is now no knight that sleeps in fields, subject to the rigour of the sky, armed in all his armour from head to foot; there is no one now who, without releasing his feet from the stirrups, resting on his lance, takes sleep when he can, as they say, as did the knights-errant; nor is there one who, sallying from the forest, ascends some range of hills, and from thence traverses a barren and desert shore of the sea, which at most times is stormy and disturbed, and finding on its brink a small boat, without oars, sail, mast, or tackle, with intrepid heart throws himself into it, yielding himself to the implacable waves of the profound deep, which now lift him to heaven and now sink him to hell, and he opposing his breast to the irresistible hurricane, when he least thinks, finds himself three thousand and more leagues distant from the place where he embarked, and leaping on land remote and unknown, there happen to him things worthy to be written, not on parchments, but in brass. But now sloth triumphs over diligence, idleness over labour, vice over virtue, arrogance over courage, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only lived and shone in golden ages and among knights-errant. If this be not so, tell me, who was more pure and more valiant than the famous Amadis of Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more moderate and free than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who received and gave more cuts than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? who of more enterprise than Felix-

marte of Hyrcania? Or who more sincere than Esplandian? who more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamonte, or more prudent than King Sobrino? who more hardy than Reynaldos? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more great of soul and courteous than Rugero, from whom the Dukes of Ferrara of to-day descend, according to Turpin in his *Cosmography?* All these knights, and many more that I might name, sir priest, were knights-errant, the light and glory of chivalry. Of these, or such as these, I would make my selection, which being done, his Majesty would find himself well served at much saving of cost, and the Turk be left pulling his beard; and with this I must stay in my own house, since the chaplain does not take me out; and if Jupiter, as the barber has said, will not rain, here am I who will rain whenever it pleaseth me. I say this that master basin may know that he is understood."

"In sooth, sir Don Quixote," said the barber, "I meant no ill in what I said. As God shall help me, my intention was good, and your worship ought not to be aggrieved."

"Whether I be aggrieved or not," answered Don Quixote, "is best known to myself."

On this the priest said, "I have scarcely spoken a word until now, and I would free me of a scruple which begnaws and frets my conscience, born of that which sir Don Quixote hath now said."

"For greater things," answered Don Quixote, "hath the worshipful priest licence; and thus he may

tell his scruple, for it is no pleasure to have a pricking conscience."

"With this grace, then," said the priest, "I declare that my scruple is that I cannot persuade me in any manner that the great swarm of knights-errant whom your worship sir Don Quixote hath named, were ever true and real persons of flesh and blood living in this world; much rather do I imagine that all is fiction, fable, and a lie—dreams told by waking men, or, better said, men half asleep."

"Many," answered Don Quixote, "have fallen into this error of not believing that such knights have ever been in the world; and many times, with divers people and on divers occasions, I have desired to bring this almost common deceit to the light of truth; but sometimes I have failed in my intent, at others succeeded well, laying it on the shoulders of truth. Which truth is so manifest, that I could be tempted to say that mine own eyes have seen Amadis of Gaul, who was a man tall of stature, fair of face, the beard well set, but black, of aspect between sweet and stern, of few words, slow of anger, and quick to depose wrath. And after the manner in which I have described Amadis, I might, to my seeming, paint and describe all as many knights-errant as are errant in the histories of this orb; for, by the apprehension which I have of them by what their histories rehearse, and by the deeds they wrought and the qualities they held, one might by good philosophy draw their features, their colours, and stature."

"How big might it seem to your worship, my dear Don Quixote, that the giant Morgante was?" asked the barber.

"In the matter of giants," answered Don Quixote, "there are different opinions of their having been in the world; but the Holy Scripture, which cannot fail an atom of the truth, shows us that there were such, recounting to us the history of that Philistine of a Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half of stature, which is an immeasurable bigness. Also, there have been found, in the island of Sicily, shin and shoulder bones so big, that their size manifestly shows their owners to have been giants, and as great as great towers, the truth of which geometry will place beyond doubt. But with all this I cannot say exactly what was Morgante's size; but I imagine that he could not be very tall, and I am moved to this opinion by finding in history, where particular mention is made of his exploits, that ofttimes he slept under a roof; and for finding a house which could hold him, it is clear that he was not immeasurably great."

"That is so," said the priest, who, amused to hear him talk so absurd and reasonless, asked him what faces he deemed would most become Reynaldos de Montalban, and Don Roldan, and the rest of the Twelve Peers of France, for they had all been knights-errant.

"Don Reynaldos," answered Don Quixote, "I dare affirm, was broad of face, of a bright reddish colour, with bright and dancing eyes, pompous, choleric in extreme, a friend of thieves and profligates.

Of Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando—for by all these names is he called in the histories—it is my opinion, and I assert it, that he was of middle stature, of broad shoulders, somewhat bow-legged, of brown face and red beard, hairy body, and threatening aspect, short in speech, but very courteous and of gentle breeding."

"If Roldan," replied the priest, "was no finer or sweeter man than your worship says, it is no wonder that the lady Angelica the Fair held him in disdain, and forsook him for the grace, spirit, and gallantry of the downy-chinned little Moor, to whom she gave herself; and that she was wise in her love rather for the softness of Medoro than the roughness of Roldan."

"That Angelica, master priest," answered Don Quixote, "was a light maiden, gadding and fickle, and left the world as full of her impudency as of the fame of her beauty. She scorned a thousand nobles, a thousand valiant and a thousand wise, and was content with a pretty knavish page, who had no other estate or name than the kindness he kept for his friend could give him. The great singer of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either not daring or not wishing to sing of his lady after her vile intrigue, the matter not being extremely honest, left her abruptly at the words—

And how was won the sceptre of Cathay
Another bard may sing in loftier lay.

And, in sooth, this was a sort of prophecy, for poets are also called *vates*, which is to say diviners; and you may clearly see the truth of this, for since then a

famous poet of Andalucia [2] bewept and sang her *Tears*, and another famous and sublime Castilian poet [3] sang her beauty."

"Tell me, sir Don Quixote," said the barber, "did no poet write some satire on this lady Angelica, among so many who wrote in her praise?"

"I can well believe," answered Don Quixote, "that if Sacripante or Roldan had been poets, they would have reprimanded her well; for it is fitting and natural to poets, disdained by or not admitted to those who were their feigned or not feigned dames (in fact, by those fair ones whom they selected as queens of their fancy), to avenge themselves by keen satires and gibes—a vengeance, for certain, unworthy of generous breasts. But, until now, I have not heard of any foul-spoken verse against the lady Angelica, who turned the world upside down."

"A miracle!" quoth the priest.

Here they heard the housekeeper and the niece, who had left the conference, calling aloud in the court-yard, and they all ran to the noise.

NOTES TO CHAPTER I.

Note 1, *page* 442.

My profession. It is one of the laws of Alfonso the Wise, that any priest who shall discover the confession of any, whether by word, deed, sign, or other way, shall be deposed and shut up in some monastery, in which he shall do penance all the days of his life; and it is said that it has never been known that such penance was ever suffered.—*Siete Partidas*, Part I. tom. 4., lib. 35.

Note 2, *page* 454.

A famous poet of Andalucia. Luis Barahona de Soto, a native of Lucena, author of the *Lagrimas de Angelica*, first printed in Granada, 1586.

Note 3, *page* 454.

Another famous and sublime Castilian poet. Lope de Vega, who continued the argument of Ariosto in his *Hermosura de Angelica*. Barcelona, 1604.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE VERY GREAT QUARREL WHICH SANCHO PANZA HAD WITH THE NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER OF DON QUIXOTE, AND OTHER BRAVE PASSAGES.

THE history tells us that the cries which Don Quixote, the priest, and the barber heard were those of the niece and housekeeper, who were rating Sancho Panza, who was pushing in to see Don Quixote, while they were defending the door. "What would this rascal vagabond in this house?" they were saying to him; "Get thee to thine own, brother; it is thou, and none other, who hath harried and allured my master, and carried him by these out-of-the-way places."

To which Sancho answered, "Mistress of Satan, the harried, and the allured, and the carried by these out-of-the-way places am I, and not thy master; he carried me through the world, and you deceive yourselves and reckon without your host. It was he who drew me from my home with tricks and catches, making me promise of an island, for which I am still waiting."

"The evil islands choke thee," exclaimed the niece,

"damned Sancho! And what are islands? Is it something to eat, dainty one, or glutton that thou art?"

"It is nothing to eat," said Sancho, "but to govern and to rule; better than a few cities, or three or four alcaldes of the court."

"For all that," said the housekeeper, "thou comest not in here, sack of wickedness and bag of iniquities! Go, govern thine own house, and till thy tilth, and cease thy claiming of islands or islanders."

The priest and the barber enjoyed great sport in listening to this dialogue between the three; while Don Quixote, fearful that Sancho would cram his gluttonous maw with some foul heap of indigested follies, and unburthen himself by blabbing of things which would not be to his credit, called him, and bade the two women be silent, and to let him enter. Sancho came in, and the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, in despair for his health, seeing how fixed he was in his crazed imaginings, and how ravished of the silliness of his evil chivalries.

"And so," said the priest to the barber, "thou shalt see, gossip, when we least look for it, that our knight will make another sally, and quickly cross the bar."

"Of that I make me no doubt," answered the barber; "but what amazes me is not the madness of the knight, so much as the simplicity of the squire, who hath such faith in that matter of the island, that I believe all the detections we may use upon him will never beat it from his skull."

"God help them!" said the priest; "and keep we on the look-out, and we shall see where these abounding lunacies of such a knight and such a squire will come to a stand. It would seem as if the two were cast in the same mould, for the lunes of the master without the idiotcies of the servant would not be worth a farthing."

"So it is," said the barber; "and I should be glad to know of what the two are now treating."

"I warrant," said the priest, "that the niece and the housekeeper will tell us afterwards, for they are not of the quality to forbear listening."

Meanwhile Don Quixote had shut himself up with Sancho in his chamber, and the two being alone, he thus began: "Much it grieveth me, Sancho, that thou hast said, and sayest, that it was I who drew thee into trouble, knowing that I was not mindful of myself. We set out together, we kept together, and together did we journey; together we ran the same fortune and the same chance; if they once tossed thee in a blanket, me did they cudgel a hundred times, and herein only have I the vantage over thee."

"That was fair," answered Sancho, "according to what your worship says, that misfortunes pertain more to knights-errant than to their squires."

"Thou art deceived in that," said Don Quixote; "according as it is said, *Quando caput dolet*, and so forth."

"I understand no other tongue than my own," answered Sancho.

"I would say," continued Don Quixote, "that

when the head suffers, all the members suffer; and I, being thy master and lord, am thy head, and thou part of me, being my servant; and for this reason the ill that touches or shall touch me, thou shalt feel, as I thine."

"So it should be," quoth Sancho; "but when, as a member, they tossed me up, the head was behind the fences, watching me fly through the air, without feeling any pain. If the members are obliged to ache with the head, it is only fair that the head should ache with the members."

"Wouldst thou now say, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it gave me no pain to see thee blanketed? If that be thy meaning, neither say nor think it more, for then did I suffer more in spirit than didst thou in thy body. But leave we this apart now; there will be time for us to consider this, and right it. Tell me, Sancho friend, what is it that they say of me in the village? What opinion do the people hold of me? what the nobles, and what the knights? What say they of my courage, my exploits, and what of my courtesy? How do they discourse on the matter which I have undertaken, to revive and restore to the world the now forgotten order of chivalry? Finally, Sancho, I would have thee tell me what concerning this hath come to thine ears? And tell it me without adding to the good, or taking from the bad a single thing; for it becomes loyal vassals to tell the truth to their lords, in its own form and figure, without increasing it by adulation, or decreasing it by vain regard. And I would have thee know, Sancho,

that if the naked truth could come to the ears of princes without the guise of flattery, other centuries would run, others than ours would be esteemed as iron ages; for ours, I hold, should be the golden age. Let this admonition, Sancho, serve thee in well and discreetly advising mine ears of the truth of those things which thou mayest know, and I have asked of thee."

"This I will do with all my heart," answered Sancho, "on condition that your worship be not angered at what I say, since you will have me tell it stripped, without being dressed up in other clothes than those in which it came to my notice."

"In no manner will I be angry," answered Don Quixote; "thou art to speak freely, Sancho, and without going round about."

"Well, the first I have to tell is that the folk hold your worship as a great madman, and me for no less a fool. The gentles say that, not keeping the bounds of nobility, you have taken the *Don* upon you,[1] and have made yourself a knight on a few vines, not more than two acres of land, with one rag in front and another behind. The knights say that they would not have the gentles ape equality with them, specially those newfangled ones, who polish their own boots and mend their black stockings with green silk."

"That," said Don Quixote, "concerneth not me; for I go always well dressed, and never patched. Torn I may well be—torn more of arms than of time."

"In that which touches valour," continued Sancho, "courtesy, deeds, and your worship's design, there are

different opinions. Some say mad, but merry; others, valiant, but withal unlucky; others, courteous, but meddling; and thus they go pulling us to pieces, so that to neither your worship nor me do they leave us a sound bone in our bodies."

"Note, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that wherever virtue may be in a high degree, there is it hunted down. Few or none of the famous men of the past but were calumniated of malice: Julius Cæsar, most courageous, most prudent, and most valiant of captains, was accused as ambitious, and somewhat not over nice in dress or manners; Alexander, for whom his exploits achieved the surname of Great, they say was somewhat of a drunkard; of Hercules, him of many labours, they tell of lasciviousness and effeminacy; as for Don Galaor, brother of Amadis of Gaul, they mouth of his quarrelsomeness, and of his brother being a whimperer. So that, Sancho, among so great calumnies cast on the good, mine might well pass, if they be not more than thou hast said."

"That's the rub, by my father's body," said Sancho.

"What is there more?" inquired Don Quixote.

"There's the tail to skin yet," said Sancho. "Those up till now have been tarts and gingerbread; but, if your worship would wish to know all about the calumnies they put upon you, I will soon bring here one who in a minute will tell all, without missing a bit. Last night Bartholomew Carrasco's son came home, who has been studying at Salamanca, and is made a bachelor; and going to bid him welcome, he told me

that they have now put into a book the history of your worship, with the title of THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT, DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA; and he says it mentions me in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with other things which only passed between us two, which made me cross myself for fright to think how the history-maker who wrote came to know of them."

"Be thou sure, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of our history will be some sage enchanter, from which kind of people nothing is hid on which they wish to write."

"How a sage and an enchanter," quoth Sancho, "when the bachelor Sampson Carrasco—so they call him whom I have mentioned—says that the author of the history is called Cid Hamete Berengena?"[2]

"That is a name of the Moors,"[3] said Don Quixote."

"So it will be," answered Sancho; "for I have heard them say that, for the most part, the Moors are fond of *berengenas*."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou must have mistaken the surname of that Cid, which, in Arabic, signifieth a lord."

"It might be so," said Sancho; "but if your worship would like me to bring the bachelor here, I will fly and fetch him."

"Thou wilt give me a singular delight, my friend," said Don Quixote. "I am amazed at what thou sayest; I shall not eat a mouthful until I am well informed of all."

"Then I will go for him," said Sancho; and, leaving his master, he went in search of the bachelor, with whom he returned after a brief space, and between the three there passed a mighty pleasant discourse.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II.

Note 1, *page* 460.

You have taken the Don upon you. A title as old as the Spanish language, the earliest form of which was *Domnus*, and given chiefly to kings, chiefs, and bishops. In the *Vida de Santo Domingo de Silos*, by Gonzalo de Berceon, we find these opening lines—

In the name of the Father which all things did make,
And of Don Jesu Christ, the son of the Glorious.

The Spanish Ovid also—the Archpriest of Hita—speaks of Don Jupiter, and the lady Doña Venus as the spouse of Don Love; and we have our own Dan Cupid, derived probably from the same source. It would thus seem that the poets were originally responsible for an abuse, now grown common, which Cervantes here holds up to ridicule.

Note 2, *page* 462.

Berengena. Sancho mistakes this for Benengeli, the egg-plant, which once grew in great abundance in Toledo, and now grows luxuriantly in Valencia, the fruit of which is much esteemed.

Note 3, *page* 462.

A name of the Moors. There was nothing singular in this. Xarton, author of *The Knight of the Cross*, was a Moor, although he turned Christian after writing his book; the same is also said of Gil Diaz, the chronicler of the *Cid Campeador.*

CHAPTER III.

OF THE MERRY DISCOURSE WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO PANZA, AND THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO.

DON QUIXOTE remained very pensive, awaiting Bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to receive some tidings of himself put into a book, as Sancho had said; yet was scarcely to be persuaded that there could be such a history, seeing that the blood of the enemies which he had slain was not yet dry on the blade of his sword, and already they would have his sublime chivalries put in print. But, for all this, he imagined that some sage, either friend or foe, had given them to print: if a friend, in order to magnify and extol them above the most illustrious of knights-errant; if a foe, to humble them and sink them below those ever written of the vilest of the most vile squires; although he said within himself that those of squires never are written. "If it were true that such history had been indited, being of a knight-errant, it must perforce be of lofty style, sublime, noteworthy, magnificent, and true."

With this he was somewhat consoled, but became

disconsolate for thinking that its author was a Moor, according to that name of Cid, and from Moors no truth whatever could be expected, for that they were all impostors, cheats, and janglers. He feared that he might not have treated of his loves without indelicacy, which would redound to the reproach and prejudice of the modesty of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso; he desired that he might have set forth the fidelity and decorum which he had ever practised towards her, mindless of queens, and empresses, and maidens of all qualities, keeping within due bounds all impulse of natural motions; and so, wrapped and revolved in these and many more imaginings, he was found of Sancho and Carrasco, whom Don Quixote received with great courtesy.

The bachelor, although his name was Sampson, was not very great of stature, but he was great in jest,[1] and, although with a lean look, was of very excellent wit. He would be some twenty-four years of age, round of face, of flat nose, and large of mouth—all tokens of a mischievous condition, and a friend to railleries and jests; as he proved on seeing Don Quixote, before whom he fell upon his knees and said—

"Let me kiss your hands, Grandee Sir Don Quixote de la Mancha; for, by the habit of St. Peter[2] which I wear—though I have taken no other orders than the first four—your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that have been, or shall be, in the total rotundity of the world. Blessed be Cid Hamet Benengeli, who hath left written the story

of your greatness; and thrice blessed the diligent one who took care to have it translated out of Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, for the universal pastime of the people!"

Don Quixote made him rise, and said, "So, then, it is true that there is a history of me, and that the sage who wrote it is a Moor?"

"It is so true, sir," said Sampson, "that I'll be bound for it there are at this hour twelve thousand volumes of that history now in print;[3] if not, let speak Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where it has been published. And there is a rumour that they are now printing it at Antwerp, and it is full clear to me that there is no nation or tongue into which it will not be translated."[4]

"One of the things," said Don Quixote, "which ought to bring happiness to a virtuous and eminent man is to live to see himself with good name, celebrated in the languages of the earth, printed and published. I say with good name, because, if it be the contrary, no death could equal his misery."

"If it be question only of good fame and good name," said the bachelor, "your worship alone carries off the palm among all knights-errant; for the Moor in his tongue, and the Christian in his, have taken care to paint to the life the magnanimity of your worship—your greatness of mind in meeting dangers, your patience in adversity, your long-suffering in misfortunes as well as in woundings, and your modesty and continence in your most platonic love for my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso."

"Never," interposed Sancho at this point, "have I heard my lady Dulcinea called Doña, but only the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; so that in that the history goes wrong already."

"That is not an objection of importance," responded Carrasco.

"No, truly," said Don Quixote. "But tell me, your worship sir bachelor, which of my exploits are of greater ponderance in this history?"

"In this," said the bachelor, "there be different opinions, as there be different tastes. Some mark the adventure with the windmills, which appeared to your worship as Briareus and giants; others, that of the fulling-mills; that, the description of the two armies which afterwards appeared to be two flocks of sheep; this extols that of the dead corpse which they carried to be buried at Segovia; one says that giving deliverance to the galley-slaves tops them all; another, that none are equal to the victory over the two giants, the Benedictines, and the fray with the valiant Biscayan."

"Tell me, sir bachelor," interrupted Sancho, "does there come in there the adventure with the Yangueses, where our good Rozinante longed to go looking for gipsy apples in the sea?"

"The sage," said Sampson, "has left nothing in the inkhorn; he tells all, and puts everything down, even to the gambols which good Sancho made in the blanket."

"I made no gambols in the blanket," said Sancho; "in the air, I grant ye, and more than I cared for."

"To my seeming," said Don Quixote, "there is no human history in the world which hath not its ups and downs, especially those which treat of chivalries, for such cannot always be filled with successful events."

"For all that," said the bachelor, "there are some which have read the history who would have been pleased if the author of it had forgotten some of the infinite buffetings which, in different encounters, were bestowed on the knight Don Quixote."

"There comes the truth of the history," said Sancho.

"They might in equity have passed them over," observed Don Quixote; "for there is no need to write of actions which neither move nor change the truth of history—the less if they redound to the discredit of the hero of the story. In sooth, Æneas was not so filial in his love as Virgil paints him,[5] nor Ulysses so wise as Homer makes him."

"Precisely," answered Sampson; "but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another as an historian. The poet may say or sing of things, not as they were, but as they ought to have been; and the historian has to write of them, not as they ought to have been, but as they were, without adding anything, and omitting nothing whatever of the truth."

"Well, if this master Moor goes talking of truths," said Sancho, "I'll be bound that, among my master's bastings, those of mine will be found; for they never took the measure of his worship's shoulders but they measured the whole of my body. But there is nothing for me to wonder at in that, as my master himself

says [in the pain of the head the members have to share."

"Thou art a subtle fool, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for, in sooth, thou never lackest a memory when it suits thee to have one."

"Even though I would forget the stripes they gave me," said Sancho, "the weales will not let me, for they are still fresh about my ribs."

"Hold thy peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and do not interrupt master bachelor, whom I will entreat to proceed and tell me what they say of me in the aforesaid history."

"And of me," said Sancho; "for they say of me that I am one of its principal parsonages."

"Personages, not 'parsonages,' friend Sancho," remarked Sampson.

"Another word-mender have we?" said Sancho. "If we go on at this rate, we shall not come to an end all our lives."

"God love us, Sancho!" said the bachelor, "if thou art not second in the history; and there be those who like more to hear thee talk than the best painted of them all, although there are also some who say that thou art far too credulous in believing that there was any truth in the government of that island promised to thee by sir Don Quixote, who is now present."

"There is still sun on the fences,"[6] said Don Quixote; "and meanwhile that Sancho is advancing in years, with the experience which age gives, he will be better fitted and more able for the government."

"Afore God, sir," quoth Sancho, "the island which I cannot govern with the years I have, I shall not govern better with all those of Methuselah; the mischief lies in that said island amusing itself somewhere, I know not where, and not in my not having head enough to govern it."

"Commend it to God, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "all will be well, and perhaps better than what thou thinkest, for not a leaf moves on the tree without God's will."

"That is true," said Sampson. "If God wills it, Sancho shall not lack a thousand islands to govern, much less one."

"I have seen governors before now," said Sancho, "who, to my seeming, would not come up to the sole of my shoe; and, for all that, they are called your Excellencies, and are served on plate."

"These are not governors of islands," said Sampson, "but other governments more handy; those who govern islands at least must be grammatic."

"The 'tic' will serve me well enough, but with grammar I can neither score nor pay, for I do not understand it. But leaving this of the government in the hands of God, and let him put me in those parts where I can serve him most, I say, Master Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, I am minutely pleased that the author of the history has spoken of me so that what he says about me is not wearisome; for, on the faith of a good squire, if he had said anything about me which is not becoming in an old Christian, as I am, the ears of the deaf would have been unstopped."

"That would be to work miracles," said Sampson.

"Miracles or not miracles," quoth Sancho, "let each one take heed how he speaks or how he writes of persons, and not put things down helter-skelter, as they come first into the imagination."

"One of the blots which they find in that history," said the bachelor, "is that the author has included in it a novel called the *Impertinent Pry;* not because it is bad, or is badly reasoned out, but that it has no relation to that place, and has no concern with the history of his worship sir Don Quixote."

"I'll bet," quoth Sancho, "that that son of a dog has made a pretty mixing of cresses and baskets."

"Let me now say," said Don Quixote, "that the author of my history is no sage, but some ignorant babbler, who, darkly and without any discourse, set himself to write it at the hazard of come what might, like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he painted, said, 'Whatever comes.' Perhaps he painted a cock after such sort and such ill seeming that it was necessary to put under it, in large letters, *This is a cock;* and thus it will be with my history: it will require some comment to make it understood."

"Not at all," answered Sampson, "for it is so clear that there is nothing difficult in it. Children can handle it, youths read it, men reason upon it, the old praise it; and, in fine, it is so thumbed, and so read, and so known of all classes of people,[7] that scarcely do they see a scraggy horse than they exclaim, 'Yonder goes Rozinante!' while those who are most

given to its reading are the pages. There is no great man's ante-chamber where you shall not find a *Don Quixote;* it is taken up of others if some lay it down; here they wrangle for it, there they demand it; in brief, the history is the most savoury and the least hurtful pastime which has been seen until now, for in the whole of it there cannot be discovered so much as the seeming of an immodest word, nor a thought which is other than Catholic."

"To write after other fashion," said Don Quixote, "would be not to write truths but lies; and historians who have recourse to lies should be burnt, like those which make bad money.[8] I know not what moved the author to care for novels and stories foreign to the subject, having in my own matter enough on which to write: he doubtless minded the proverb overmuch, 'With straw or with moss let the tick be full;' for surely, in only setting forth my fancies, my sighs, and my tears, my good desires, and my assaults, he might have made a volume larger, or as great as that which contains all the works of Tostado.[9] In fine, sir bachelor, what I apprehend is that to write histories and books, great judgment and a matured mind is necessary; to say excellent things and write pleasantly pertains to great geniuses. The most discreet personage in comedy is the fool; for he is one who would not have it known that he is simple. History is as a sacred thing, because it must be true; and where is truth, there is God himself; but, withal, there be some who write and fling books into the world as if they were fritters."

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "that it does not contain some good thing." [10]

"There is no doubt of that," replied Don Quixote; "but it happens many times that those who have gained much merit and achieved great fame by their writings, have, in giving them to the press, lost it all, or somewhat lessened it."

"The cause of that," said Sampson, "is that as printed works are read at leisure, it is easy to discover their faults; and they are the more closely scrutinized the greater the fame of those who write them. Men famous for their genius, the great poets, the illustrious historians, are always, or for the most part, envied of those whose pleasure and particular pastime is in judging of the writing of others, without ever having given any of their own to the light of the world."

"This is no cause for marvel," said Don Quixote, "for there are many theologians who are of no use for the pulpit, and are most clever at picking out the faults or superfluities of those who preach."

"All that is so, sir Don Quixote," said Carrasco; "but I would that such censurers had more mercy, and were less given to prying into the atoms of the very clear sun of the work whereat they murmur. For if *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, they should consider how much he was awake to give so much light to his work, and leave as little shade as possible, and then perhaps that which to them appears ill might seem no worse than moles, which sometime add to the beauty of the face which possesses them; and thus I say that the risk is very great to him who will

print a book, seeing it is a total impossibility to write it so that it shall satisfy and please all who read it."

"He who treats of me," said Don Quixote, "will please very few."

"Rather it is just the reverse; for, as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, even so are infinite the number of those who have been delighted with that history,[11] although some have taxed the author's memory as at fault, or fraudulent, in omitting to recount the name of the thief which stole Sancho's Dapple; that it is not given there, but is only left to be inferred that it was stolen; and a little while after we see him astride of the same ass, without knowing how he appeared again. They also say that he has omitted to tell what Sancho did with those hundred crowns which were found in the valise in the Sierra Morena—that they are never more named; and there are many who desire to know what he did with them, or how he spent them. That is one of the substantial points in which the work is lacking."

Sancho answered, "I, Sir Sampson, am not in the humour to give account or make up accounts; for I have got a qualm of the stomach, and if I do not recruit it with two drops of the old must, I shall get St. Lucy's thorn into me: I have got it at home; my old woman keeps it for me. After dinner I will come back and satisfy your worship, and all the world, on what you may ask me—the loss of the ass, and how the hundred crowns went." And, without waiting for a reply, or saying another word, he went home.

Don Quixote begged and prayed that the bachelor

would remain and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation, and remained. They added to the ordinary dinner a pair of pigeons; they talked of chivalries at table, Carrasco following the humour of his host. The banquet ended, they slept. Sancho returned, and they renewed the former discourse.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III.

Note 1, *page* 466.

Although his name was Sampson, was not very great of stature, but he was great in jest. It is worthy of note that the great Spanish commentator reprehends Cervantes for this expression, and exclaims, "The sacred Scriptures nowhere represent Samson as being great in stature, but only that he was possessed of great forces;" and the same writer proceeds in the same breath to make mention of other negligences, such as "'who, although with a lean look, was of excellent wit' —as if there was any contradiction between the two." As if there was not. Also the same critic observes, with regard to Don Quixote's remark at the opening of the chapter, "the deeds of squires are never written," that he did not know what he was saying, and proceeds to quote chapter and verse from the *Olivante, Florambel, Belianis*, and six other histories, to show that he was quite wrong. I know not what answer to give to this, except that not even Don Quixote was infallible.

Note 2, *page* 466.

By the habit of St. Peter. Another form of Spanish oath of the time of Cervantes. It is the dress of the secular clergy, but used by scholars in that century, and even in this; for says Clemencin, "Neither then nor now was it necessary to take holy orders to wear it."

Note 3, *page* 467.

Twelve thousand volumes of that history now in print. We have little information on the question of what constituted a new edition of these early books. In his novel of *El Vidriera*, Cervantes, speaking of the tricks of wicked publishers, says, *En lugar de mil quinientos libros imprimen tres mil libros;* taking the lowest figure of 1500, as there had then been printed nine editions in Spanish, this would give us the number of 13,500 copies.

Note 4, *page* 467.

That there is no nation or tongue into which it will not be translated. This has proved true to the letter. The work of translation has been slow, but it has been attended with a progress more wonderful than can be attributed to any other book. The last on the list is in Russ; the first German was in 1621, the Danish in 1776, the Dutch in 1673, the Portuguese in 1803, the Swedish in 1818. The first of all, as we have seen, was the English, in 1612, followed by the French of 1616, and the Italian of 1621. There are several in Latin, but the one in Greek is but a poor thing. Only one edition has been printed in the United States, and not one in the whole of South America. It is one of those books which, more than another, serves to show the quality and condition of men's minds; thus the French, who have published more new editions than any other people, only printed two between 1800 and 1820. In those years the French people had little time for merry laughter; but from 1821 to 1870 they printed twenty-two editions, probably more—a thing well worthy of note by all friends of the Knight of the Rueful Visage. Since the London of 1738, down to 1810, we published twenty-two editions, some of great expense, and all of superior paper, type, and binding to any other in the world.

Note 5, *page* 469.

Æneas was not so filial in his love as Virgil paints him.

Non si pietoso Enea ne forte Achille
Fu come e fama ne si fiero Ettore . . .
Non fu si santo ne benigno Augusto
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona.
Orlando Furioso, cant. iii. 25, 26.

Note 6, *page* 470.

There is still sun on the fences (Aun hai sol en las bardas). "A metaphorical expression," observes the Spanish commentators, "taken from the setting of the sun in the evening,

when his rays gradually rise from the ground, and fall only on elevated points, indicating that although there is less, there is yet sufficient time to do something more."

Note 7, *page* 472.

It is so thumbed, etc. This may be said to be the real explanation of why so few copies of the original are in existence, five being all that are now known to remain.

Note 8, *page* 473.

Burnt, like those which make bad money. A law of Alfonso the Wise: "And because of the great damage which this falseness doeth to the public, we command that whatever man shall make bad money, whether it be of gold or silver, or of whatsoever other metal, he be burnt forthwith."—*Siete Partidas*, tit. 7, ley 9.

Note 9, *page* 473.

The works of Tostado. A nickname given to Dr. Alonso de Madrigal, the Bishop of Avila, who flourished in the reign of Don Juan, King of Castile. He printed more books than any author of his age, his Latin folios alone numbering twenty-four, while there are many in Spanish, and not a few in manuscript in the Royal Library of Madrid.

Note 10, *page* 474.

There is no book so bad . . . that it does not contain, etc.

Nullum esse Librum tam malum, ut non aliqua prodesset.
Plinius, senior, *Epistolæ*, lib. 3, ep. 5.

Note 11, *page* 475.

Stultorum, etc. See Ecclesiastes (Vulgate) x. 15. A left-handed compliment of the bachelor.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEREIN SANCHO PANZA SATISFIES THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO OF HIS DOUBTS, AND RESOLVES HIS QUESTIONS; WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY TO KNOW AND TO BE RECORDED.

SANCHO came back to Don Quixote's house, and returning to the former conversation, he said, "Touching that which Sir Sampson said he wanted to know, as to who, or to how, or to when my ass was stolen, I answer and say that that same night when, flying from the Holy Brotherhood, we got into the Sierra Morena, after the adventure without vantage of the galley-slaves, and of the dead corpse which some were taking to Segovia, my lord and I betook ourselves to a thicket, where my lord resting on his lance, and I on my Dapple, bruised and tired out for the frays we had come through, we fell to sleep as if we were stretched on four feather-beds. Especially did I sleep: such a heavy sleep, that he whosoever it was took the opportunity to come and prop me up on four stakes, which he fixed to the four corners of the pannel in such a way as left me mounted on it, and

he drew Dapple out from under me without my feeling it."

"This is an easy enough thing to do, and it is no new trick; for the same happened to Sacripante at the blockade of Albraca, when that famous thief called Brunnelo, with the same invention, stole the horse from between his legs."

"Daylight came," continued Sancho, "and scarcely had I stretched myself, when the stakes gave way, and I came to the ground with a great fall. I looked round for the ass, and did not see him; the tears rushed to my eyes, and I made a lamentation, which if the author of our history has not set down, let him be sure that he has left out a good thing. At the end of I know not how many days, coming with the lady Princess Micomicona, I spied my ass, and him who came on it in a gipsy's dress—that Gines de Passamonte, that liar and damnable rogue, whom my master and I delivered from the chain."

"The error lies not in this," replied Sampson, "but in that before the ass appeared the author says that Sancho went mounted on the same Dapple."

"As to that I know not what to answer," said Sancho, "except that the historian was deceived, or it might be that the printer was careless."[1]

"That will be it, no doubt," said Sampson. "But what became of the hundred crowns? Were they melted?"

Sancho answered, "I spent them for the benefit of my own person, and that of my wife and my children; and they have been the cause of my wife

bearing with patience the ramblings and rovings which I have made in serving my master sir Don Quixote. If, at the end of such a long time, I had come back home without a farthing and without the ass, an accursed welcome would have awaited me. And if there is anything more you want to know of me, here I am, and will answer the king in person; and it is nobody's business to meddle about whether I barter or do not barter, or if I spend or do not spend. I know if the cudgellings which they gave me in those journeyings were to be paid for in money, although they were rated at no more than four maravedis apiece, another hundred crowns would not pay me the half of it; and let every man put his hand on his breast, and not judge white for black, nor black for white; for every one is as God made him, and even worse sometimes."

"I will take care," said Carrasco, "to charge the author of the history, if he prints it again, not to forget this which good Sancho has said, for it will raise its value a good quota."

"Is there aught else to be amended in this story, sir bachelor?" inquired Don Quixote.

"It is very likely," he answered; "but nothing of such importance as that already mentioned."

"Doth the author by chance," said Don Quixote, "make any promise of a Second Part?"

"He doth promise," answered Sampson, "but says that he has not yet found it, nor does he know who has it; so that we are in doubt if it appear or not. And as much for this as for what some say, that Second Parts are never good, while others, that there is

enough written of Don Quixote's things—it is yet in doubt whether we shall have a Second Part; though all who are more jovial than saturnine cry out, 'Come on with more Quixoteries; let Don Quixote charge and Sancho Panza talk, and come what else may, for with these we shall be happy.'"

"And how seems the author to be inclined?"

To which Sampson answered, "As soon as he finds the history, for which he is looking with extraordinary diligence, he will at once send it to be printed, being prompted more of interest, if he can make gain by it, than of any praise whatever."

On which Sancho exclaimed, "Does the author look for money and interest? Then it will be a marvel if he succeeds; for there will be nothing but hurry-scurry, like a tailor at Easter Eve, and your hurried works are never finished so nicely as they are wanted to be. Let this master Moor see well what he is about, for I and my master will serve him out as many remnants, in the matter of adventures and different haps, as shall help to make not only a Second Part, but a hundred. The honest fellow thinks, no doubt, that we sleep on straw here; well, let him look to our shoeing, and he shall find on which foot we halt. What I would say is that, if my master would take my advice, we should now be on our campaigns, undoing wrongs, and setting things to rights, which is the use and custom of all good knights-errant."

Scarcely had Sancho concluded these arguments, when the neighings of Rozinante reached their ears; which neighings Don Quixote took for most happy

omen, and he resolved to make another sally within three or four days from that time. Telling the bachelor of his intention, he asked him advice as to the best part in which to begin his journey.

The bachelor replied that, to his seeming, he should make for the kingdom of Aragon and the city of Saragossa, where, within a few days, there were to be held certain very grand tournaments for the feast of St. George, in which he might win fame above the Aragonian knights, which would make him famous above all others in the world; then he praised his most honoured and most valiant resolve, and bade him be wary in attempting dangers, for that his life was not his own, but pertained to all those whom he would succour and shield in their distresses.

"This is what I forswear, Master Sampson," struck in Sancho at this point, "that my master makes no more of attacking a hundred armed men than a greedy boy thinks of swallowing half a dozen melons. By the body of the brave world, sir bachelor, but there is a time to charge and a time to retreat, and it has not always to be 'St. Jago! and charge, Spain!' More, I have heard say—and, by my master, I recollect well—that of the extremes of cowardice and rashness, courage lies in the middle; and if that be so, I would not have him to fly without knowing why, nor to charge when the size of the thing calls for something else. But, above all, I have to avise my master that if he takes me with him, it has to be on one condition—that he has to do all the battling, and that I shall not be obliged to do anything but to look after his person

in all that concerns his food and clothes, and keeping him sweet and clean. And in all that I will serve him nimbly and well; but to fancy that I will lay hand to my sword, although it be against rascal padders armed with axes and helmets, is to fancy what I will not do. I, Sir Sampson, do not set up to win fame for being valiant, but for being the best and most loyal squire that ever served knight-errant; and if my master sir Don Quixote, obligated of my many and good services, likes to give me some island of the many which his worship says he has to run against out there, I shall be much bound to him in that. And if he does not give me one, I will say I am born—good—and a man has not to live on the faith of another,[2] but only on God; and more than right well I shall relish the bread of a private man, perhaps much better than that of a governor. And how do I know, perchance, that the devil will not rig me up some trap in these governments, into which I shall stumble and fall, and knock out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I think to die; but if, with all this, freely and willingly, without much care and without much risk, Heaven shall be pleased to provide me some island, or something else like it, I am not such a fool as to throw it away. As they say: 'When they give you a calf, hurry up with the halter;'[3] and, 'When good luck comes to thy house, give it welcome.'"

"Thou, brother Sancho," said Carrasco, "hast spoken like a learned clerk; but, withal, trust thou in God, and in sir Don Quixote, that he will give thee not only an island but a kingdom."

"The big is as likely as the little," answered Sancho, "although I may tell Master Carrasco that my master will not put the kingdom he has to give to me into a split bag; and I have felt my own pulse, and find me in health enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and I have already told my master this many times."

"Look you, Sancho," said Sampson, "office changes manners; and it might come to pass that, in finding thyself a governor, thou wouldst not know the mother which bore thee."

"That may be supposed," answered Sancho, "of those who were born without God's fear, but not of those whose souls are laid four fingers thick with old Christian grease, as mine is.[4] No, an you think of my condition, you will find that I can be ungrateful to nobody."

"God grant it!" said Don Quixote; "and we shall see when the government comes, the which, methinks, I have already between the eyes."

This said, he entreated the bachelor, if he were a poet, that he would so favour him as to write some verses which should treat of the farewell he thought to take of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and hinted that at the beginning of each line he should place a letter of her name, in such sort that at the last of the lines, putting the first letters together, there might be read DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.[5]

The bachelor answered that in spite of his not being one of the famous poets of Spain, of whom they say there are not more than three and a half,

he would not fail to write the verses, although he should be sure to find great difficulty in their composition, for that the name was made up of seventeen letters; and that if he made four *castellanas* of four verses, there would be one letter over, and if he made them of five, which are called *decimas*, or *redondillas*, there would lack three letters; but, nevertheless, he would include one letter as best he could, so that the four *castellanas* should embrace the name of Dulcinea del Toboso.

"Let it be so by all means," said Don Quixote; "for if the name were not patent and manifest, there will be no woman who will believe that the verses were made for her."

Upon this they agreed, and that the departure should be eight days from that time. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the priest and Maese Nicholas, from his niece and the housekeeper, that they might not hinder his honourable and valorous resolve.

Carrasco promised all, and with that took his leave, charging Don Quixote that when opportunity served he should send him word of all his good or ill successes. Thus they took leave of each other, and Sancho went to put in order what was needful for his journey.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV.

Note 1, *page* 481.

The printer was careless. "This is rich," observes our old friend and commentator, "that Sancho, who could neither read nor write, sets himself up as reprehender of master printers." I also would echo this praise of the comic touch of our author, and commend it to that numerous swarm of his critics who are wise above that which is written.

Note 2, *page* 485.

Not to live on the faith of another. There is a proverb to this effect: *En hoto del Conde no mates al hombre.* The Spanish commentators are at a loss to understand the phrase, "I was born," and think it a printer's error for "I was born naked."

Note 3, *page* 485.

When they give you a calf, hurry up with the halter (Cuando te dieren la vaquilla, corre con la saguilla). Used by the Archpriest of Hita in another form, and several times repeated in this Second Part.

Note 4, *page* 486.

Four fingers thick with old Christian grease, as mine is. To understand this religious pride of Sancho, it is necessary to know that in the time of Cervantes all Spanish Christians without taint of Jewish or Moorish blood formed a secondary nobility. No convert to Christianity could hold office in the state, or take holy orders; while in Toledo, for example, he could not follow certain trades or professions, or practise some of the industrial arts. Sancho's boast that he might one day come to be a count was justified by the laws of his country.

Note 5, *page* 486.

Dulcinea del Toboso. The species of composition here

alluded to, Clemencin thinks needful to point out, is called an acrostic—an artifice unknown to ancient classic writers, and was first used by Porfirio Optaciano, an Italian poet of the fourth century; it then became very common, and took the form of burying the names of ladies between the ending of one word and the beginning of another, in verses made in their praise or censure, after this fashion—

*Feroz sin consu*elo y Sa*ñuda dama,*
Remedia el trabajo a na*die crudero,*
A quien le guio mar*tirio tan fiero,*
No seas leon o r*eina pues t'ama.*
*Cien males se do*blan ca*da hora en que pene*
*Y en ti de tal gu*isa bel*dad pues se asienta*
*No seas cru*el en a*si dar afrenta*
*Al que por te a*mar ya *vida no tiene.*

In this doggerel there is a woman's Christian name buried in each line; and in this way was poetry degraded at that time in Spain.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE DISCREET AND PLEASANT DISCOURSE WHICH PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA, AND OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF HAPPY MEMORY.

WHEN the translator of this history came to write its fifth chapter, he said that it must be apocryphal, for that Sancho speaks in it in a different style to that which was promised of his slender genius, while he says things which are so subtle, that he cannot hold it as possible that he should know them; but, in order to comply with that which he owed to his duty, he had no mind to omit translating them; so he proceeded, saying:—

Sancho reached his house so jocund and merry, that his wife perceived his mirth a bowshot off, so much that she was compelled to ask him, "What means it, friend Sancho, that thou comest so joyful?"

To which he answered, "Wife of mine, if it were God's will, I would be content not to be so pleased as I show me to be."

"Husband, I do not understand thee," said she,

"and know not what thou sayest in this, that if it were God's will, thou wouldst be content not to be so pleased. Silly wife that I am, I know not how to receive pleasure from not having it."

"Look you, Teresa," answered Sancho, "I am jolly because I have determined to return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who has a mind to go for the third time in search of adventures, and I go back with him; because my necessity will have it so, together with the gladsome hope, that I may be able to find another hundred crowns like those just spent, although it makes me sad having to part me from thee and from my children; and if it were God's pleasure to give me my bread at home, without dragging me by those rough roads and cross-ways—which he could at little cost, and with no more than willing—it is clear that my joy would be firmer and stronger than it can be now, mixed as it is with sadness at having to leave thee. So that I said well when I said that, if it were God's will, I would be content not to be so pleased."

"Look you, Sancho," answered Teresa, "ever since thou hast been a member of the knights-errant, thou talkest in such a roundabout way that nobody can understand thee."

"Enough that God understands me, wife," said Sancho; "he is the understander of all things. And let this rest now; and mind, sister, that it will become thee to bestow thy care for the next three days on Dapple, that he may be able to shoulder arms; therefore double his allowances, look carefully to the pack-

saddle and the rest of the harness. For we go not to weddings, but to round the world, and hold givings and takings with giants, with dragons, and horrible monsters, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings, and howlings; and even all this were lavender flowers, but that we have to undertake with Yangueses and enchanted Moors."

"I can well believe, husband," replied Teresa, "that errant squires do not eat their bread for nothing, and so I will remain, praying to our Lord that he will bring thee quickly out of so much evil venturing."

"I say to thee, wife," answered Sancho, "that if I did not expect to see me before long governor of an island, I should drop down dead on this spot."

"No, husband dear, not that," said Teresa; "'Long live the hen, even though with her pip;' live thou, and let the devil fly away with all the governments there are in the world. Without government didst thou come from thy mother's womb, without a government hast thou lived until now, and without a government shalt thou go, or shalt thou be carried, to the grave when God shall please. How many folk are there in the world who are without governments? and yet not for that do they die, but are reckoned in the number of the people. The best sauce in the world is hunger, and as the poor never lack for this, they always eat with relish. But, look you, Sancho, if by chance thou comest on a government, do not forget thee of me and thy children: think that Sanchico is full fifteen, and it is right that he went to school, if so be that his uncle will have

him made for the Church; and mind thee that Mari Sancha, thy daughter, will not die if we marry her. She gives plenty of tokens that she desires after a husband, as much as thou after a government; and, in short, better seems the daughter ill wived than well kept."

"By my troth," quoth Sancho, "if God is so good as to get me anything of a government, I shall, wife mine, marry Mari Sancha so high, that they will not reach her with less than calling her your ladyship."

"Not so, Sancho," answered Teresa. "Wed her to her equal, which is the safest; for if, instead of clogs, thou givest her chopines and a farthingale and placket,[1] instead of her grey petticoat, and, in place of *Polly* and *thou*, *Doña So-and-so* and *ladyship*, the girl will not know where to find herself, and at every step she will fall into a thousand idle shallow things, showing the weft of her woof to be thick and coarse."

"Be silent, fool," said Sancho; "all that is needed is to use her to it for two or three years, and after then the ladyship and the composure will fit her like a glove; and if not, what does it matter? Let her be my lady, and then happen what may."

"Measure thyself, Sancho, with thy estate," said Teresa, "and seek not after greater, and bethink thee of the proverb, 'Wipe thy neighbour's son's nose and take him home.' For certain, it would be a pretty thing to marry our Mari with a great county, or with a gentle of some old family, who, when the fancy took him, would look upon her as new, calling her a country dam, or clodbreaker's or hemp-spinner's

daughter. Not in my time, husband; bring money, Sancho, and leave marrying her to my care. There is Lope Tocho, son of Juan Tocho, a lusty youth and hale, and we know him, and I know that he looks with no unkind eye on the lassie; and with him, who is our equal, she would be well married, and we should always have them under our eye; and we should be all one, parents and children, grandchildren and sons-in-law, and, walking in the peace of God, we should have his blessing on us all; and do not marry me her in these courts and these grand palaces, where they will not know her, and she will not understand them."

"Come hither, cow and wife of Barabbas," replied Sancho; "why wouldst thou now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one who will give me grandchildren whom they will call lords and ladies?' Look you, Teresa, I have always heard my betters say that he who knows not how to entertain fortune when she comes, has no right to grumble when she passes him by; and it would not be right, now that she is knocking at our door, to put on the lock; and so let us make the most of the favourable wind that is blowing for us."

[For this mode of speech, and for what Sancho says below, the translator of this history declares that he holds this chapter to be apocryphal.]

"Does it not seem to thee, animal," continued Sancho, "that it will be well for me to give my body to some profitable government, which will lift our feet out of the mud, and marry Mari Sancho with whom

I please; and thou shalt see how they will call thee Doña Teresa Panza, and thou sittest at church on thine own carpet and cushions and tapestries, in spite and in desperation of the gentlewomen of the place? No; only we must remain as we are, without increase or decrease, like a picture figure. But speak we no more of this; Sanchica shall be a countess, whatever thou sayest."

"Mind what thou sayest, husband," answered Teresa, "for with it all I am afeard this countess-ship will be my daughter's perdition. Do thou what thou pleasest, make her a duchess or a princess, but I would have thee to know that it is with no will nor consent of mine. Always, brother, have I been a friend to equality, and could not bear me to see pride without bottom: Teresa they gave me in my baptism, a bare and simple name, without make-weights, or borderings, or gewgaws of dom or donee; Cascajo was my father's name; and I, for being thy wife, am called Teresa Panza, though by good right they ought to call me Teresa Cascajo. But there go the laws where the kings do go, and with this name I am content, without putting a Don atop of me, which weighs so heavy that I cannot carry it; and I have no mind to give occasions to them who see me dressed out like a countess or a governess, to say, 'See how proud the slattern goes; yesterday she was spinning of flax, and went to church with her petticoat over her head, and now to-day she goes in a cloak with brooches, puffed up so big that she cannot see us!' If God keeps me in my seven or my five senses, I do not mean to give

occasion for them to find me in that pinch. Go thou, brother, to be a governor, or an island, and puff thyself up to thy liking; my daughter and me, no, not for my mother's century, will we stir a step from our village. Let the good wife, like the broken leg, stay at home, and let the modest maid find her holiday in making something. Get thee gone, with thy Don Quixote, to thy adventures, and leave us to our ill fortunes, which God will make better if we are good; and I wonder who it was who put Don on him, for I am sure that neither his father nor his grandfather ever had it."

"I tell thee now," said Sancho, "that thou hast got some familiar in that body of thine. God bless thee for a wife! what a heap of things hast thou strung together without feet or head! What has Cascajo, brooches, proverbs, and being puffed up, to do with what I have said? Come thee hither, thou stupid and ignorant thing (for so I may call thee, seeing thou understandest not what I say, and wilt fly thee from good fortune): if I had said that my daughter was to throw herself down from some tower, or that she was to go rambling about the world, as the Infanta Doña Urraca[2] chose to do, thou wouldst have some right in not coming into my liking; but if in the turn of a hand, or at least in the twinkling of an eye, I can fit thee a Don, and mount thee with a lady-ship, and take thee from the stubble and set thee in pomp and on a pedestal, and in a room with more velvet cushions than the Almohades of Morocco[3] had Moors in their lineage, why wilt thou not agree, and wish what I wish?"

"Wouldst thou know why, husband? It is for the proverb which says, 'He that covers thee discovers thee;' over the poor all quickly pass their eyes, but they fix them on the rich; and if So-and-so be rich who was at one time poor, then comes the murmuring and cursing; and the worst is your cursers who never leave off, but crowd in the streets like swarms of bees."

"Mark, Teresa," said Sancho, "and listen to what I am now going to tell thee: perhaps thou hast never heard it in all thy born days; and I do not now speak what is mine own, for all that I think of telling thee are sentences of the preaching father who last Lent preached in this village, who said, if my memory does not deceive me, that all things of the present which our eyes see, appear to be, and are in our minds, much better and are thought of with more vehemence than the things of the past."

[These arguments which Sancho is here using are additional reasons why the translator says he holds this chapter to be apocryphal, for that they exceed the capacity of Sancho, who continued, saying:—]

"From whence it follows that when we see any person dressed fine, and made up with rich clothes, and with pomp of servants, it seems that we cannot help being moved and invited to hold him in respect, although the memory may represent to us in that instant some meanness which we have seen in that person, be it either of poverty or lineage, which, being already passed, is not, and that which we see present is; and if this one, whom fortune

has raised from the rough of his meanness (for these same reasons said the holy father) to the top of his prosperity, turns out to be well bred, liberal, and courteous to all, and does not set himself off as one of the ancient nobles, then hold thee for certain, Teresa, that there will be nobody to recollect what he was, but will reverence what he is, excepting the envious, from whom not one prosperous fortune is safe."

"I do not understand thee, husband," said Teresa. "Do what pleaseth thee, and do not crack my head with thy harangues and rhetoric; and if thou art revolted to do what thou sayest——"

"Resolved, wife, thou shouldst say," said Sancho, "and not 'revolted.'"

"Do not set thyself to make dispute with me, husband," answered Teresa; "I speak as God pleases, and do not meddle with what is above me; and I say that if thou art bent on being a governor, that thou shouldst take our son Sancho with thee, and begin to train him how to hold a government, for it is right that sons should inherit and learn their fathers' callings."

"As soon as I get the government," said Sancho, "I will send for him by post, and I will send money to thee, for I shall not lack that; for there are always folk willing to lend money to governors when they have got none;[4] and do thou dress him so that he may look like not what he is, but what he has to be."

"Send thou the money," said Teresa, "and I will dress him up like a maypole."

"So, then, we rest agreed," said Sancho, "that our daughter is to be a countess?"

"The day in which I see her a countess," answered Teresa, "I shall reckon her buried; but I tell thee again, do what pleaseth thee, for women were born to obey their husbands even though they be nobodies." And here she began to cry as heartily as if she saw Sanchica already dead and buried.

Sancho pacified her, and told her that although he must make her a countess, he would put it off as long as he could.

So ended their discourse, and Sancho returned to see Don Quixote, to put things in order for their going away.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V.

Note 1, *page* 493.

Chopines and a farthingale and placket. The chopine was the foot-gear of high-born ladies; the soles were made of cork, to save from damp, and sometimes very thick, to increase the stature. The placket, or petticoat, was also part of a lady's dress, and sometimes made of rich silk, to the scandal of Fray Hernando de Talavera, Archbishop of Granada.—See his invective against finery, cap. 22. Shakespeare's words might serve for those of Teresa :—

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales, and things.

Note 2, *page* 496.

Rambling about the world, as the Infanta Doña Urraca. Urraca was a daughter of Ferdinand the Great; and Sancho evidently alludes to the strange words uttered by her at her father's death-bed, as recorded in the following old ballad, taken from the *Silva de Romances*, 1550:—

The king was dying, slowly dying, the good King Ferdinand;
His feet were pointed to the east, a taper in his hand;
Beside his bed, and at the head, his four sons took their place,
The three were children of the queen, the fourth of bastard race.

The bastard had the better luck, had rank and splendid gains,
Archbishop of Toledo he, and primate of the Spains;
"Thou mightst be Holy Father, son, were I not doomed to die,
But with thy large estate, my son, thou still mayst soar as high!"

While thus they stood, Urraca came, the fair Infanta she,
And while she looked upon her sire, she said right bitterlie:
"Saint Michael keep thy soul, my sire, if thou must yield the ghost;
Thy good broad lands thou hast bequeathed to those who urged thee most.

"To good Don Sancho comes Castile, Castile the fair and gay,
To Don Alfonso proud Leòn, Don Garcia has Biscay;

But as for me, a woman weak, no heritage have I,
And I may ramble o'er these lands, a lonely maid, or die!

"But 'tis not justice, noble sire, and honour may be lost;
Myself I'll give and all I have, to those who urge me most;
To Christians for the favour's sake, to Moors for bread and dole,
And all the gear I get will go in masses for thy soul!"

"Peace, peace, my daughter!" cried the king, "thy sex such language shames;
The woman who can use such words, doth well deserve the flames!
In Old Castile there stands a town thou mayst hereafter claim,
A town well-peopled and well-walled, Zamora is its name;

"On this side rolls Duero's stream, on that bold rocks do frown;
The Moorish land is round about, in sooth, a noble town;
Who dares to rob thee of thy right, my curse be on his head!"
"Amen, amen!" they all replied; Don Sancho nothing said.

Note 3, *page* 496.

Almohades of Morocco. In the original Sancho compares the *almohadas de velludo* with the *Almohades* de Marruecos; the first being velvet cushions, and the second a royal race among the Moors of Africa, who succeeded the *Almoravides* in the twelfth century, and ruled also in Spain.

Note 4, *page* 498.

Willing to lend money to governors when they have got none. Herein is included an amount of abuse incredible in the present day, which completed the overthrow of the Inca dynasty in 1789, and the power of Spain in Peru thirty years afterwards. Those who would see a picturesque description of this bribery and corruption must read *Las Noticias Secretas de Ulloa.*

A great part of the dialogue contained in this chapter, although robbed of much of its humour and grace, is taken by Molière and incorporated in his *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, as was first pointed out by Cailhara, *De l'Art de la Comédie*, iii. 426, who also informs us that the French theatre was indebted for the *Cid* to Guillen de Castro, and also for the *Liar* to Lope de Vega, both imitated by Corneille.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THAT WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, HIS NIECE, AND HOUSEKEEPER, AND WHICH IS ONE OF THE MOMENTOUS CHAPTERS OF THE WHOLE HISTORY.

WHILE Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo were holding the aforementioned impertinent dialogue, the niece and the housekeeper of Don Quixote were not idle, and gathered by a thousand signs that their uncle and master intended to let himself loose for the third time, and return to the exercise of his (for them) evil knight-errantry. They tried by all possible ways to turn him from so ill a mind; but it was like preaching in the wilderness, or forging cold iron.

Among other and many arguments which they held with him, the housekeeper said, "Indeed, dear sir, if your worship will not keep on level ground and stay at home, and give up rambling over the hills and across the dales like a lost soul, seeking these which they call adventures, but which I call misfortunes, I will complain, and cry to God and the king to provide a remedy."

To which Don Quixote answered, "Mistress, as

to what answer God may make to thy complaints, I know not, nor yet what his Majesty the king may answer; I only know that if I were the king, I would hold me excused from answering such an infinity of impertinent petitions as are sent to him every day; for one of the greatest labours which kings have to go through, among many others, is being obliged to listen to all, and to answer all. So I have no wish that my affairs should give him trouble."

To which the housekeeper made reply, "Tell us, sir, are there knights in his Majesty's court?"

"Yea," answered Don Quixote, "and many; and it is becoming that there should be, to adorn the greatness of princes and for the pomp of regal majesty."

"Well, could not your worship," she replied, "be one of those who remain to serve on foot his king and lord at court?"

"Consider, friend," answered Don Quixote, "that not all knights can be courtiers, nor can nor ought all courtiers to be knights-errant: there must be of all in the world; and although we were all knights, there is much difference between one and another. The courtiers, without leaving their chambers, or passing the groundsel of the court, traverse the whole world by looking at a map, without spending a farthing, without suffering heat or cold, or hunger or thirst; but we, the true knights-errant, measure the whole earth with our own feet, exposed to the sun, to cold, to the air, to the inclemencies of the sky, of the night, and of day, on horseback as well as on foot; and not only do we

know our enemies by description, but in themselves, and at every step and on all occasion have we to charge them, without standing on trifles, or on rules of the duel: such as, if one carries or does not carry a short lance or sword; if one bears about him relics, or some concealed deceit; or if the sun be fairly divided or not; with other ceremonies of like nature, which are observed in single combat of man to man, which thou knowest not, and I do know. And more must thou know, that, although the good knight-errant should espy ten giants, whose heads not only touch but top the clouds, whose legs in each of them may be likened to two vasty towers, whose arms seem to be the thick and heavy masts of mighty ships, and every eye like a great mill-wheel and more fiery than a glass-house furnace, yet must he show no fear of them in any manner; but with a gentle portance, and intrepid heart, must charge and attack, and, if it be possible, overcome them and put them to rout in one little instant, albeit they come armed with shells of a certain fish,[1] which they say are harder than if made of diamonds, and instead of swords they bring knives edged of Damascene steel, or great maces pointed with points of the same steel, which I have seen on more than two occasions. I have told thee all this, dear mistress, that thou mayest see the difference there is between some knights and others; and it were reasonable that princes should think much more of the second, or, better said, of the first, kind of knights-errant; for, according as we read in their histories, such have there been of them as have

proved the salvation, not only of one kingdom, but of many."

"Ah, dear sir," cried the niece, "bethink, your worship, that all this which you say of knights-errant is fable and lies; and if their histories be not burnt, they deserve that each one should have a *san benito* thrown over it, or some mark to make it known for infamous and a destroyer of good customs."

"By the God who sustains me," said Don Quixote, "if thou were not my niece direct, as the daughter of my own sister, I would use such chastisement on thee, for the blasphemy which thou hast uttered, as should make the world ring. What! is it possible that a child, who scarcely knows how to handle a lace-needle, shall dare to lend her tongue to censure the histories of knights-errant? What would Sir Amadis say if he heard it? But, for certain, he would have forgiven thee; for he was the meekest and most courteous of the knights of his time, and besides a great shield of maidens. But other some might have heard thee, from whom thou wouldst not have escaped so well; for they be not all courteous nor good natured: some are nought and brutish. Not all those who are called knights-errant are so all in all; some are of gold, others of alloy; all have the seeming of knights-errant, but not all can stand the touchstone of truth. There be low-born men who burst to appear knights, and noble knights who appear to strive to die seeming men of lowly birth: those rise either by ambition or by virtue; these fall either for weakness or through vice; and it is necessary to profit by discreet knowledge, in order

to distinguish between these two manners of knights, so like in names, so different in deeds."

"God o' mercy!" cried the niece, "that your worship, sir uncle, should know so much that, if it were needful, you might, at a pinch, mount a pulpit or go and preach in these streets, and yet, for all that, you go on with a blindness so great, and in a folly so notorious, as to be feigning that you are valiant, when you are old; and that you are strong, being infirm; and that you can right wrongs, when you are bowed with age; and, above all, that you are a knight, not being one: for although nobles may be knights, poor men cannot."

"Thou art much in the right, niece, in what thou sayest," answered Don Quixote, "and there are things which I could tell thee, touching lineages, that would make thee marvel; but, not to mix the divine with the human, I will not name them. Mark, friends, there are four kind of lineages (attend to me), to which all others in the world can be reduced: some which had lowly beginnings, and have gone on extending and lengthening until they have reached the sum of greatness; others which began great, and have gone on conserving, and have conserved and maintained their being as they began; others which, although they had great beginnings, finished in a point like a pyramid, having diminished and declined their beginning until they have stopped at little or nothing, as doth the point of a pyramid, which in respect of its base or seat is nothing; others there be, and these be the most, which neither had good beginning nor a reasonable good middle, and so will end without name, as

is the lineage of the plebeian and ordinary people. Of the first, which had an humble beginning and mounted to the greatness which they now conserve, the Ottoman house will serve as an example, which had its beginning in an humble and lowly shepherd, and is at the height we now see it. Of the second lineage, which took beginning in greatness and preserves it without augmenting it, we have many princes for examples, which are such by inheritance, without increasing or decreasing it, who peacefully maintain themselves within the limits of their estates. Of those which began great and ended in a point, there are millions of examples; for all the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with the whole swarm (if it be permitted to use that term) of infinite princes, monarchs, lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and barbarians—all these lineages and lordships have ended in a point or next to nothing, as well they as those who gave them beginning; for it would be impossible to find now any of their descendants; and if they were discovered, they would be in low and humble estate. Of the plebeian lineage I have nothing more to say, but that it serves to increase the number of the living, its greatness deserving no other fame nor other eulogium.

"From all which I have said, I would have you infer, dear fools, that there is a great confusion in lineages, and that those only appear to be great and illustrious which show themselves to be so by the virtues, the riches, and liberality of their possessors. I say virtues, riches, and liberality, because, if the great

be vicious, he will be viciously great, and the rich which is not liberal will be an avaricious mendicant; that the holder of riches is not made happy in possessing them, but in spreading them—not in spending them after his own inclination, but in knowing how to spend them well. To the poor knight there remains no other road to show himself a knight but that of virtue, being kind, well bred, courteous and gentle, and diligent; not proud, nor arrogant, nor a murmurer; and, above all, charitable: for with two mites that with joyful heart he gives to the poor, he shall show himself as liberal as he whose almsgiving calls forth a flourish of trumpets,[2] and there will be no one who, seeing him adorned of these mentioned virtues, although he know him not, but will hold and judge him to be of fine caste. It would be a miracle, were it otherwise, for praise was ever the reward of virtue, and the virtuous will not fail of being applauded. There are two roads, children, which men may take to become rich and honourable: one is that of letters, the other of arms. I have more of arms than of letters, and was born, according as I incline to arms, under the influence of the planet Mars: thus have I almost perforce to follow that way, and by that way I have to go, in spite of all the world; and it would be vain to weary yourselves in persuading me not to attempt that which the heavens ordain, fortune orders, reason demands, and, above all, which my affection desires after. Well, in knowing, as I know, the innumerable toils which are annexed to knight-errantry, I know also the infinite good which is to be achieved by it; and I know that the path of

virtue is very strait, and the road of vice broad and spacious; and I know that their ends and terms are different—for that of vice, wide and spacious, ends in death, and that of virtue, narrow and toilsome, ends in life, and not in the life which comes to an end, but in that which shall have no end; and I know, as saith our great Castilian poet[3]—

> *Through thorny paths like these we wander on*
> *To immortality's exalted seat,*
> *Where none who shun the suffering share the throne.*"

"Ah! woe is me," exclaimed the niece, "if my master be not also a poet! He knows everything, and can do everything; I'll wager that if he had a mind to be a mason, he would know how to build a house, as well as make a birdcage."

"I promise thee, niece," answered Don Quixote, "that if these chivalrous thoughts did not possess all my senses, there is nothing which I could not do, nor beautiful thing which my hands could not fashion, especially birdcages and toothpicks."

Here there was a knocking at the door, and demanding who was there, Sancho Panza answered that it was he; and scarcely did the housekeeper know his voice, than she ran to hide herself, so that she might not see him, so much did she abhor the look of him.

The niece let him in; Don Quixote, his master, went to receive him with open arms, and the two shut themselves up in his chamber, where they had another dialogue, in no way inferior to the last.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VI.

Note 1, *page* 504.

Armed with shells of a certain fish. This is one of the favourite conceits of the mad authors of the chivalry books. Thus Don Artisel, travelling in the island of Llanto in search of a maiden, encountered a giant having only one eye, but which shone like the full moon, armed from head to foot in shells of the serpent (*Celidon de Iberia*, canto x.); and in the *History of Esplandian* (cap. 158) we read that the black amazons who fought at the siege of Constantinople as allies of the Turks had their breasts coated with fish scales, which no sword could pierce, and the armour of the giant Grandomo was made of whale's ribs. The curious may also see in the *Olivante de Lauro* (lib. i. caps. 1, 2, 3) an account of a sea monster with which Don Olivante fought, which surpasses all other dreams of sea monsters in the world. It is necessary to read these monstrous exaggerations and outlandish lies, in order to understand and appreciate the radical reform which Cervantes wrought in the writing of books of entertainment.

Note 2, *page* 508.

Whose almsgiving calls forth a flourish of trumpets. See Matt. vi. 2. There is an ancient proverb which says, *Haz buena farina y no toques la bocina* ("Make thou good flour, and blow not thine own horn").

Note 3, *page* 509.

Our great Castilian poet. Garcilaso de la Vega.

CHAPTER VII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, WITH OTHER MOST FAMOUS INCIDENTS.

THE housekeeper no sooner saw Sancho Panza closeted with her master, than she began to suspect their deep designs, and imagining that that conference would end in his resolving on a third sally, she put on her mantle, and, full of grief and pain, went in search of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, it seeming to her that for being a new friend of her master and well spoken, he would be able to persuade him to give up his hare-brained purpose. She found Sampson pacing up and down the courtyard of his house, and on seeing him she fell at his feet in an eagerness of dismay.

When Carrasco saw her so full of sorrow and affright, he asked, "What is this, mistress housekeeper, which has happened to you? You seem ready to give up the ghost."

"It is nothing, dear Master Sampson, but that my master runs out; he runs out, without any doubt."

"Where does he run out, mistress?" demanded Sampson. "Has he pierced any part of his body?"

"He runs out only through the door of his madness. I mean to say, my dear master bachelor, that he wants to run off again—and this will be the third time—to scour the world for what he calls ventures, though why they are so called I do not know. The first time he came back he was laid across an ass, half beaten to death; the second he came on an ox-wain, bundled and locked up in a cage, in which he made believe that he was enchanted; and he came that sad that the mother which bore him would not have known him—he was so wan and lean, with his eyes sunk in the garrets of his brain; so that before I could bring him a little like himself I wasted more than six hundred eggs, as God knows and all the world, and my hens as well, which will not let me tell a lie."

"That I very well believe," answered the bachelor, "so good are they, so fat, and of such excellent breeding, that they would burst rather than say one thing and mean another. In fine, mistress housekeeper, there is nothing the matter; no other disaster has happened, only what it is feared sir Don Quixote may have a mind to do?"

"No," she answered.

"Well, have no care," said the bachelor, "but go home now in peace, and get me something warm dressed for breakfast; and as you go, say the prayer of St. Apollonia, if, that is, you know it; I will soon be there, and we shall see marvels."

"Good lack!" replied the housekeeper, "the prayer of St. Apollonia, did your worship say? This might serve if my master had the toothache, but his distemper is in his skull."

"I know what I say, mistress housekeeper," said Sampson. "Get you gone, and set not yourself to dispute with me; for know that I am a bachelor of Salamanca, and let there be no more babble."

With that the housekeeper went her way, and the bachelor soon after went to hunt up the priest, and to confer with him on that which shall be told in due course.

During the time that Don Quixote and Sancho were closeted, there passed discourses which, with much exactness and true relation, are rehearsed in the history.

Said Sancho to his master, "Sir, I have traduced my wife to let me go wherever your worship may think fit to take me."

"Induced, thou shouldst say, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not 'traduced.'"

"Once or twice," Sancho answered, "if my memory serves me well, I have entreated your worship not to go mending my words, if, that is, you understand what I mean by them; and when you do not, say, 'Sancho,' or 'Devil, I do not understand thee,' and if I make me not clear then, you can set me right, for I am quite fossil."

'Sancho, I do not understand thee," repeated Don Quixote; "I know not what thou meanest by being 'quite fossil.'"

"'Quite fossil' means," answered Sancho, "that I am quite so."

"Still less do I understand thee now," replied Don Quixote.

"Well, if you cannot understand me," answered Sancho, "I do not know how to say it; I do not know any more, and God help me!"

"Now, now, I have it," exclaimed Don Quixote; "thou wishest to say that thou art so docile, so pliant and tractable, that thou wilt trust that which I say to thee, and receive that which I shall teach thee."

"I will bet," said Sancho, "that you found out what I meant at the first, and understood me; only you had a mind to put me out, to hear me make a couple of hundred blunders more."

"It may be so," replied Don Quixote; "and, in effect, what says Teresa?"

"Teresa says," answered Sancho, "that I must keep my eyes open with your worship, and let bonds speak but beards be silent; that he who shuffles does not deal, and one take is better than two I promise thee; and I say that though a woman's advice is not much, he is a fool who does not take it."

"And I say so also," said Don Quixote. "Go on, friend Sancho, for thy lips drop pearls to-day."

"The case is," answered Sancho, "as your worship knows full well, we are all like to die; that we are here to-day, and to-morrow we are not; and that the lamb goes as quick as the sheep, and nobody can promise himself more hours of life in this world than God has a mind to give him. For death is deaf, and when he

comes and knocks at the door of our life, he is in haste, and neither prayers, nor struggles, nor sceptres, nor mitres can stay him, according to what rumour and everybody says, and according to what they preach in pulpits."

"All this is true," said Don Quixote, "but I do not know at what thou art pointing."

"I am pointing," said Sancho, "at your worship giving me a fixed wage every month of the time I serve you, and said wage to be paid out of your estate; for I have no mind to favours which come late, or ill, or never. Let mine come with God's blessing. In short, I want to know how much I gain, though it be little or much; for the hen sits on one egg, and many a little makes a mickle, and while we gain something we lose nothing. In sooth, should it so happen—the which I neither hope for nor believe—that your worship gives me that island which you have promised, I am not so ungrateful, nor carry things to such extreme, that I would not mind if the sum of the rent was gabelled, and my wage deducted cat for cat."

"Sancho, friend," answered Don Quixote, "at times, no doubt, it happens that the cat is as good as the rat."

"I see," said Sancho; "and I'll wager that I ought to have said rat, or rate, and not cat. But that does not matter—your worship has understood me."

"So well have I understood thee," answered Don Quixote, "that I have penetrated the last of thy thoughts, and know the bull's-eye at which thou aimest the innumerable darts of thy proverbs. Look

thee, Sancho, I would willingly give thee a fixed wage, if I had found in any of the histories of knight-errantry an example that would discover and show to me, through the least chink, what they gained each month or each year; but I have read all or the most of their histories, and I do not mind me of having read of any knight-errant setting apart a fixed wage for his squire. All I know is that they all served of grace, and that when they least expected it, if their master met with good fortune, they were rewarded with an island, or with some other thing equivalent, and at least were honoured with rank and title. If on these hopes and additaments thou, Sancho, carest to return and serve me, come and welcome; but to think that I will forsake the ancient usages of knight-errantry, I must be excused. So that, Sancho mine, hie thee home, and make known to thy Teresa my intention; and if she like, and thou likest to remain with me upon courtesy, *benè quidem*, and if not, we are friends as before. For if the dovecot lack not food, it will not lack doves; and mark thee, my son, better is a good hope than a vile hold, and a good complaint than bad pay. I speak after this manner, Sancho, to let thee know that I, as well as thou, know how to dart forth proverbs like rain; and, finally, I wish to say, and I tell thee, that if thou carest not to come with me on courtesy, and to run that chance which I run, stay thee with God, and let him make thee a saint: for me there will be no lack of squires, more obedient, more careful, not so gluttonous, nor such babblers as thou art."

When Sancho heard his master's firm resolution,

the heavens became hung with black, and the wings of his heart fell to the earth; for he firmly believed that his master would not go without him for all the fortunes of the world.

While he stood thus appalled and full of thought, came in Sampson Carrasco, and there followed the housekeeper and the niece, who became very wishful to hear the arguments by which he would persuade their master not to return to his search after ventures.

Sampson came, the famous jester, and embracing him as at the first, with his voice raised he said, "O flower of knight-errantry! O dazzling light of arms! O honour and mirror of the Spanish nation! may it please Almighty God, of his great mercy, that the person or persons who shall put any impediment or obstruction in the way of thy third sally, may never find the way out of the labyrinth of their desires, nor ever achieve their evil wish;" and turning to the housekeeper, he said, "No more need you, mistress, say the prayer of St. Apollonia: I know that it is exactly determined of the spheres that Don Quixote returns to carry out his high and newborn thoughts; and I should much burden my conscience if I did not intimate to him and persuade this knight how that he should no longer timidly hold detained the force of his valiant arm and the goodness of his most valiant soul, for that by this delay he defrauds the wronged of their rights, orphans of protection, maidens of honour, widows of mercy, the married of their prop, and other things of this kind which touch, pertain, and are annexed to the order of knight-errantry. Up, sir Don

Quixote, beautiful and brave! to-day, rather than to-morrow, put yourself and your grandeur in array; and if anything be lacking to give it play, here am I to supply it with my person and my purse, and if it be needful to go and serve your magnificence as squire, I shall esteem it a singular grace so to serve you."

Here Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, said, "Did I not tell thee so, Sancho, that there would be squires to spare? Look thee, he who now offers to be one is none other than the wonderful bachelor Sampson Carrasco, perpetual pastime and delight of the courts of the Salamancan schools, healthy in body, agile in his members, silent, suffering of heat as of cold, of hunger as of thirst, possessed of all those parts which are needed for the squire of a knight-errant; but Heaven forbid that I, for mine own pleasure, should hough and break the pillar of letters and the vase of the sciences, and lop the lofty palm of the fine and liberal arts. Let the new Sampson keep his own country, and in doing it honour, honour at the same time the grey hairs of his ancient fathers; I shall be happy with any squire, now that Sancho deigns not to come with me."

"Yea, I do deign," blurted out Sancho, softened, his eyes full of tears; and he continued, "It shall never be said of me, master mine, that the bread is eaten and the company broken up. Verily, I am come of no ungrateful race; for the world already knows, and especially my village, who were the Panzas from whom I descended. And, more, I know well enough, by many good works and far more fair words, the

desire which your worship has to favour me; and if I took upon me to say what I did about my wage, it was to please my wife, who, when she takes in hand the persuading of a thing, there is no mallet as will drive so tight the hoops of a tub, as she will tighten what she has a mind to. But, in fact, a man has to be a man, and a woman a woman, and as I can be a man wherever I like—I will not deny that—I will be a man in my own house, spite whom it may; and so there is nothing more to do but for your worship to order your testament and its codicil in such a way as it cannot be revolked, and let us get under weigh, that the soul of Sir Sampson be not vexed, who says that he is obliged in his conscience to persuade your worship to go out for the third time into the world; and I over again offer to serve your worship faithfully and loyally, as well and better than all the squires who have served knights-errant in past and present times."

The bachelor was astonished to hear the terms and manner of Sancho Panza's talk; for although he had read the first part of his master's history, he could not believe that he was so laughable as he is painted there. But hearing him make mention of testament and codicil which could not be revolked, instead of testament and codicil which could not be revoked, he believed all that he had read, and confirmed him for one of the most solemn fools of our times; and he said within himself that two such madmen as master and man had not been seen in the world.

At last Don Quixote and Sancho embraced; and in approof, and with the good liking of the grand

Carrasco, who was then their oracle, he ordered that within three days should be the departure, in which time there would be opportunity to prepare what was needful for the journey, and to get a complete helmet, which by all means Don Quixote said he must take.

Sampson made offer of one, for he knew that a friend of his who had it would not say him nay, although, in sooth, the brightness and clearness of the steel were not a little obscured by mould and rust.

The curses which the two—the housekeeper and niece—heaped on the bachelor could not be told; with their hands they plucked out their hair and scratched their faces, after the fashion of the funeral mourners of old,[1] lamenting the departure, as if it were the death of their master.

The design which Sampson had for persuading him again to sally forth was to do that which the history relates farther on—all for counsel of the priest and barber, with whom he had before consulted.

And so it was that in those three days Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what seemed to them convenient; and Sancho having satisfied his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, at eventide, without any one seeing them except the bachelor, who wished to accompany them half a league out of the village, they set out for Toboso; Don Quixote mounted on his good Rozinante, and Sancho upon his ancient Dapple, the saddle-bags well provided with things in regard of belly-wit, and a purse of money, which Don Quixote gave him for whatever might befal.

Sampson embraced him, and entreated that he would let him know of his good or ill fortune, to rejoice with him in the one and to mourn with him in the other,[2] as the laws of their friendship demanded. Don Quixote promised; Sampson returned to his village, and the two went their way to the great city of Toboso.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VII.

Note 1, *page* 520.

The funeral mourners of old. These were the *endechaderas* —women who hired themselves to weep and tear their hair and howl at funerals, called also *plañideras*, and still common in some parts of the queen's dominions. They were once much more common throughout the whole of Spain. Among the proverbs is one of the Jewess of Saragossa, "who blinded herself in weeping others' tears." It was an ancient custom. The following reference is made to it in the testament of the Cid :—

Item : no mourning women hire
Around my bier to cry ;
Enough Ximena's tears for me,
No strangers' tears I buy.

Romance, 69.

The custom is alluded to in the *Lazarillo de Tormes* as follows: "He saw a funeral in the street, followed by a woman calling out in an exceeding great and bitter cry, saying, *O my husband and my lord, whither do they carry thee? To the sad and wretched house? To the home where they eat not, nor drink?*" Reference is also made to the practice in *Las Siete Partidas*, where is set forth that "all such vain crying is null and void, and the tearing of the hair and slashing of the face over dead men ; and it is enacted that if a priest shall go carry the cross to the house of death, and he hear the voices of them that cry for the defunct or *wake* him, he shall turn away from that house and not enter therein."—Tit. 4, lei 100. A similar custom prevailed in New Zealand in "the good old times."—See *Old and New Zealand*, by Lord Pembroke, chap. viii. p. 123.

Note 2, *page* 521.

To rejoice with him, etc. That is, in his ill fortune, and to mourn with him in his good. In this chapter Cervantes, by

means of the banter of the bachelor, sets forth at large the lunacy of Don Quixote, and prepares the reader for the remedy which will in a future chapter be tried for his cure. The remedy fails by accident, and the madness of the knight is increased until the prescribed method of cure is at last administered with success. The failure and what came of it are recorded in chapters xiv. and xv.; the successful cure is given in the chapter which the reader would like to discover for himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THAT WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE AS HE WENT TO SEE HIS LADY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

"BLESSED be mighty Allah!" exclaims Hamete Benengeli at the beginning of this eighth chapter. "Blessed be Allah!" he repeated three times, and says that he bestows these blessings for that now Don Quixote and Sancho are again afield, and that the readers of his delightful history may take notice that from this point begin the exploits and pleasantries of Don Quixote and of his squire. He persuades them to hold in oblivion the passed chivalries of the ingenious knight, and to fix their eyes on those which are to come, which have now their beginning on the road to Toboso, as the others began on the field of Montiel; and it is but little that he demands for the much which he has promised. So he proceeds, saying:—

Don Quixote and Sancho were now alone, and scarcely had Sampson parted from them, when Rozinante began to neigh and Dapple to groan, which by

both knight and squire was held as a good sign and happy omen; albeit, if the truth be told, the groans and brayings of Dapple were more than the neighings of the rouncy; from which Sancho collected that his fortune was to excel and overtop that of his master: building himself, perhaps, on his knowledge of judicial astrology, but I do not know, seeing that the history doth not declare it; only he hath been heard to say that when he stumbled or fell he would have been glad not to have left home, for to stumble and fall brought nothing but a split shoe or a broken rib; and, although stupid, he was not in this very far astray.

Don Quixote said to him, "Friend Sancho, the night is coming on us apace, and with too much darkness for us to see Toboso by daylight, whither I am bound to go before I engage in another adventure; and there will I obtain the benediction and free licence of the peerless Dulcinea, with which licence I think and hold it for certain to finish and give to every dangerous adventure a happy ending; for nothing in this life makes knights-errant more valiant than to find themselves famous with their ladies."

"So I should believe," said Sancho; "but I doubt your worship will not speak with her, nor see her by yourself, at least in any part where you could receive her benediction, unless she threw it over the fences of the yard from where I saw her the first time, when I carried the letter in which went the news of the mad pranks which your worship was going through in the heart of the Sierra Morena."

"Fences of the yard, did they seem to thee,

Sancho," said Don Quixote, "where or from whence hast thou seen that never sufficiently lauded gentleness and beauty? It could only be in galleries, or corridors, or on platforms, or how do you call them, of rich and royal palaces."

"All that may be," answered Sancho, "but they seemed to be fences to me, unless my memory fails me."

"For all, let us on thither, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for though I but see her, be it through fences, or windows, or openings of doors, or garden grates, this shall I gain—that whatever ray of the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes, it will enlighten my mind and fortify my heart, so that I shall be unique, and without equal in wisdom and prowess."

"Why, in truth, sir," answered Sancho, "when I saw this sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so clear as to be able to send out any rays; and it might be, as her worship was sifting that wheat which I told you about, the much dust that blew about put a sort of cloud before her face, and dimmed it."

"What, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "dost thou still persist in saying, in thinking, in believing, and in contending that my lady Dulcinea sifted wheat, it being a duty and business so out of the way of all which is and ought to be done of distinguished persons, who are constituted and preserved for other exercises and pastimes, which show their nobility a bowshot off? Ill dost thou recollect thee, O Sancho, of those verses of our poet, where he paints for us the labours which the four nymphs engage in in their crystal mansions,

when they rose from out the loved Tagus, and sat in the green fields to work on those rich stuffs which the ingenious poet there describes to us, and which were of gold, silk, and pearls wrought in bright contexture. After this manner must my lady have been employed when thou didst behold her; but such is the envy that some vile enchanter bears towards my things, all of those which should bring me pleasure, that he shapes and changes them into different figures to those that belong to them. Thus, I fear me that in that history which they say is going about, in which my deeds are printed, peradventure its author was some sage, an enemy of mine, who has put some matters for others, mixing a thousand lies with one truth, and diverting himself by rehearsing things not beseeming the continuance of an authentical history. O envy, root of infinite ills, worm of the virtues! All vices, Sancho, bear in them I know not what kind of delight, but that of envy brings nothing but loathings, rancours, and rage."

"I am of that mind too," said Sancho; "and I think that in that reading or history which Bachelor Sampson told us of, and which he had seen, my honour too will be tossed about like a girthed-up coach, and, as they say, pitched from here to there and swept clean away. Well, on the faith of an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, nor am I so well off as to be envied—it is true enough that I smack somewhat of being malicious, and have my failings for being sly; but the great cloak of my simplicity, always natural and never cunning, hides and covers all—and if there were nothing else in me but the belief, as I ever

firmly and true believe, in God and in all that which the holy Roman Catholic Church holds and believes, and being, as I really am, the mortal enemy of Jews, the history-makers ought to have some mercy on me, and to treat me well in their writings. But let them say on: naked was I born, naked I remain, I neither lose nor gain; and though they put me in books, and cry me up and down the world in company, I care not a fig, let them say what they list."

"That, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to my seeming, is much like what happened to a famous poet of our time, who, having written a malicious poem against the ladies of the court, did not put nor name in it a certain lady, so that it was doubtful if she belonged to them or not. She, perceiving that her name was not in the list, complained to the poet, demanding of him what he had seen in her that he had not placed her amongst the others, and that he must expand his satire, and put her in, and if not, to look out for what he was born. The poet did as he was requested, and said of her that of which duennas are discreetly silent; and she was content to find herself with fame, although infamous. Of like kind is that which is told of the shepherd who set fire to and burnt down the famous temple of Diana, which was counted as one of the seven wonders of the world, only that his name might live in ages to come; and although it was commanded that no one should speak of him, or make mention of his name in speech or writing, that he might not achieve the end of his desire, yet we know that his name was Erostatus. Of the same

purport is that which happened to the great Emperor Charles V. and a gentleman of Rome. The emperor desired to see that famous temple, the Rotunda, which in ancient times was called the Temple of All Deities, and which now is more happily named *All Saints*, and is the edifice which remains the best preserved of those which heathen Rome did raise, and is that which most conserves the fame of the grandeur and magnificence of its founders. It is in the shape of half an orange, vast in the extreme, and is full lighted, without having more light than that which comes through a single window, or, to speak more correctly, a round skylight, which is at the top, from which the emperor surveyed the edifice. There was with his majesty, and at his side, a Roman gentleman, who pointed out the beauties and fineness of that sacred edifice and renowned architecture. Having descended from the skylight, the gentleman said to the emperor, 'A thousand times, most sacred Majesty, did it come into my mind to embrace me with your Majesty, and to throw me from aloft below, to make my fame eternal in the world.' 'I am grateful to you,' answered the emperor, 'for not having put into execution so evil a thought, and from now henceforth I will give you no occasion to make proof of your loyalty; and it is our command that never again you speak with us, or be found where we are;' and after these words his Majesty bestowed upon him a great favour.

"I would tell thee, Sancho, that the desire after fame is fiery beyond measure. What, thinkest thou, was it which hurled Horatius from the bridge, armed in all

his armour, into the abyss of Tiber? what burnt the arm and hand of Mutius? what urged Curtius to leap into the profound and burning deep which opened in the midst of Rome? what, against all omens which showed to the contrary, made Cæsar pass the Rubicon? and, as examples of more modern times, what scuttled the ships, and left dry and stranded those valiant Spaniards led by the most courteous Cortes in the New World? All these grand and differing deeds are, were, and shall be works of fame, which mortals long after as guerdon and earnest of the immortality which their famous exploits deserve; although we Christian and Catholic knights-errant ought to look more to the glory of the ages to come, which is eternal in the heavenly and ethereal regions, than to the vanity of the fame of this present and passing world, which fame, howsoever long it may endure, shall end with the world itself in its appointed time. So that, O Sancho, let not our works pass the bounds to which the religion we profess hath limited us. We must overcome the pride of giants by our moderation; envy, by generosity and well inclining; anger, by calm content and a quiet mind; gluttony and much sleeping, in eating little and watching much; luxury and lasciviousness, in the loyalty we keep to those whom we have made mistresses of our thoughts; sloth, by traversing all parts of the world in search of adventures which make, or may make, us Christians as well as famous knights. Behold, Sancho, the means by which are achieved the extremes of praise, which are included in a good name."

"All that your worship has said so far," said

Sancho, "I have understood quite well; but I would your worship would absolve me one doubt which at this minute comes into my memory."

"Resolve thee, Sancho, thou meanest. Tell it and welcome; I will answer thee as best I know."

"Tell me, sir," continued Sancho, "these Julias and Augusts, and all those famous knights you have named which are already dead, where are they now?"

"The Gentiles," answered Don Quixote, "without doubt, are in hell; the Christians, if they were good Christians, are either in purgatory or in heaven."

"Good," said Sancho. "Now, let us see: these sepulchres, where will be the corpses of the great lords, have they silver lamps lighted in front of them, or are the walls of their chapels hung with crutches, graveclothes, periwigs, and legs and eyes in wax? And if not with these, what are they hung with?"

To which Don Quixote answered, "The sepulchres of the heathen were, for the greater part, sumptuous temples. They placed the ashes of the body of Julius Cæsar in a pyramid of stone of unmeasurable greatness, which to-day is called St. Peter's Needle. The sepulchre of the Emperor Adrian was a castle as large as a good-sized village, which they called *Molcs Adriani*, which is now the Castle of Angelo in Rome. Queen Artemesia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb which is held as one of the seven wonders of the world. But not one of these sepulchres, and many others which belonged to the Gentiles, were hung about with graveclothes, nor with other offerings and signs which showed them to be saints who were buried there."

"I am coming to that," said Sancho; "and now tell me, which is most, to raise a dead body or to kill a giant?"

"The answer to that is close at hand," replied Don Quixote; "it is most to raise the dead."

"I have caught you," said Sancho. "So then the fame of him which raises the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame to walk, and gives health to them that are sick, and before whose sepulchres the lamps are kept burning, and whose chapels are full of pious people who worship his relics on their knees—will be a better fame for him, in this and the other world, than that which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant in all creation ever had or will have?"

"That truth I also confess," replied Don Quixote.

"Well, then," said Sancho, "this fame, this grace, these prerogatives, as they are called, which the bodies and the relics of the saints hold, and which, with the approbation and licence of our holy mother Church, have their lamps, veils, graveclothes, crutches, pictures, wigs, eyes, and legs, are on purpose to increase devotion and increase the Christian fame; and the bodies of the saints, or their relics, are carried by kings on their shoulders,[1] who kiss pieces of their bones, and adorn with them and make rich their oratories and most valued altars."

"What wouldst thou have me infer, Sancho, from all which thou hast said?" inquired Don Quixote.

"I mean," said Sancho, "that we had better turn saints, and get as quickly as we can the good fame

we lay claim to; and recollect, sir, that yesterday, or the other day—it is so little while ago that I may say so—they canonized or beatified two little barefooted friars, whose iron chains, with which they bound and hurt their bodies, folk have great happiness now in kissing and touching, and they hold them in more veneration than, as they say, the very sword of Roldan, which is in the royal armoury of the king our lord, whom God keep. So that, dear master, of more worth is the humble little friar, of what order he may be, than a valiant knight-errant; God will be better sought with two dozen scourges than with two thousand tiltings against giants, or monsters, or dragons."

"All that is so," answered Don Quixote; "but we cannot all be friars, and many are the ways by which God carries his own to heaven.[2] Chivalry is a religion; there are saintly knights in heaven."

"Yes," answered Sancho, "but I have heard it said that there are more friars in heaven than knights-errant."

"True," replied Don Quixote, "because monks and friars are in greater numbers than knights-errant."

"Are there many errants?" inquired Sancho.

"Many," answered Don Quixote; "but few that are worthy of the name of knights."

In these and other similar discourses did they pass that night, and also the day following, without a thing happening worthy of record, which weighed not a little on Don Quixote.

At last, on another day towards nightfall, they spied the great city of Toboso, the sight of which

rejoiced the spirits of Don Quixote, and made sad those of Sancho, for that he did not know the house of Dulcinea, nor in his life had he seen it, any more than his master had. So that the one for being about to behold it, and the other for never having set eyes upon it, both were equally moved; nor could Sancho imagine what he should do when his master ordered him to Toboso.

Finally, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city as the day should be entering into night; and until that time should come, they remained among some oaks which were there, close to Toboso, when, on the appointed time coming, they went into the city, where things happened as things will.

NOTES TO CHAPTER VIII.

Note 1, *page* 532.

Bodies of the saints, or their relics, are carried by kings on their shoulders. Thus, the arm of St. Dionysius was borne from France to Toledo, and carried from the gate of the city on the shoulders of King Ferdinand and his sons. Four centuries after this, Philip II. begged the corpse of St. Eugenio from Charles IX. of France. The petition was granted, and on the 11th of November, 1565 (Cervantes then being eighteen years old), the body of the saint passed through Alcala de Henares on its way to Toledo, where Philip, with the Prince Charles and the Archdukes Rudolfo and Ernesto, sons of the Emperor Maximilian, with many others, took these bones from the litter, and carried them to the cathedral on their shoulders. Nor is it too much to suppose that Cervantes saw the show: the other shows of crutches, waxen limbs, and eyes are still to be seen in all miracle countries.—*Vide* Clemencin *in loco*, and Dunham's *Spain*.

Note 2, *page* 533.

Many are the ways by which God carries his own to heaven. "Owr swete lorde god of heven that no man wol perissh, but wol that we tourne all to the knowlege of him, and to the blysful life that is perdurable, amonessheth us by the prophete Jeremye that sayth in this wyse: Stondeth upon the wayes and seeth and asketh of olde pathes, that is to say of olde sentence, which is the good waye, and walketh in that way, and ye shall fynde refresshynge for your soules, etc. *Many ben the ways espyritules that lede folke to our Lord Jesu Christ and to the reigne of gloric.*"—Geoffrey Chaucer, *The Person's Tale*, edition 1532, fo. cviii.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THAT WHICH WILL BE FOUND IN IT.

"*It was midnight by the thread*"[1]

more or less, when Don Quixote and Sancho quitted the wood and entered Toboso. The town lay in peaceful silence, for all the neighbours slept a careless sleep, in leg-extended rest, as they say. The night was partly clear, although Sancho could have wished it totally dark, that its shadow might find him excuse for his cozenage. Nothing was heard in all the village but the barking of dogs, which stunned Don Quixote's ears and troubled Sancho's heart; now and then an ass brayed, the pigs grunted, the cats mewed, and these voices of differing sounds were increased by the stillness of the night—all of which the enamoured knight held as an evil omen. Nevertheless, he said to Sancho—

"Sancho boy, take us to Dulcinea's palace; it may be that we shall find her awake."

"To what palace am I to guide you, by the sun's

body?" answered Sancho. "That in which I saw her greatness was a very little house."

"She would then have retired to some small room of the castle, delighting herself with her maids, as is the use and custom of princesses and high-born ladies."

"Sir," said Sancho, "though your worship, in spite of me, will have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this, perchance, the hour to find the door open? and is it fitting for us to go knocking, to make them hear and open to us, putting all the people in uproar and confusion? Are we haply going to make a call at the house of our mistresses, as do the gallants of the town, who come and call, and enter at any hour, however late it may be?"

"Let us find the castle at once," said Don Quixote, "and then I will tell thee, Sancho, what we ought to do; and look thee, Sancho, or I cannot see well, or yonder great and bulging shadow which we see from here will be the palace of Dulcinea."

"Well, guide on, your worship," said Sancho; "perhaps it is so; although, even if I see it with my eyes and touch it with my hands, I will believe as much as I believe it is now daylight."

Don Quixote led the way; and having gone some two hundred paces, he came up with the mass which cast the shadow, and saw a great tower, and he at once knew that the edifice was no palace, but the cathedral church of the place; and he said, "We have come on the church, Sancho?"

"So I see," answered Sancho, "and pray God we

be not come to our burying; for it is no good sign to find ourselves going about graveyards at such hours as these; and more, as I have already told your worship, if my memory do not fail me, that the house of this lady is in a pudding-bag, without any opening at the bottom."

"God curse thee, fool!" exclaimed Don Quixote; "where hast thou found that castles and royal palaces are built in pudding-bags, without thoroughfare?"

"Sir," answered Sancho, "to every country its own custom. Perhaps it is the custom here in Toboso to build palaces and grand houses in pudding-bags; and, I beg your worship, leave me to go and search by these streets and alleys which lie in the way; likely, in some corner I may come on this palace, which I wish the dogs had swallowed before it had set us out on this tramp."

"Speak with decorum, Sancho, of my lady's things," said Don Quixote; "and let us be merry and wise, and cast not the rope after the bucket."[2]

"I will curb myself," said Sancho; "but how can I have patience with what your worship wants, that I, who have only seen the house of our mistress once, should always know it, and be able to find it in the middle of the night, your worship not being able to find it, who must have seen it thousands of times?"

"Thou wilt have me desperate, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "Come hither, heretic; have I not told thee a thousand times that never in all the days of my life have I seen the peerless Dulcinea, and never passed the groundsel of her palace, and that

solely I am enamoured of report and the great fame of her beauty and wisdom?"

"Now I hear it," answered Sancho; "and I say that since your worship has never seen her, no more have I."

"That cannot be," answered Don Quixote, "for at least thou hast told me that thou didst see her sifting of wheat, when thou broughtest the answer to the letter which I sent her by thee."

"Do not stand on that, sir," said Sancho; "for I would have you know that it was also on report that I saw her, and the answer which I brought, for I know her no more than I can strike the welkin."

"Sancho! Sancho!" answered Don Quixote, "there is a time to jest, and a time when jests fall ill and are ill-tuned; because I say that I have never seen nor spoken with the lady of my soul, it is not for thee also to say thou hast not seen or spoken with her, it being quite the contrary, as thou knowest."

While the two were thus discoursing, they perceived one passing by with a span of mules, and by the noise of the plough which they drew along the ground, they supposed him to be a farmer who, rising before daybreak, was going to his tilth; and such was the truth. The farmer came along, singing that ballad which begins—

Frenchmen, ye had sorry luck at the chase of Ronceval.[8]

"May they slay me, Sancho," exclaimed Don Quixote, "if anything good befals us this night! Dost hear what yon clown comes singing?"

"Yes, I do," answered Sancho; "but what has the hunting at Roncesvalles to do with our affair? He might as well have sung the ballad of Calainos, for it had been all one as to our business happening good or bad."

Here the farmer came up, and Don Quixote questioned him, "Canst thou tell me, honest friend—God give thee good hap—where, somewhere here hard by, stand the palaces of the peerless princess, Doña Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"Sir," answered the swain, "I am a stranger, and have only been a few days in this village, serving a rich farmer in tilling of his land. In yonder house in front live the priest and the clerk of the village; between them, or from one of them, your worship shall get to know all about this princess, for they keep a list of all the neighbours of Toboso; although, for my part, I don't think that anywhere in it will be found a princess. There are plenty of ladyships, any one of which might be a princess in her own house."

"Well, among these," said Don Quixote, "she will be, my friend, of whom I am questioning thee."

"It may be so," said the swain. "I give you good day, for here comes the dawn;" and giving his mules a switch, gave no more heed to questionings.

Sancho, seeing his master standing in doubt and abundantly ill at ease, said to him, "Sir, the day comes on apace; it will not be well for the sun to find us in the streets. It will be better for us to go outside the city, and that your worship betake you to some grove close by here, and I will come back anon; nor will I

leave any nook of all this town unsearched for the house, or castle, or palace of my lady, and it would be much ill luck if I did not find it; and, finding it, I will speak with her grace, and tell her where and how your worship rests, waiting for her to give order and contrive for you to see her without question of her modesty and fame."

"Thou hast spoken, Sancho, a thousand sentences wrapped in a circle of brief words; the counsel which thou hast now given to me I like, and take with fine relish. Come hither, boy, and let us seek where I may shade me; to which thou shalt return, as thou sayest, after thou hast searched after and spoken with my lady, of whose discretion and courtesy I hope more than miraculous grace."

Sancho was mad to get his master away out of the place, that he might not discover the lie of the answer on the part of Dulcinea which he had carried to the Sierra Morena; so he made haste to be gone, and straightway he went.

About two miles from the village they found a thicket or wood,[4] in which Don Quixote took shade, while Sancho returned to the city to speak with Dulcinea, in which ambassage there happened things which call for enforced attention and demand new credence.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IX.

Note 1, *page* 536.

It was midnight by the thread. Part of an old ballad of the *Conde Claros*, preserved in the Antwerp collection of 1555 :—

It was midnight by the thread,
And the cocks began to crow,
When Count Claros, sick of love, etc.

The allusion is to the ancient scales or plumb-line ; also the edge of the sword—for the words *filo* and *hilo* are indifferently used—which divides the two sides of the blade. In common parlance, it was exactly midnight ; therefore, the grammarians say, the words "more or less" are out of place.

Note 2, *page* 538.

Cast not the rope after the bucket (No arrojemos la soga tras el caldero). This is spoken, say the commentators, of persons who go to draw water from the well ; the bucket falls from the rope by accident, and then the person, out of pure rage and in despite, throws the rope after it.

Note 3, *page* 539.

THE BALLAD OF GUARINOS.

Frenchmen, ye had sorry luck at the chase of Ronceval—
Fell the star of Charlemagne, died the Twelve Peers one and all ;
There they captured Earl Guarinos, he the admiral of the seas,
Seven Moorish kings were round him like a swarm of angry bees.

Seven times they drew the lot who should have the noble knight,
Seven times Marlotes won it, seized his prize with great delight ;
For he prized him better far, to give lustre to his crown,
Than the kingdom of Arabia and its city of renown.

"Now, by Allah, Earl Guarinos, would you but become a Moor,
Riches you shall have in plenty, though you now be wondrous poor ;

Both my daughters I will give you, one to dress and deck you fine,
And the fairer one to wed you and upon your breast recline!"

When Guarinos heard the offer, firm his answer was expressed:
"Now, may God in heaven forbid it, and his mother Mary blessed!
Moorish faith shall ne'er be mine, I'm a Christian born and bred;
I've a lovely bride in France, 'tis with her I mean to wed."

Like a fury rose Marlotes, thrust him in a dungeon drear;
Gyves were fastened on his hands, never more to grasp the spear;
Water flowed up to his hips, ne'er to press his charger's seat,
Seven loads of iron bound him, from the shoulder to the feet.

Days are passing, days are coming, seven years have come and gone,
Now arrives the gladsome feast, 'tis the morning of St. John;
Then the Christians cull the cypress, myrtle decks the Moorish doors,
And the Jews they scatter rushes to adorn the festive floors.

Now Marlotes, in his glee, bids the Moors a joust prepare,
Bids them rear a massive pile, towering grandly in the air;
Then the Moors they launch their spears, now a shout and then a laugh,
Hurls the one and hurls the other, but they reach it not by half.

King Marlotes marks the contest, and a furious man is he,
Curses all the Moors about him, and proclaims the stern decree:
"Let the infants have no suck, let the grown up eat no crust,
Till that high and mighty pile shall be levelled with the dust."

Don Guarinos in his prison hears the clamour and the jest:
"Now may God in heaven be with me, and his mother Mary blessed!
Either 'tis the king's fair daughter whom they carry to be wed,
Or the feast has come again, when to punishment I'm led."

Then the gaoler standing by turned to him, and thus he said:
"'Tis no daughter of the king whom they carry to be wed,
Neither has the day arrived, day of punishment you fear;
'Tis the great feast of St. John, when the merry have good cheer.

"King Marlotes, in his glee, bade them rear a building high,
Such its grandeur and its height that it reacheth to the sky;
All the Moors have launched their spears, none can bring it to the ground,
King Marlotes in his fury hath decreed, the country round,

"That the infants have no suck, that the grown up eat no crust,
Till that high and mighty pile shall be levelled with the dust."

Up and answered Don Guarinos to the gaoler at his side:
"Give me now my noble steed, that of old I used to ride,

"Give me now my shining arms, that of old I used to wear,
Give me now my sturdy lance, that of old I used to bear,
And that building I will level, though it reach the very sky:
If I fail to keep my promise, as a false knight let me die."

* * * * * * *

Cried Marlotes when he heard it: "Bring the captive to my side,
With my eyes I would behold how the boastful knight can ride;
Let them fetch his ancient charger from the waggon in the field,
Let them buckle on his armour, battered helm and rusty shield."

Laughed and jeered the Moorish monarch when the champion sallied forth:
"See the lofty pile, sir knight, canst thou make it kiss the earth?"
Charged with fury Don Guarinos, dark and fearsome was his frown,
Like a thunderbolt he struck it, with a crash it tumbled down.

Gnash their teeth the raging Moormen, fierce they swarm around the knight,
But Guarinos like a giant nerves him for the fearful fight;
On they come with banners flying, fit to hide the noonday sun,
Never flinches bold Guarinos till his deadly work was done;
Ne'er so furious was his charge, ne'er so fatal was his lance,
Through their ranks he hews a pathway onward to the land of France.

Cancionero de Romances, 1555.

Note 4, *page* 541.

A thicket or wood. Emboscó en un bosque, floresta forét, forest, or *monte*, of full-grown trees. It appears that in answer to some inquiries made by the Government of Philip II., the Tobosians mentioned this little wood in pompous words, and Cervantes is supposed to be indulging in a little satire at the expense of the great city of Toboso. This is an obvious blunder. The passage is directly imitated from *Amadis*, when that knight, returning from the Rock Dolorous, "ensconced himself in a wood close to London city, awaiting the return of his squire Enil, whom he had sent to the peerless Oriana to prepare her for his coming.—*Amadis de Gaula*, c. 56.

CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE CRAFT WHICH SANCHO HARBOURED TO ENCHANT THE LADY DULCINEA, AND OTHER INCIDENTS AS RIDICULOUS AS THEY ARE TRUE.

THE author of this great history, on coming to rehearse that which is contained in the present chapter, declares that he could have wished to let it pass in silence, being fearful that it would not be believed; because the madnesses of Don Quixote here reach their top and outermost limit, and even pass two bow-shots beyond the greatest of them all. In the end, although still in this fear and dread, he has written them as they were enacted, without adding to or taking from the history one jot of the truth, nor minding the objections which would be brought against it as being false. He was right; for truth may be fined but not sundered, and ever mounteth over lies, as oil over water. Therefore, prosecuting his history, he says:—

Don Quixote being ensconced behind the wood, the grove of oaks, or thicket which was close to the grand Toboso, he commanded Sancho to make for

the city, and not to return to his presence without having first spoken on his behalf with his lady, entreating her that she would be pleased to grant her captive knight liberty to behold her, and that she should deign to bestow upon him her blessing, so that he might hope for the most happy issue out of every assault and hazardous enterprise.

Sancho undertook to do as he had commanded, and to bring back as good an answer as he brought the first time.

"Hie thee, boy," returned Don Quixote, "and be not daunted when thou art come before the sun of that beauty which thou goest to discover; happy thou, above all squires of the world! Hold in memory, nor forget, how she receives thee: if she blush at the time thou art delivering mine embassy; if she be stirred or surprised on hearing my name; if she sink upon her cushion; if perchance thou findest her seated on the rich carpet of her state; if she be standing, look thee if she put one foot over the other, and now the other over this; if she repeat her answer to thee twice or thrice; if she changeth it from soft to harsh, from sour to sweet; if she lift her hand to her hair to smooth it, although it be not disordered; finally, lad, mark all her ways and motions: for if thou tellest me of these as they were, I shall resolve me of what she holds hidden in the secret of her heart touching the matter of my love. For know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not, that between lovers all outward acts and motions, when treating of their loves, are certain posts which carry news of what is passing in the interior of their

souls. Arroynt thee, friend, and better fortune than mine be thy guide; and better success haste thee back than that which I await fearing in this bitter solitude, in which thou leavest me."

"I will go and return quickly," said Sancho; "and, your worship, cheer up that little heart of your honour's, which just now can be no bigger than a filbert, and think on what they say, that a stout heart overcomes ill fortune, and where there is no bacon there are no stakes;[1] and they say as well, where you least expect it, there starts the hare. I say this, because if to-night we could not come on the palaces or castles of my lady, now that it is day I may expect to find them; and when found, then leave her to me."

"In sooth, Sancho, thou carriest thy proverbs so to the purpose on which we treat, that I pray God he may give me better hap in carrying my desires."

This said, Sancho turned his back and reversed Dapple, and Don Quixote remained on horseback, resting on his stirrups and leaning upon his lance, full of sad and confused imaginings; where we will leave him, and go with Sancho Panza, who was no less confused and pensive than his master; so much so that scarcely had he sallied from the wood, when, turning his eyes and seeing that Don Quixote was out of sight, he got off his ass, and, having sat himself at the foot of a tree, began to talk with himself, and to say—

"Let us know now, brother Sancho, whither thou art bound. Goest thou in search of some ass which

thou hast lost?—No, for certain.—Well, what seekest thou?—I am off to seek a joke, a thing of laughter, a princess, and in her the sun of beauty and all heaven together.—And where thinkest thou to find what thou sayest, Sancho?—Where? In the grand city of Toboso.—Very well. And on whose part goest thou in this quest?—On the part of the famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who undoes wrongs, and gives to eat him that is athirst, and to drink him which is hungry.—All this is mighty well. And dost know her house, Sancho?—My master says that it is a royal palace, or a proud castle.—And hast ever seen her now?—Neither have I nor my master ever seen her.—And doth it seem good and well to thee that if they of Toboso knew that thou wert here with intent to go and entice away their princesses, and trouble their dames, they should come and baste thy ribs with pure cudgels, and not leave thee a whole bone in thy body?—In truth, they would be much in the right when, that is, they did not recollect that I am under orders, and

A messenger art thou, my friend;
The fault is none of thine.—

Trust not in that, Sancho, for the people of La Mancha are as choleric as they are honest, and will be tickled by nobody. God sort all! for if they smell us, ill luck must fall. Halt, whoreson fool! yonder they pickle thunderbolts.—No. Why do I go looking for three feet on a cat for another's fun?—And to go like this, hunting for Dulcinea in Toboso, is like looking for *Polly* in Ravenna, or *the bachelor* in Salamanca.[2]

—The devil! it is the devil who has got me into this mesh, and none other."

Sancho held this dialogue with himself, and the issue of it was that he said again, "Well, well, there's a remedy for all things except death, beneath whose yoke we have all to pass at the end of life, little as we like it. This master of mine, by a thousand signs which I have seen, is mad enough to be tied; nor do I lag behind him; for I am a bigger fool than he, for I serve and follow him—if the proverb be true, which says, 'Tell me with whom thou goest, and I will say what thou art;' and the other, 'Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed.' He, then, being mad, as he is, and of a madness which most times takes some things for others, and which holds white for black and black for white—as when, to his seeming, he said the windmills were giants, and the friars' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many other things of like tune—it will not be a very difficult thing for me to make him believe that a country girl, the first I light on, is the lady Dulcinea; and if he does not believe it, I will swear it; if he swears, I will swear again; if he wrangles, I will wrangle more, in such sort that my mark shall still be at top, come what will. Mayhap with this wrangling there will be an end of sending me again on like errands, when he finds what ill despatch I bring him; or perhaps he'll think, as I fancy he will, that some bad enchanter of them whom he says design him evil, will have changed her figure to work him harm and damage."

Sancho, with this conceit of spirit, was at rest, and he held his business as well finished. So he waited there till afternoon, to give time for Don Quixote to think that he had been to Toboso and back; and all happened so well that when he rose to mount Dapple, he saw, coming from Toboso towards where he was, three farming lasses mounted on three asses or fillies—for the author does not say; although we may safely believe them to be little donkeys, as being the ordinary cavalry of country maids; but as little depends upon this, we need not detain ourselves in deciding it.

In fine, so soon as Sancho saw the girls, he started off at a round pace in search of his master Don Quixote, and found him sighing and breathing forth a thousand laments. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said—

"How fares it, friend Sancho? Am I to mark this day with a white stone or black?"

"It would be better," said Sancho, "that your worship mark it with red chalk, as they do the lists of those who are to be made doctors."

"After this sort, then, thou bringest me good tidings."

"So good," answered Sancho, "that your worship has nothing else to do than to prick up Rozinante, and sally out on the plain to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with two of her maidens, comes to see your worship."

"Holy God! what is this which thou tellest me, friend Sancho?" exclaimed Don Quixote. "Do not mock me, nor deceive me with thy false mirth to glad my true sorrow."

"What should I gain by mocking your worship," answered Sancho, "and being so close to having my truth made clear? Prick, sir, and come and see how comes the princess our mistress dressed and adorned; in short, just as she is. Her maids and she are just a blaze of gold; they are cobs of pearls, they are all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of gold more than ten piles high; their locks hanging over their shoulders, like so many rays of the sun which go playing with the wind; and, more than all, they come mounted on three spotted belfreys, which does one's heart good to see."

"Palfreys, Sancho, thou meanest."

"There is little difference," said Sancho, "between belfreys and palfreys; but, let them come as they will, they come the bravest ladies that heart can wish, especially the Princess Dulcinea, my lady, who dazes the senses."

"Come, Sancho boy," answered Don Quixote; "and as largess for these tidings as unexpected as they are good, I bestow upon thee the best spoil which I gain in the first adventure which happens; and if this content thee not, I bequeath thee the brood which my three mares shall bear me, which, as thou knowest, are ready to foal this year in the common meadow of our village."

"I stick me to the foals," answered Sancho, "for it is not certain that the spoils of the first adventure will be worth very much."

Here they sallied from out the thicket, and close by they espied the three village girls.

Don Quixote stretched his eyes along the road to

Toboso, and as he saw only the three farming damsels, he was greatly troubled, and asked Sancho if he had left them outside the city.

"How outside the city?" answered Sancho. "Has your worship haply got your eyes at the back of your head, that you cannot see those which come here, glistening like the noonday sun?"

"I do not see, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "other than three country women on three donkeys."

"Now, God deliver me from the devil!" answered Sancho, "and is it possible that three palfreys, or how do you call them, as white as the driven snow should seem as asses to your worship? As the Lord liveth, you shall pluck me off this beard if such be the truth."

"Well, I tell thee, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "it is as true that these be asses, he or she, as I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza; at least, so they appear to me."

"Peace, master!" said Sancho, "say not such a word; but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and do obeisance to the mistress of your thoughts, who is now at hand." Saying this, he went forward to receive the three country girls; and, alighting from Dapple, he seized the headstall of the ass of one of the three girls, and throwing himself on the ground on both knees, he said, "Queen, and princess, and duchess of beauty, be your haughtiness and greatness pleased to receive into your grace and good liking your captive knight, who is there turned to marble, all confused, and without his pulse, for seeing himself in your magnificent presence; I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is the weather-

beaten knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, known by another name as the Knight of the Rueful Visage."

Don Quixote had now put himself on his knees[3] close to Sancho, and stared with eyes drawn from their sockets and troubled looks at her whom Sancho addressed as queen and lady; and seeing nothing in her but a country lass of no fine looks, being round-faced and squat, he was amazed and appalled, without daring to unfold his lips.

The girls were themselves astonished, seeing these two men so different kneeling on their knees, and not allowing their companion to pass. But, breaking silence, the detained one, angry and vexed, cried—

"Get you gone, and be hanged! and let us pass, for we are in haste."

To which Sancho answered, "O princess and universal lady of Toboso, doth not your magnificent heart soften to see kneeling before your sublime presence the column and sustenance of knight-errantry?"

On hearing which, one of the two others cried, "Whoa! Come, let me scratch thee, ass of my father-in-law! See now how the gentles come to jest with we country folk: as if we do not know how to give them back their floutings! Go your ways, and let us go on ours, and God give you good-den."

"Rise, Sancho," then said Don Quixote, "for I perceive that

'*Fortune with ills still swells my sails,*'

and bars every road by which some content might

come to the wretched soul which I carry in this flesh. And thou! O extreme of desired worth, the end of human grace, sole remedy of this afflicted heart which adores thee! now that the malign enchanter doth harass me, putting clouds and cataracts in mine eyes, and for them only, and not for others, has changed and transformed thine unequalled beauty and thy face into that of a poor country girl, if he hath not also changed that of mine into some horrid monster, to make me abhorred in thy sight—deign to bestow upon me one sweet and tender look, and see, in this submission and meek kneeling before thy disguised beauty, the humility with which my soul adores thee."

"Adore my grandmother," quoth the farming wench; "these quips and cranks are thrown away on us. Get out of the way, and let us go, and we will thank you."

Sancho let go, and let her pass, mighty well pleased that his plot had sped so well.

Scarcely did the lass who stood for the part of Dulcinea find herself free, than, pricking her ass with an iron-pointed stick which she carried, she began to scour down the avenue; and as the donkey felt the smart of the goad more than ordinary, he fell to kicking, in such sort that the lady Dulcinea was thrown to the ground; which when Don Quixote saw, he ran to raise her up, and Sancho to right the pack-saddle, which had slipped under the ass's belly. The pannel being girthed, and Don Quixote wishing to raise his enchanted mistress in his arms and set her upon the beast, the lady rose from the ground,

and to save him that trouble stepped a few paces back, took a short run, and, placing both hands on the haunches of the ass, flung her body with a falcon's flight across the saddle, and remained forkedly, as if she had been a man.

Then said Sancho, "By St. Roc! but madam our mistress is swifter than a kite, and can give a lesson to the best Cordovân or Mexican that ever rode a jennet; she jumped at one leap over the crupper into the saddle, and, without spurs, makes her palfrey run like a zebra; and her maidens come not behind her, for they all run like the wind."

Such was the truth; for the moment Dulcinea was mounted, they all made after her, and set to running, without turning to look behind, for the space of more than half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes; and when they were out of sight, he turned to Sancho and said, "Sancho, what thinkest thou? How am I hated of enchanters! And mark thee to what length extends their malice and the grudge they bear me, in robbing me of the happiness of beholding my lady in her own form. In sooth, I was born to be example of wretchedness, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill fortune are levelled and shot. And thou must also note, Sancho, that these traitors were not content with having changed and transformed my Dulcinea, but they must transform and change her into a form so base and ill seeming as yon village slattern, and in the same instant snatch from her that which is the special property of high-

born ladies—to wit, the sweet perfume derived from being ever amongst amber and flowers. For I must tell thee, Sancho, that when I came to lift Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou callest it—though to my seeming it was an ass—she gave me a breath of raw garlic, which turned my head and poisoned my soul."

"O inhuman dogs!" burst forth Sancho, "O black enchanters, and full of all evil! that I might see you strung up by the gills, like sardines on the racks! Much ye know, and much ye can, and much more do ye. Enough it might have been, rascals, for ye to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-balls, and her hair, of most pure gold, into bristles of the tail of a brindled cow, and, finally, all her fair features into ugliness, without touching the smell of her breath, to let us thereby know what was below that foul skin: although, truth to tell, I did not see her ugliness, but only her beauty, which was greatly increased by a mole which she had on the upper lip, like a moustache, with seven or eight hairs, red like gold threads, and more than a palm long."

"This mole," said Don Quixote, "according to the correspondence which holds between those of the face and those of the body, shows that Dulcinea should have another on the broad of the thigh, on the same side, corresponding to that of her face; but hairs of the length thou speakest of are very long for moles."

"Well, I can tell your worship," said Sancho, "that they seemed as if she had been born with them."

"That I believe, friend," replied Don Quixote; "for nature hath not placed anything in Dulcinea

which was not perfect and well finished; and therefore, had she a hundred moles like unto those thou speakest of, in her they would not be moles, but molten moons and brightest stars. But prithee, Sancho, tell me, that which to my seeming was a pack-saddle, which thou didst right—was it a family saddle or a saddle-chair?"

"It was neither, but a side-saddle, with a field cloth worth half a kingdom—it was so rich."

"And why could I not see all this, Sancho?" demanded Don Quixote. "Again I say, and will say it a thousand times, that I am the most unhappy of men."

The sly rogue Sancho had much ado to hide his laughter on hearing the follies of his master, who was so delicately cozened.

Finally, after many other discourses which passed between the two, they mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to Saragossa,[4] where they thought to come in time for certain solemn feasts which are wont to be held every year in that notable city. But before they arrived there, things happened to them which, being many, great, and new, deserve to be written and read, as shall be seen forth onward.

NOTES TO CHAPTER X.

Note 1, *page* 547.

Where there is no bacon there are no stakes. The Spanish commentator is in an ecstasy of surprise over this misreading of the old proverb, "Where you think to find bacon there are even no stakes" (to hang it upon), and exclaims, "Either Sancho, or Cervantes, or the printer has blundered here!" This critic would dry up the fountain of fun, and pump the ocean into the desert, that there might be no more seasick maidens. He cannot, or will not, perceive that Sancho is at his wits' end, and that this could be best shown by his misquoting a proverb. The critic goes on to observe on a passage which will be found a little lower down—"Scarcely had Sancho got him out of the wood . . . when he got off his ass and sat down at the foot of a tree," and says, "This is equal to going away from the pump to get a drink of water;" he admits, however, that, "as it is possible for there to be water outside the pump, so it is possible, quite possible, that there are trees outside of a forest," but he says, "In the language of painters this shows a want of keeping."

Note 2, *page* 548.

Looking for Polly in Ravenna, or the bachelor in Salamanca. The Italian proverb is, "Searching for Maria in Ravenna;" or, as we say, "Looking for a needle in a haystack."

Note 3, *page* 553.

Don Quixote had now put himself on his knees. This gallantry, at one time common, was peculiarly Spanish; on which Don Diego exclaims (iv. 176), "How notably have things changed since this was so! Would that we could see

among us a little more of that gentle courtesy towards the other sex, the absence of which always argues a bad education, and frequently bad manners."

The line at page 553, "*Fortune with ills still swells my sails*," is from Garcilaso, Eclogue iii., Mas la fortuna, de mi mal no harta.

Note 4, *page* 557.

Followed the road to Saragossa. It is in this chapter we find internal evidence that Avellaneda surreptitiously saw the manuscript of Cervantes whilst it was yet in the hands of the printer, from which he discovered the route the knight was to take in searching for new adventures; whilst we also find the remarkable phrase of Sancho at page 548, "Yonder they pickle thunderbolts," which is quoted in chapter xxv. of the spurious *Don Quixote.*

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE RARE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFEL THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE, WITH THE WAGGON OR VAN OF THE ASSIZE OF DEATH.

DON QUIXOTE went very pensive on his forthward way, pondering over the sorry jest which the enchanters had played upon him in turning his lady Dulcinea into the ill form of the village lass; nor could he imagine what remedy to take to restore her to her first state. These thoughts so carried him out of himself that, without knowing it, he let slip Rozinante's reins, who, enjoying the liberty it gave him, at every step stopped to enjoy the green grass which abounded in those fields.

Sancho drew him from his amazement, saying, "Sir, sorrow was not made for beasts, but for men; but if men suffer it too much, they are turned into beasts. Beseech you, sir, forbear; come to yourself, and pick up Rozinante's bridle; cheer up, and rouse you, and show that gallant front which becomes a knight-errant, and which they all have. What the devil is this? What faintness is this? Are we here

or in France? May Satan fly away with all the Dulcineas in the world; the health of one single knight-errant is worth all the enchantments and all the transformations of the earth."

"Peace, Sancho!" answered Don Quixote, with no very faint voice; "peace, I say; and speak no more blasphemies against that enchanted lady, for whose misfortune and distress I am alone to blame. Only of the envy which the wicked bear to me springs her evil plight."

"That is what I say," rejoined Sancho. "Who saw her then and sees her now, whose heart would not break?"

"Well mayest thou say so, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for thou didst behold her in the full lustre of her beauty; the enchantment extended not to the darkening of thy vision, nor to hiding her fairness from thee. Against me only, and against my eyes, was the force of their venom directed. But, withal, I have fallen upon one thing, Sancho, which is that thou didst but ill describe her beauty, because, if my memory serves me, thou saidst she had eyes of pearls. Now, eyes which seem to be of pearls are more fitting for bream of the sea than a lady; to my thinking, those of Dulcinea should be of green emeralds, large, with two celestial arcs to serve as eyebrows; and these pearls, prithee, take them from the eyes and apply them to the teeth, for without doubt, Sancho, thou didst mistake, taking eyes for teeth."

"It might be all that," said Sancho, "for her

beauty confounded me quite as much as her ugliness did your worship. But commend we all this to God; for he it is who knows the things which have to befal in this vale of tears, in this bad world which we have, where hardly shall you find a thing which is not mingled with evil, fraud, and chousing. One thing, master mine, troubles me more than all the rest, which is to think what you will do when your worship masters some giant or some other knight, and you command him to go and present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea: where shall this poor giant or this poor and miserable knight, when overcome, find her? I think I see them walking about Toboso like scarecrows, in search of my lady Dulcinea; and even though they met her in the middle of the street, they will know her no more than they would know my father."

"Perhaps, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "the enchantment will not extend to the taking away the knowledge of Dulcinea from the conquered and presented knights and giants; and in one or two of the first which I overcome and send, we will make experiment whether they see or no, ordering them to return and give me a relation of what in this respect may happen to them."

"I say, sir," replied Sancho, "that what your worship has said seems very good to me, and by this artifice we shall come to know what we desire, and if it be that she is concealed from your worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers; and so the lady Dulcinea hath health and happiness, we, for

what concerns us, must bear it as well as we may, and go on searching after adventures, leaving it to time to work his way, which is the best doctor for these and other greater infirmities."

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but he was hindered by a van which came across the road, laden with the most uncouth and strange personages and figures which could be imagined. It was an uncovered van, open to the sky, without awning or sides; he who guided the mules and served as waggoner was an ugly demon. The first figure which offered itself to Don Quixote's eyes was that of Death itself, with a human face; next came an angel with great painted wings; on one side was an emperor, with a crown of what appeared to be gold on his head; at Death's feet was the god called Cupid, without a bandage on his eyes, yet with his bow, quiver, and arrows; there was also a knight armed in white armour at all points, except that he had no helmet or casque, only a broad-brimmed hat full of feathers of all colours. With these came other personages of different dresses and faces. All of which, seen suddenly, in some sort startled Don Quixote, and struck fear into the heart of Sancho. By-and-by Don Quixote became glad, for that he believed some new and perilous adventure offered; and with this thought, and with a soul disposed to commit itself to whatever danger, he put himself in front of the van, and in a high and threatening voice he called—

"Waggoner, coachman, or devil, or whatever thou art, delay not to tell me who ye be, and where you

go, and who are these people which you carry in your coach, which seemeth more like Charon's boat than any waggon of common use."

To which the devil, stopping the cart, most meekly answered, "Sir, we be players belonging to the company of Angulo el Malo.[1] We played this morning, which is the octave of *Corpus*, in a village on the other side of yonder hill, the drama of *The Assize of Death*, and we have to play this afternoon in yon village which can be seen from here; and because it is so near, to save ourselves the trouble of stripping and having to dress again, we came in the things in which we are to act our parts. That youth is Death; the other an angel; yon woman, wife of the author, is a queen; that other a soldier; that an emperor; and I a demon, and am one of the principal characters of the drama, for I take the chief parts of this company. And if there be anything else your worship wishes to know concerning us, demand of me, and I shall know what to answer with all preciseness; for, being a demon, I am up to everything."

"On the faith of a knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "when I first saw this cart I fancied that some great adventure offered itself to my sword, but now I perceive that it is necessary to be well assured of appearances, if one would not be deceived. Go on your way, good people, God be with you; keep you your holiday; and if there be aught in which I can serve you, that will I do with right good will and readiness; for since I was a boy did I love the players' art, and in my youth mine eyes were ever ravished with comedies."

Whilst they were in these discourses, it pleased chance that there should draw near one of the company who was dressed as a merry-andrew,[2] having many bells, and on the end of a morris-pike[3] he had three ox bladders, blown; which jester, approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with his pike, and to smite the ground with his bladders, and to frisk with his bells in the air, making a great noise, which evil vision so frightened Rozinante, that taking the bit between his teeth, Don Quixote not being able to hold him in, he began to run across country with more speed than would ever have been expected from the bones of his anatomy. Sancho, who thought of the risk his master ran of being overthrown, threw himself from Dapple, and at the top of his speed ran to his help; but by the time he reached him he was already on the ground, and with him Rozinante, who fell with his master—the customary end and issue of the lusty humours of Rozinante and his daring flights. But scarcely had Sancho left his cavalry to go to the help of Don Quixote, than the dancing demon of the bladders jumped upon Dapple, and striking him with them, the fright and the noise, more than the pain of the blows, made him fly over the plain towards the village where they were going to keep the feast. Sancho beheld Dapple's race and his master's fall, and did not presently know to which of the two necessities he should first address himself; but in sooth, like a good squire and faithful servant, the love for his master outweighed his care for the ass; although each time he saw the bladders raised in the air and fall

upon the haunches of his Dapple, they were for him so many gripes and frights of death, and rather would he that they had given him those blows in the apples of his eyes, than that they should fall on the smallest hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity of tribulation, he came up to where lay Don Quixote, who was in much worse case than he could have wished, and as he helped him to mount Rozinante, he said—

"Sir, the devil has fled away with Dapple."

"What devil?" inquired Don Quixote.

"He of the bladders," answered Sancho.

"Well, I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, "even though he hid himself with him in the deepest and darkest dens of hell. Follow me, Sancho; the waggon goes but slowly, and with its mules thou shalt be satisfied for the loss of Dapple."

"There is no need for you to go about that business, sir," said Sancho. "Be your worship's anger tempered; for, according to my seeming, the devil has now given up Dapple, and is coming back to his crib."

And so it was; for the devil having fallen with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante, the devil hied him on foot to the village, and the ass returned to his master.

"For all that," said Don Quixote, "it will be well to chastise the ill manners of that demon in the person of some one of those of the waggon, even if it be in that of the emperor himself."

"Good your worship, fly you from that fancy," pleaded Sancho, "and take my counsel, which is never to quarrel with players, who are favoured people. I

lately saw a player who was prisoner for two murders, and he got off free and without costs. Know, your worship, that as they are merry folk and give pleasure, all men favour them, all shield them and help and esteem them, and more when they are of the royal companies, or those of the nobles; for all, or most of them, in their dresses and ways seem so many princes."

"Notwithstanding," said Don Quixote, "the comic demon shall not escape me, or win applause for what he has done, even though all mankind befriended him."

Saying this, he rode after the waggon, which was now pretty close to the village, and as he went he cried in a loud voice, "Halt! await me, my merry, frolicsome men; I will teach you how to treat the asses and hunters which serve for the cavalry of squires of knights-errant."

Don Quixote's cries were so loud that they were heard and understood by those of the waggon, and, judging his intent by his words, in an instant Death leaped from the waggon, and after him the emperor, then the devil the driver, and the angel, not omitting the queen or the god Cupid; and all charged themselves with stones, and put themselves in array, waiting to receive Don Quixote at the point of their pebbles.

Don Quixote, who saw them disposed in such gallant order, their arms raised in warlike mien, ready to discharge their bolts with great force, drew Rozinante's rein, and set himself to think how he could assault them with least risk to his person.

In this delay Sancho came up, and seeing him poised to attack that well-formed squadron, he said—

"It would be more than madness to attempt this enterprise. Consider, your worship master mine, that against this soup of the brook[4] there is no defensive armour in the world, except that of inlaying yourself and closing you in a brass bell; and also should you note that it is rather rashness than courage for one man to assault a whole army, in which are Death and emperors fighting in person, helped of good and evil angels. And if this regard move you not to remain quiet, let this move you: know for certain that of all those who go yonder, although they seem to be kings, emperors, and princes, there is not one knight-errant among them!"

"Now, verily," said Don Quixote, "hast thou, Sancho, hit the point which can and must move me from my full intent: I am not able, nor ought I, as I have told thee many times, to draw sword against any who is no armed knight. Thee it behoves to do this, if it please thee to take vengeance for the affront done to thy Dapple, and I will help thee from hence with my voice and wholesome direction."

"There is no need, sir," answered Sancho, "to take vengeance on anybody, nor does it belong to good Christians to take revenge for injuries; how much more when I will arrange it with mine ass to leave his offence in my hands and to my will, which is to live in peace all the days which Heaven granteth me to live?"

"Since this, then, is thy resolve," answered Don

Quixote, "good Sancho, Sancho the discreet, Christian Sancho, and Sancho the sincere, leave we these fantastical shapes, and turn we in search of better and more noble adventures; for this country, I perceive, is of such sort that there shall not lack for us many and very miraculous ones."

Thereupon he turned rein; Sancho went to take his Dapple; Death, with all his flying squadron, turned his wain and continued his journey. And this was the happy end of that fearful adventure of the waggon of Death; thanks be to the wholesome counsel which Sancho Panza gave to his master, to whom the day after there happened yet another adventure with an enamoured knight-errant, of no less amazement than the one through which he has just passed.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XI.

Note 1, *page* 564.

Angulo el Malo, a native of Toledo, a dramatic author, player, and manager. He lived between 1580 and 1614. He was well known to Cervantes, and called El Malo, to distinguish him from another comedian called Angulo, whose acting is mentioned in the works of many writers of the period as something very beautiful as well as wonderful. It is also worthy of remark that nearly all the theatrical managers of those times were natives of Toledo, and Toledo was, is, and perhaps ever will be, the most pious city of Spain; also a great nest of treasons, and political stratagems, and critics. It would make this note too long to give an account of the Spanish theatre in the time of Cervantes; but the theatre was then the desire of all hearts—everybody went to the play. Churches and convents were at certain times of the year turned into playhouses, and Father Juan Mariana tells with grief how the nuns played many parts in many pious plays; but, he adds, they were *mezclados con entremeses y bailes indecentes*. There were at this time no less than eight sorts of plays in Spain—that of the Bululú, Ñaque, Gangarilla, Cambaleo, Garnacha, Bojiganga, and Farándula and Compania. That of the Gangarilla consisted of three or four actors, and a boy to take women's parts; that of Cambaleo had in it a woman who sang, and five men; the Garnacha was of five or six men, and a woman who took the part of prima donna, and a boy who played the second; but in Bojiganga there went two women and a boy, and six or seven men. All these were played in the day time; but Farándula was played at night, and had in it three women, sixteen men who played, thirty who ate and drank, one who took the money, and—adds Augustin de Rojas, comedian and author, from whom this account is taken—"God knows how many who

robbed." These travelled in the saddle; they had splendid dresses, and charged two hundred ducats for a representation of *Corpus Christi.*

Note 2, *page* 565.

One . . . .dressed as a merry-andrew. That is, *Vestido de Bojiganga.* The following will be of interest to show what went on in London about the same period. I found it among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum, No. 3910:—

In Flete Strete then I heard a shoote;
I put off my hatt and made no staye,
And when I came into the rowte,
Good Lord! I heard a tabor play.
For so, God save me! there was a morry's-daunce.
Oh, there was sport alone for me,
To see the hobbie-horse how he did praunce
Among the gingling company.
I proferred them money for their coats,
But my conscience had remorse,
For my father had no oates,
And I must have had the hobbie-horse.

Note 3, *page* 565.

On the end of a morris-pike.

The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice rove.

Comus.

Note 4, *page* 568.

Soup of the brook. The Spanish commentators say, "You are to understand by this, stones," and they admit that the brooks out there are very much like soup—which is true, although not explicit.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE RARE ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE WITH THE FEARLESS KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS.

THE night which followed the day of the encounter with Death was passed by Don Quixote and his squire beneath some tall and shady trees; Don Quixote, persuaded by Sancho, having eaten of the food which was carried by Dapple. During supper, Sancho said to his master—

"Sir, what a fool I should have been if I had chosen as my reward the spoils of your worship's first adventure, instead of the brood of the three mares; for, in truth, a sparrow in hand is better than a vulture in the air."

"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "if thou, Sancho, hadst left me to attack as I desired, thou mightest have had, in thy share of the spoils, at least the emperor's gold crown, and the painted wings of Cupid, which I would have plucked from his shoulders and placed in thine hands."

"The sceptres and crowns of your player emperors,"

answered Sancho, "are never of pure gold, but tin and tinsel."

"That is true," said Don Quixote; "nor would it be fitting that the properties of comedy should be real, but only feigned and seeming show, like comedy itself, with which, Sancho, I would have thee stand well, holding it in thy favour, and for the same reason those also who represent, as well as those who write comedies; for they are all instruments of great good to the republic, holding before us at every step a mirror, in which we see in vivid form the actions of human life; and there is no embodiment of fancy which does more truly present to us what we are, and what we ought to be, than comedy and comedians. If this be doubted, tell me, hast thou not seen some comedy played, in which kings, emperors, and popes, knights and ladies, and other divers personages, are introduced? One plays the pander, another the cheat, this the trader, that the soldier, one the gentle fool, another the fool in love, and the play being over, and the players stripped of their dresses, all the actors remain equal."

"Yes, I have seen all this," quoth Sancho.

"Well, the same," answered Don Quixote, "happens in the comedy and commerce of this world, wherein some play the parts of emperors, others of popes—in brief, all, as many parts as can be conducted in a comedy; but on reaching the end—that is, when life is over—death takes off the clothes which made the difference, and all remain equal in the grave."

"Brave comparison," said Sancho; "although it

is not so new, but I have heard it times and often, like that of the game of chess, in which while the game goes on each piece has its own particular office, but the game being finished, they are all huddled and mingled together, and put in a bag, which is like the ending of life in the grave."

"Every day, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "dost thou become less simple and more wise."

"Why, yes," answered Sancho, "some of your worship's wisdom must needs stick to me, as land which is naturally dry and barren, by being manured and tilled with industry, comes to bear good fruit. I mean that your worship's conversation hath been the dung which has fallen upon the sterile soil of my barren wit, the tillage has been the time I have been in your service and company, and with this I hope to bear blessed fruit, such as will not disgrace, nor slide from, the leadings of good breeding which your worship has planted in my parched understanding."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's affected words, but what he had said of his amendment seemed to be true; for from time to time he spoke after such sort that his master wondered; albeit always, or for the most part, when Sancho would speak in opposition or after the manner of a courtier, he would not fail to end his arguments by throwing himself headlong from the height of his foolishness to the abyss of his ignorance; but whenever he showed somewhat of style and memory, it was chiefly in the urging of proverbs, whether pat or not pat to the purpose, as will have been seen and noted in the course of this history.

In these and such-like discourses they passed the greater part of the night, and to Sancho there came the desire to let fall the curtains of his eyes, as he would say when he wished to sleep; and so, unpacking Dapple, he turned him out free into the abounding pasture. He did not take off the saddle from Rozinante, it being the express command of his master that during the time they were afield, or when not sleeping under a roof, Rozinante should not be unrigged; it being an ancient custom established and observed by knights-errant, to take off the bridle and hang it on the pommel of the saddle—but to remove the saddle from the charger? Beware! In such wise did Sancho, who gave to the hack the same liberty as he had given to Dapple, whose friendship for Rozinante was so unique and binding, that there is a rumour, by tradition from father to son, that the author of this veritable history wrote particular chapters thereupon, but that in order to maintain the decency and decorum due to so heroical a history as this, he omitted them; albeit at times he was careless of this purpose, and writes that as the two beasts came together, they began to scrape one the other, and that afterwards, when tired and satisfied, Rozinante would stretch his throat at least half a yard over Dapple's neck, both looking wistfully on the ground, and would remain after that manner three days—at least, all the time that they were let alone, or were not compelled by hunger to seek for food. It is rumoured, I say, that the author had left it in writing that he had compared their friendship with that which Nisus had

for Euryalus, and Pylades for Orestes; and if this were so, it will be seen to universal admiration how firm the friendship must have been of these two pacific beasts, to the shame of men, who so ill know how to preserve friendship among themselves. As one has said—

No longer friend encounters friend,
The canes to lances turn.[1]

And as another has sung—

From friend to friend the punese, etc.

Nor let any one think that the author was wide of the mark in comparing the friendship of these animals with that of men; for from beasts men have received many lessons, and learned divers things of moment—such as the clyster from storks; the emetic from dogs, as well as gratitude; from the cranes watchfulness, providence from the ants, calmness from elephants, and loyalty from the horse.

At the end Sancho fell fast asleep at the foot of a cork tree, and Don Quixote reposed him beneath a spreading oak.

But a little space of time had passed, when he was awaked by a noise which he heard behind him, and rising with sudden surprise, he set himself to look and listen from whence the noise came, and saw that there were two men on horseback, one of whom, throwing himself from the saddle, said to the other—

"Dismount thee, friend, and take the bridles from the horses; to my seeming this place abounds with grass for them, and with the silence and solitude so necessary to my amorous thoughts."

Saying this and stretching him on the ground was the act of a moment, and the noise of the armour in which he was armed when throwing himself down was a manifest signal by which Don Quixote knew that he must be a knight-errant. Coming to Sancho, who was asleep, he shook him by the arm, and with no small ado brought him to his senses, and in a low voice said—

"Brother Sancho, we have got an adventure."

"God send it a good one," answered Sancho. "And where, master mine, is her worship, this lady adventure?"

"Where? Turn thine eyes and look," replied Don Quixote, "and thou shalt see a knight-errant stretched yonder, who, as I conjecture, is not in a very joyous mood; for I saw him throw himself from his horse, and stretch him on the ground, with some signs of despite, and as he fell his arms rattled."

"Then in what does your worship," said Sancho, "find this to be an adventure?"

"I do not mean to say," answered Don Quixote, "that this is altogether an adventure, but the preface to one—that thus adventures have their beginning. But listen; methinks he is tuning a *laud*[2] or a guitar, and, by his spawling and clearing his throat, is preparing to sing something."

"In good troth, so it is," said Sancho; "and he will be a knight in love."

"There is no errant that is not," said Don Quixote. "But let us give ear to him; by the thread we shall come on the clue of his thoughts, if he sing; for *out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.*"

Sancho would have replied to his master, but the voice of the Knight of the Wood, which was neither very good nor very bad, hindered him; and the two, attending, heard that what he sang was this :—

SONNET.

O lady, give me now thy will to know,
And fix the settled path I have to tread;
Thy will to mine for ever shall be wed,
In every point I'll strict obedience show.
If 'tis thy wish that I to death should go,
My grief unuttered, look on me as dead;
If thou wouldst have it strangely told instead,
Then Love himself shall tell the tale of woe.
A prey to opposites I stand confessed,
Like wax as soft, like diamond as hard;
The laws of Love I hold in high regard,
And, weak or strong, I offer thee this breast;
Engrave, imprint upon it, all thy will,
While ages roll I swear to keep it still.

With a *Heigh-ho!* torn as it seemed from the bottom of his heart, the Knight of the Wood finished his song; and a little while after, in a plaintive and complaining voice, he said, "O thou most fair, and most ungrateful woman of this rounded orb, how then? Is it possible, most serene Casildea de Vandalia, that thou wilt consent that this thy captive knight should consume away and end in continued wanderings, and in harsh and painful toils? Will it not suffice that I have made all the knights of Navarre, all those of Leon, all the Tartesians, all the Castilians, and, finally, all the knights of La Mancha, confess that thou art the most beautiful lady of the world?"

"That is not so," said Don Quixote, "for I am

of La Mancha, and never have I so confessed; nor could, nor ought I to, confess a thing so prejudicial to the beauty of my lady; and this knight, Sancho, thou shalt see, is raving. But listen we; he will perhaps declare something more."

"Marry! will he," answered Sancho, "for he grumbles as if he would go on for a month without stopping."

But it was not so; for the Knight of the Wood having overheard some one speak of him, without continuing his lament, he stood to his feet and called, in a sonorous but courteous voice, "Who goes there? What people? Pertain ye, perchance, to the number of the happy or of the distressed?"

"Of the distressed," answered Don Quixote.

"Then come to me," replied he of the Wood; "and reckon that in coming you come to sadness and affliction itself."

Don Quixote, perceiving that he returned answer in so plaintive and courteous a voice, came to him, and Sancho neither more nor less did the same. The wailful knight took Don Quixote by the arm, and said—

"Sit you here, sir knight, for to know that you are such, and of the number of those who profess knight-errantry, it is enough for me to have found you in this place, where solitude and the serene keep company—nature's beds and fit abodes for knights-errant."

To which Don Quixote answered, "I am a knight of the profession which you name, and although sorrows, misfortunes, and mischances hold their seat in

my soul, yet have they not affrighted from my mind the compassion which I feel for other's griefs. From what you sang but now, I gather that yours are of love; I mean of the love which you have for that fair ingrate of whom you made mention in your lay."

Whilst thus discoursing, they became seated together on the hard earth in good peace and company, as if on the breaking of day they had not to break each other's heads.

"Peradventure, sir knight," demanded the Knight of the Wood of Don Quixote, "you are enamoured?"

"Per misadventure I am," answered Don Quixote, "albeit the mischiefs which are born of well-fixed thoughts should rather be held for grace than chastening."

"That is true," replied he of the Wood, "if our minds and reason be not disturbed by disdains which, being manifold, have a seeming of vengeance."

"I never was disdained of my lady," answered Don Quixote.

"No, for certain," said Sancho, who was standing close by, "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as lard."

"Is this your squire?" asked he of the Wood.

"Yea, he is," answered Don Quixote.

"I have never seen a squire," replied the Knight of the Wood, "who dared to speak where his master spoke; at least, yonder is mine, who is as big as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever unsealed his lips when I spoke."

"Yea, i'faith," said Sancho, "I have spoken, and

am able to speak, before such another, and even—— But hold!—it is best not to stir it."

The squire of the Knight of the Wood took Sancho by the arm, saying, "Let us two get where we can have a squirely talk, as much as we like, and leave we these our masters to carp and snap at each other in rehearsing the histories of their loves; for sure am I that they will wear the whole day with them, and they will not then have made an end."

"Be it so and welcome," said Sancho, "and I will let you know who I am, and whether I can hold my own among the talking squires."

With that the two squires betook themselves apart, between whom there passed a dialogue as gracious as that was grave which passed between their masters.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XII.

Note 1, *page* 576.

The canes to lances turn. The allusion in the text is from an old ballad describing certain feasts celebrated by order of the Moorish king, to cement the friendship which had been formed between the two families, namely, the Abencerrajes and the Zegries, which ended in an exactly opposite result :—

Away, away, my merry men! ye townsmen, stand aside!
And see the captain of the canes the gallant Muza ride;
He comes with thirty in his troop, Abencerrajes true,
Alike they wear their liveries of silver braid and blue;

As many Zegries throng the square, all men of knightly mien,
Their hosen are of crimson red, their liveries are green;
They poise their canes—the tilt begins—while sounds the piercing fife;
But soon, alas! the sportive game becomes a fight for life;

No longer friend encounters friend, the canes to lances turn,
Brave Alabez is wounded sore, their slain the Zegries mourn;
The city is in uproar—King Chico in dismay—
And long will fair Granada wail the joustings of that day!

Note 2, *page* 577.

Tuning a laud. The laud is a musical instrument of seven double strings, and is played with a plectrum made of a thin piece of buffalo's horn; it differs from the guitar in size and shape, being much larger and deeper in the body. In early times the use of this instrument was confined to accompany-

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